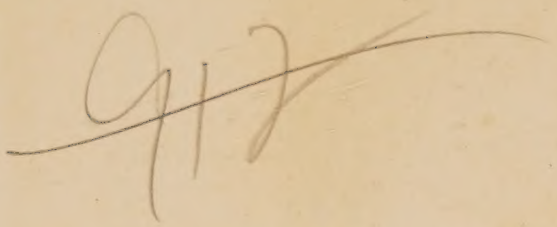

Northumberland
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c. 1951

THE
GREVILLE DIARY

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QUEEN ADELAIDE
by Sir W. Beechey

THE
GREVILLE DIARY

Including Passages Hitherto
Withheld from Publication

Edited by
PHILIP WHITWELL WILSON

GREVILLE.

Illustrated

VOLUME I

LONDON
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EDITOR'S NOTE

It will be apparent that the arrangement of the Greville Diary in a manner which sets forth the infinite variety of the material contained therein has been a task of no little magnitude.

It would be ungrateful to omit acknowledgment to Alice Selina Whitwell Wilson and to Winifred Mary Heane, who have devoted many months to the preparation of these pages for the press. During frequent and exacting revisions, and the work of indexing, their patience and enthusiasm for the final result never failed.

P. W. W.

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THE GREVILLE DIARY

CHAPTER I

"GURNALISING"

Amid the journals which have instructed the mind and startled the senses of mankind, there are two which stand out preëminent, a class by themselves. Pepys is one, Greville the other.

Pepys had to be deciphered. Greville's only code was a sinuous lucidity. And so plain was his meaning that hitherto many of his pages have been withheld from the public. In these volumes, there will be found for the first time the passages thus suppressed. After sixty years of speculation, the censorship over these famous records, both royal and social, is ignored. And Greville is permitted to tell not only the truth as he saw it but the whole of that truth.

In all, there appear to have been nearly 1,100 suppressions. And they cover more than 400 pages of typescript, the number of words exceeding 100,000. Some of the suppressions are, of course, merely verbal or otherwise unimportant. But, taken as a whole, the material now released is of absorbing human interest and essential to the historian.

What set Greville at the head of all diarists was his unique opportunity for seeing and knowing things. He was grandson of a Duke of Portland who had been twice Prime Minister. His family was connected with all the ruling families, including the Cannings. Throughout his entire career, he was Clerk of the Privy Council, by virtue of which position he was in constant and personal touch with Kings George IV and William IV, Queen Victoria, and all the leading statesmen and ecclesiastics of their period. Others saw Peel and Palmerston, Gladstone and Disraeli, Melbourne, Grey, and Brougham from a distance, afar off. Greville met these men as equals, dined with

them, argued with them, was consulted by them, and learned from them what they knew, especially of each other. In particular, he was the intimate friend of Wellington during all those years when Wellington was the foremost personage in Europe.

Gradually, Greville achieved an international prestige. If he went to Rome, it was the Pope who granted him an audience. If he visited Paris, he had to prolong his stay because the Emperor Napoleon III desired his company. Talleyrand and Thiers and Guizot—men who swayed the destinies of France—took care to exchange views with Greville.

Nor did his interests end there. He was a man in love with life itself. In his company we meet Macaulay and Moore and Washington Irving and Sydney Smith. We hear Spurgeon preach. We feel the horror of cholera. We take our first ride in a railway train.

And, last but not least, we join the Jockey Club and find that our guide is there also unique in his influence. The turf wrecked Greville's career as a statesman, but it kept him in touch with all that was to be known of the aristocracy. His ruthless exposure of his cousin, Lord George Bentinck, the leader of the Protectionist Tories against Peel, which is here printed for the first time, reveals that worthy as a common crook of the race course whose sportsmanship was nearly a form of swindling.

When, therefore, Greville finds a plot against the person of Queen Victoria at her accession, or tells us why Lord Grey as a Whig was partial to the husband of Lady Lyndhurst, though a Tory, he is not drawing on his imagination. He knew the Greys and the Lyndhursts as intimately as he knew his own family. When he describes the scenes in Melbourne's Cabinet, it is because he had it at first hand from Melbourne's colleagues. As he wrote on September 23, 1829, "There is always something to be learned from everybody if you touch them on the points they know."

Doubtless, it was Greville himself who also said, "Half the things one hears are untrue," whence (July 25, 1827) it is "the business of every man who keeps a journal to contradict on one page what he has written in the preceding." He pleaded guilty (January, 1848) to "hasty judgments on untried or half-

tried men." His prejudices, moreover, were strong. He saw men with abilities far inferior to his own occupying greater positions than his. And it was in his journal that he relieved his feelings. But Greville, when he gets down to real business, is usually gospel to the historian.

It would be impertinent to praise a style so justly admired as Greville's. It is transparent, modest, and often rich in a sardonic humour. That ease which others attain only with effort, if they attain it at all, seems to have come to him as a gift from the gods. Amid high politics, we are charmed by lighter touches, quaint anecdotes, repartees, even gossip.

But Greville had one fault. He was diffuse. Like the Cullinan diamond, his diary is so large that it has to be cut, if it is to flash and sparkle. A dexterous elimination, if it be really dexterous—and we can only offer our best attempt—is thus no disservice to Greville. Hitherto, the censorship has suppressed what was too interesting to be published. Here nothing that is printable is suppressed; only a very rare and irrelevant vulgarity of the stable. It is the interesting that is selected.

A great producer for the screen once set forth four narratives in one picture. The celluloid reeled rapidly from A to B and from B to C and from C to D and so back again to A, leaving the mind in amazement but bewildered. So is it with Greville's diary. It is not that the diary is ill arranged. There is no arrangement at all. In one unaccountable kaleidoscope, we have dubious tributes to Queen Victoria's complexion, notes on the turf, anecdotes about Canning, and a somewhat surgical comment on the birth of the former Kaiser. Such disarray has a charm of its own. We hope that the charm is not wholly lost in these pages. But if one wants really to understand a crisis in Spain or a scandal in Paris, a certain disentanglement of the threads is essential.

For the kaleidoscope is not even chronological. Greville was like a man under bombardment by a great howitzer. First, he heard the explosion at his door. Then he listened to the flight of the projectile through the air. And it was only last—sometimes a long last—that he detected the original roar of the gun as it was fired. Some of his best stories are thus told backward. Many of them are revised.

To present the European drama simply and in due sequence,

that has been our aim. We have seen no reason why the delightful story of George II and the bandit should be offered as a sidelight on Queen Victoria's quarrel with Peel over the Ladies of her Bedchamber. And scattered references to an event like the battle of Waterloo have been gathered into their logical relation.

In dealing with allusions, it has been our aim to avoid the intolerable plague of footnotes. At the same time, there are students of the period who will ask us, and rightly, by what authority we insert a phrase, a sentence, a paragraph. For their sake and for our own satisfaction, therefore, we have often included in brackets the date on which Greville makes any particular point in what he called (January 12, 1845) "my little red book." Sometimes these dates are more frequent than we would have wished. They will suggest, perhaps, the extent of the labour involved in shaping this publication. We hope, however, that the momentary interruption of the eye will not be regarded as seriously diminishing the ease with which a book, intended to be a pleasure, may be enjoyed.

There are two ways of keeping a diary. Gladstone, painstaking and methodical, seldom allowed a day to pass without noting what he did, whom he saw, and the books that he read. He left behind him forty volumes of jottings, with two columns to a page. Yet, of that astounding record, even a biographer so admiring as Lord Morley is content to quote no more than a scrap here and there.

If Greville attained unto literature, it was because, happily, he laboured under no such sense of duty. It is true that, at Burghley, he prepared on January 2, 1838, to "begin the New Year by keeping a regular diary." And twenty years later, January 5th—also a season of good resolutions—aroused in him such a *cacoethes scribendi* that he had to start "a fresh book." But, like the rest of us, he did not keep it up. On April 23, 1843, when again he started "a fresh book," it was merely, as he says, "to keep my journal from utter stagnation." Whether or not—to quote his phrase on June 29, 1833—he was "too lazy to note down the everyday nothings" of his life, depended, therefore, on his mood. For months at a time—an instance is November, 1845—he would write not a word. And among his excuses (July, 1851) was the assertion, "simply

because I have nothing to say." Indeed, by that time, he was lost to all sense of shame, and (May 10th) would record without a blush, "journal in arrear."

In his later years, he was afflicted with a painful malady:

Stoke, August 28, 1831: My gout is still hanging on me. Very strange disorder, affecting different people so differently; with me very little pain, much swelling, heat, and inconvenience, more like bruised muscles and tendons and inflamed joints; it disables me, but never prevents my sleeping at night.

On October 16, 1843, he tells us that "when that is upon me, I am always disinclined to write." In the summer of 1846, he was so "miserably crippled and weak" that he had to be moved from his bed to a sofa and so wheeled from one room to another. And his only relief was Vichy Water, which "seems to purify the blood and to correct the lithia acrid which is the principal element" of the disease that was his enemy.

It was a long, hard fight. And obviously it did not occur to Greville that, like Milton in his blindness and modern novelists also, he might have dictated his diary to an amanuensis. The charm of the diary to him was the fact that its calligraphy was his own. Unless the page of the Red Book be adorned with *litera scripta*, it must remain blank. Hence we read:

May 14, 1846: Every day my disinclination to continue this work (which is neither a journal nor anything else) increases, but I have at the same time a reluctance to discontinue entirely an occupation which has engaged me for forty years.

October 16, 1843: . . . A day or two after this my gout began, and unluckily I was obliged to go down to attend a Council at Windsor. . . . I was obliged to go down with my crutches, and to crave the Queen's permission to go into her presence upon them, which Lord Wharncliffe did for me. She was exceedingly gracious, and the Prince very civil. She seemed considerably amused to see me come in on my crutches, and both she and the Prince said some civil things to me, and I flatter myself I contrived to sidle out, so as not to turn my back on Her Majesty, with no inconsiderable dexterity.

Yet it was not until seventeen years later that we have the final entry:

November 13, 1860: At the end of three months since I last wrote anything in this book, I take my pen in hand to record my determination to bring this journal (which is no journal at all) to an end. I have long seen that it is useless to attempt to carry it on, for I am entirely out of the way of hearing anything of the slightest interest beyond what is known to all the world. I therefore close this record without any intention or expectation of renewing it, with a full consciousness of the smallness of its value or interest, and with great regret that I did not make better use of the opportunities I have had of recording something more worth reading.

For four years, Greville lingered on the stage, living in a suite of rooms, a part of Earl Granville's house in Bruton Street. On January 18, 1865, he died; and Henry Reeve, his editor, writes, "I was with him on the previous evening until he retired to rest; from that sleep he never woke." And only the journal was left.

As a youngster, the Diary had been wild and wayward. "I have been reading all my old journals," wrote the disappointed parent on January 20, 1830, "which are horrid trash and contain very little worth keeping or remembering." Six years later he was a little better pleased. True, there was (January 2, 1836) "little" in his first volume "worth preserving." Indeed, he had "torn many leaves out and probably should have done well to tear out many more." But with regard to the rest, he says, "let it stand, for it keeps up the series from the beginning to the end, such as it is."

On all this, our own view is simple. We have found the earlier journals at least as fascinating as the later.

It was from "the twenty-eight little volumes" of Windham's diary that Greville learned to write his on one side of the paper, leaving the other for notes. "It is more convenient certainly," is what he says. And elsewhere, he asked himself the question why he should keep a journal at all.

"It seems exceedingly ridiculous to say that one strong stimulous proceeds from reading Scott's Diary [which he began very late in life and in consequence of reading Byron's] not because I fancy I can write a diary as amusing as Scott's or Byron's, but because I am struck by the excessive pleasure which

Scott appeared to derive from writing his journal, and I am (and this is the principal cause) struck with the important use to which the habit may be turned."

His journal was thus supposed to be a form of mental discipline. And by all memoirs, even the humblest, he was fascinated. In June, 1843, he was a passenger on a "spacious and comfortable" boat, proceeding up the Rhine. He found "the people very civil and obliging" and "an excellent dinner very cheap." Indeed "the cheapness" was "extraordinary," for his brother Algernon and he "had soup, beef, cutlets, two sorts of fish, *vol au vent*, stewed peas, another dish of vegetables, besides a plain bottle of wine, and dessert, for 7½ francs (5 shillings)". But what particularly he noted was a man "who was evidently concocting a journal" and "very sensibly copied out what he wanted to describe from Murray's handbook; probably he could not do better. All the English and some of the foreigners were fortified with these indispensable volumes; as for me, I could read nothing else, and it was never out of my hands."

Greville, indeed, estimated the worth of a memoir strictly according to merit:

Beaudesert, January 12, 1838: Read in the newspapers that Colburn gave Lady C. Bury £1000 for the wretched catchpenny trash called Memoirs of the time of George 4th, which might well set all the world what Scott calls "gurnalising" for nobody could by possibility compile or compose anything more vile and despicable. My trash is at least better and less trashy than that, but I much doubt if any future Colburn will ever give £1000 for all my MSS.

As years passed, many memoirs, good, bad, and indifferent, were submitted to this stern review:

"Sydney Smith whom I met at Norman Court told me that Lord Holland must have left behind him a vast deal of writing. He has written memoirs of his own time, much of which he had read to Sydney who said it was extremely good, and that he had been struck with surprise and admiration at the remarkable beauty of the style."

On the other hand, the famous Earl of Chesterfield was not so promising:

Melton Mowbray, January 20, 1836: . . . At Bretby the Duke of Wellington had been, and Peel still was, but he departed early the next morning. I had been anxious to go there to look over the Chesterfield MSS. but I was disappointed; there were only three large volumes of letters come-at-able out of thirty, the other twenty-seven being locked up, and the key was gone to be mended. These three I ran over hastily, but though they may contain matter that would be useful to the historian of that period (from 1728 to about 1732), there was little in any way attractive, as they consisted wholly of diplomatic letters to Lord Chesterfield during his Embassy at the Hague. As this correspondence occupied twenty volumes (for the three I found were the second, third, and twentieth), I fear the others may not contain anything of greater general interest.

Even of *Horace Walpole's Letters to Sir Horace Mann*, Greville writes on June 29, 1833, "There is something I don't like in his style; his letters don't amuse me so much as they ought to do." Miss Berry, the friend of Horace Walpole, was "angry with Bentley for having published these two volumes without having them prepared for the press by some competent hand." Bentley's "excuse" was "that it would have been too expensive." But, says Greville, "The truth is, he thought the letters sufficiently attractive and did not care about anything but profit."

The right of reminiscence was thus vigorously asserted. And then, as now, society shuddered over anyone who scribbled. One of Greville's friends was old Creevey—"rather an extraordinary character"—who was an expert in the art of living on nothing (or almost nothing) a year:

September 23, 1829: . . . His wife died, upon which event he was thrown upon the world with about £200 a year or less, no home, few connections, a great many acquaintance, a good constitution, and extraordinary spirits. He possesses nothing but his clothes, no property of any sort; he leads a vagrant life, visiting a number of people who are delighted to have him, and sometimes roving about to various places, as fancy happens to direct, and staying till he has spent what money he has in his pocket. He has no servant, no home, no creditors; he buys everything as he wants it at the place he is at; he has no

ties upon him, and has his time entirely at his own disposal and that of his friends. He is certainly a living proof that a man may be perfectly happy and exceedingly poor, or rather without riches, for he suffers none of the privations of property and enjoys many of the advantages of wealth. I think he is the only man I know in society who possesses nothing.

In due course, Creevey "got into a more serious way of life," Lord Grey (February 20, 1838) appointed him to an Ordnance Office. And Lord Melbourne made him Treasurer of Greenwich Hospital, with £600 a year and a house. Creevey, like Greville, was thus a man who had heard things, also jotting them down.

His papers, wrote Greville, "are exceedingly valuable, for he had kept a copious diary for thirty-six years, and had preserved all his own and Mrs. Creevey's letters, and copies of a vast miscellaneous correspondence." Indeed:

"The only person who is acquainted with the contents of these papers is his daughter-in-law, whom he had frequently employed to copy papers for him, and she knows how much there is of delicate and interesting matter, the publication of which would be painful and embarrassing to many people now alive, and make very inconvenient and premature revelations upon private and confidential matters."

"I have no doubt," adds our expert, "that Colburn or Bentley [the publishers] would give two or three thousand pounds for Creevey's papers, which probably do contain a great deal that is interesting and curious."

When Creevey died, without notice, therefore, Mayfair was surrendered to panic. And gilt-edged reputations fell far below par. That "acute man of the world," Lord Sefton, with his "boisterous droll and pungent banter," (December 2, 1838) proceeded then to take the situation in hand. With Queen Victoria on the throne, he had his reasons for desiring a blessed oblivion. There were incidents best forgotten:

June 24, 1829: . . . I have set about making a reconciliation between the King [George IV] and Lord Sefton. Both are anxious to make it up, but each is afraid to make the first advances. However, Sefton must make them, and he will. The cause of their quarrel is very old, and signifies little enough now. Arthur Paget was in love with Lady Sefton, and [at Stoke

where the Prince and a large party were staying] the King pimped for Arthur, by taking Sefton out on some expedition and leaving the lovers to amuse themselves. Sefton found out that he had been taken out for this purpose, and never forgave it. They have been at daggers drawn ever since, and Sefton has revenged himself by a thousand jokes at the King's expense, of which his Majesty is well aware. Their common pursuit, and a desire on the one side to partake of the good things of the Palace, and on the other side to be free from future pleasantries, has generated a mutual disposition to make it up, which is certainly sensible.

It was Lord Sefton, then, who "sent to his [Creevey's] lodgings and in conjunction with Vizard the Solicitor caused all his papers to be sealed up." Here, at least, was a momentary reprieve from universal exposure.

There now arose the question whose hand had the right to break these apocalyptic seals. And it was remembered with anguish that Creevey's papers were not the only embarrassment to be faced by society:

"About four years ago he took into keeping a girl whom he picked up in St. James Street, and who had long been upon the nocturnal pavement under the name of Emma. It was a good joke among his friends at the time, but he did not care for their jests, and kept her up to the time of his death."

It was Emma who, at the critical moment, was declared by will to be Creevey's "sole executrix and legatee." It was she who had "accordingly become entitled to all his personalty [the value of which was very small, not more than £300 or £400] and to all the papers which he left behind." The "good joke" among Creevey's friends stood forth as the goddess of doom.

Lord Brougham himself was invoked to handle Emma. With Vizard, the solicitor, he set out "to deceive her as to the value of these papers and to conclude a bargain with her before she becomes enlightened in this respect." And on the attitude of Emma, Greville writes:

February 20, 1838: . . . The most extraordinary part of the affair is, that the woman has behaved with the utmost delicacy and propriety, has shown no mercenary disposition, but ex-

pressed her desire to be guided by the wishes and opinions of Creevey's friends and connexions, and to concur in whatever measures may be thought best by them with reference to the character of Creevey, and the interests and feelings of those who might be affected by the contents of the papers. Here is a strange situation in which to find a rectitude of conduct, a moral sentiment, a grateful and disinterested liberality which would do honour to the highest birth, the most careful cultivation, and the strictest principle. It would be a hundred to one against any individual in the ordinary rank of society and of average good character acting with such entire absence of selfishness, and I cannot help being struck with the contrast between the motives and disposition of those who want to get hold of these papers, and of this poor woman who is ready to give them up. They, well knowing that, in the present thirst of the sort of information Creevey's journals and correspondence contain, a very large sum might be obtained for them, are endeavouring to drive the best bargain they can with her for their own particular ends, while she puts her whole confidence in them, and only wants to do what they tell her she ought to do under the circumstances of the case.

It was, then, with full appreciation of all the consequences that Greville left his journal as a legacy to mankind. "I always contemplate," he wrote on January 2, 1838, "that hereafter my journal will be read by the public, always greedy of such things." Hence, said he, "a journal to be good, true and interesting, should be written without the slightest reference to publication, but without any fear of it; it should be the transcript of a mind that can bear transcribing." Nor ought it to contain "a heap of twaddle and trash concerning matters appertaining to myself which nobody else will care three straws about." And that Greville had in fact so avoided "twaddle and trash" about himself was evidently his belief or his make-believe. "I have an invincible repugnance," wrote he on August 7, 1845, "to converse with myself on paper and to put down my thoughts. Indeed, I hardly ever do such a thing." It is true enough that in the art of egotism in which Benvenuto Cellini and Pepys were supreme, Greville, as a patrician, did not and could not excel. But his soliloquies, none

the less, would fill volumes. And we agree with him that, as a rule, they are best eliminated.

There is a hint that, at a comparatively early date, the nervousness of Lord Sefton over Creevey's correspondence extended to Greville himself. He describes a significant evening in which his guest was none other than the Prime Minister:

March 12, 1840: . . . I got Melbourne to dine with me, and he stayed talking till twelve o'clock. He told us, among other things, that he had seen Dudley's Diary (now said to be destroyed), which contained very little that was interesting upon public matters, but the most ample and detailed disclosures about women in society, with their names at full length. Melbourne expressed his surprise that anybody should write a journal, and said that he had never written anything, except for a short time when he was very young, and that he had soon put in the fire all that he had written.

"That anybody should write such a journal"—they were curious words to be used by a consummate diplomatist like Lord Melbourne to Charles Greville. We can scarcely avoid the conclusion that they were intended as a warning.—"I had no conversation with Melbourne himself at Broadlands [August 28, 1845] who was generally taciturn (and who does not like me I am sure, though I don't know why)"—for Greville was a high official, and over gossip of her court, Queen Victoria was particular. Talking to the Duke of Bedford, the Prince Consort:

January 18, 1845: . . . complained of the manner in which the proceedings and motions of the Court were publicly known and discussed, and how hard it was; that on the Continent the Government knew by its secret agents what the people were about, but here they knew nothing about other people's affairs, and everybody knew about theirs; that whatever they did, or were about to do, was known. The Duke told him he wondered he had not discovered that everything was and must be known here about them, and that it was the tax they paid for their situation; that the world was curious to know and hear about them, and therefore the press would always procure and give the information, and the only reason why more was known about them than about anybody else, was because there was not the same interest about others, and that,

as it was, all conspicuous people were brought into public notice in the same manner. He owned this was true, and seemed struck by it. It is the misfortune of princes never to hear the language of truth and sense. They have men about them whose business it is to bow and smile and agree.

The Prince Consort went so far as to say how he and the Queen—

". . . had suspected a certain footman of giving information to the newspapers, and how they had laid a trap to discover if their suspicions were correct, that at dinner when this man was waiting, they said they were going somewhere, when they had no idea of going, and the next day they found this project announced in a paper. So then they were sure of the culprit, and dismissed him. Nothing could be more ridiculous." (January 18, 1845.)

With the Prince Consort thus acting as detective on flunkeys at Windsor who might dare to play the part of reporter, it was no wonder that Greville, the Clerk of the Privy Council, refrained from publishing a line of his journal during his lifetime. There arose the question, therefore, to whom, as literary executor, the Red Books should be entrusted. It happened that, on November 17, 1837, a certain Henry Reeve was appointed to be Registrar of the Privy Council and therefore Greville's colleague. Greville found him to be (September 1, 1840) "a ready writer, a bustling politician, with a spice of enthusiasm, a sharp, clever man." Says Reeve, "This acquaintance speedily ripened into confidential friendship which was uninterrupted for a single day in the course of the next eight and twenty years." To Henry Reeve, then, the Journals were committed at Greville's death.

Reeve, like Greville, was himself an official. For him, as editor, to publish the Journals was an act of courage. True, Greville had boasted:

"I have carefully expunged everything relating to private individuals and private life that I may not needlessly do mischief—or hurt feelings, for no other end than that of gratifying malignity and idle curiosity."

But Reeve had to suppress a good deal more.

Yet, even so—and perhaps it was no wonder—the Journals

were received, both in Great Britain and in the United States, as a literary achievement of a significance at once startling and permanent. The horror of Queen Victoria surpassed the resources of language. In her letters, recently published, there is one dated October 26, 1874, in which she asks indignantly, "What *does* he [Mr. Martin] *say* to the *dreadful indiscretion* and DISGRACEFULLY *bad taste* of Mr. Reeve" in thus releasing the "scurrilous Journal without eliminating what is very offensive and most disloyal toward the Sovereigns he served?" Also, "to leave the names in full when the children and near relatives of those he abuses are alive, is unheard of!" It was a "horrible book," she declared, "this most scandalous production." And Mr. Gladstone, writing to the Queen, expressed "his profound concern and indeed more than concern" over the enormity.

In a bland rejoinder, Reeve enumerates the memoirs which have appeared not long after the events recorded:

"To look back as far as the Memoirs of the fifteenth century, it may be noted that the first edition of the Memoirs of Philippe de Comines, who had lived in the confidential intimacy of King Louis XI. and King Charles VIII. of France, was published in Paris in 1524, under a special privilege obtained for that purpose. Louis XI. died in 1483, and his son Charles VIII. in 1598. Comines himself died in 1511. These Memoirs, therefore, were published at a time when many of the persons mentioned in them, and most of their immediate descendants, were still alive."

And later:

". . . Bishop Burnet finished his history of the reigns of Charles II. and James II. about the year 1704; that of William and Anne between 1710 and 1713. In 1714 he died. The first folio containing the earlier reigns was published by his son in 1724; the second in 1734, barely twenty years after the death of Queen Anne. Many passages were, however, suppressed, and the text was not restored in its integrity until the publication of the Oxford edition in the present century.

"Lord Clarendon died in 1674, and the first edition of his *History of the Rebellion and the Civil Wars* was published in 1702–4, with some alterations and omissions, which were supplied by the publication of the complete text in 1826. Lord

Chesterfield died in 1773, and his *Letters to His Son*, a work abounding in keen and sarcastic observations on his contemporaries, were published in the following year, 1774.

"Sir Nathaniel Wraxall's Memoirs which contain the best account extant of the debates at the time of the Coalition Ministry in 1783, and on the Regency Question in 1788, were published in 1815, about thirty years after those discussions."

We are uncertain whether the shade of Queen Victoria will be appeased by these present volumes. But we will submit the suggestion that the very criticisms sometimes directed by Greville against the Court of the Queen do, in fact, enhance the solid fame of a monarch whose strength of mind and fidelity to the best standards of conduct saved the British Throne from a collapse that was spreading rapidly from morals and manners to the institution itself.

CHAPTER II

A PATRICIAN AT WORK

In Charles Cavendish Fulke Greville we see, then, the complete aristocrat. To his finger tips and beyond them, to the point of his pen, he was a patrician in whom a contempt for the plebs was second nature.

August 7, 1833: . . . The only thing of interest lately has been the scrape which Key the Reforming Hero of the City and twice Lord Mayor, has got into, and which has compelled him to sneak out of Parliament. I like to see such idols as these *brought to disgrace.*

On the paternal side, he was great-grandson of the fifth Earl of Warwick, and his grandmother—her name was Frances Macartney—was, writes Reeve—"a lady of some literary reputation as the authoress of an 'Ode to Indifference.'" Greville's father—a man with "some faults and many foibles" —had been "exposed," says his candid son, "to great disadvantages in his early youth," when "his education was neglected and his disposition was spoilt." The elder Greville was thus one of those secondary scions of a noble house who, unable to work, must be taken care of somehow by the privileged society to which he belongs.

Over the death of the old man, we must be permitted, as will often happen, to digress.

On November 12, 1829, Greville quotes from Hawkins's Medical Statistics the "curious information" that "England [is] the healthiest country [and] Vienna the unhealthiest town in Europe. Deaths here [are] one in 45 [while] there [they are] one in 23. Berlin [is] nearly as Vienna, [with] most suicides. [There are] more deaths from pulmonary complaints at Paris than in London." It is, perhaps, worth noting that, in a hundred years, rates of mortality have been reduced to one half.

Medicine was an uncertain science. And it was not until

December 24, 1847, that Greville was to describe as a novelty the use of an anæsthetic:

"I went yesterday to St. George's Hospital to see the chloroform tried. A boy two years and a half old was cut for a stone. He was put to sleep in a minute; the stone was so large and the bladder so contracted, the operator could not get hold of it, and the operation lasted above twenty minutes, with repeated probings by different instruments; the chloroform was applied from time to time, and the child never exhibited the slightest sign of consciousness, and it was exactly the same as operating on a dead body. A curious example was shown of what is called the *étiquette* of the profession. The operator (whose name I forget) could not extract the stone, so at last he handed the instrument to Keate, who is the finest operator possible, and he got hold of the stone. When he announced that he had done so, the first man begged to have the forceps back that he might draw it out, and it was transferred to him; but in taking it he let go the stone, and the whole thing had to be done over again. It was accomplished, but not of course without increasing the local inflammation, and endangering the life of the child. I asked Keate why, when he had got hold of the stone, he did not draw it out. He said the other man's 'dignity' would have been hurt if he had not been allowed to complete what he had begun! I have no words to express my admiration for this invention, which is the greatest blessing ever bestowed on mankind, and the inventor of it the greatest of benefactors, whose memory ought to be venerated by countless millions for ages yet to come. All the great discoveries of science sink into insignificance when compared with this. It is a great privilege to have lived in the times which saw the production of steam, of electricity, and now of ether—that is, of the development and application of them to human purposes, to the multiplication of enjoyments and the mitigation of pain. But wonderful as are the powers and the feats of the steam-engine and the electric telegraph, the chloroform far transcends them all in its beneficent and consolatory operations."

When, therefore, the elder Greville fell ill at the age of seventy, no one knew either what was the matter or what was the remedy. He "had been unwell for a day or two" (August

31, 1832) and "was attacked as he had often been before. Medicines afforded him no relief, and nothing would stay on his stomach. On Saturday, violent spasms came on which occasioned him dreadful pain." On Sunday afternoon, "they took him out of bed and put him in a warm bath," where he fainted, never recovering consciousness. The martyr to medical ignorance was buried in the Church of Shepperton-on-Thames.

It was on his mother, then, that Greville's future depended. Lady Charlotte Cavendish Bentinck was the eldest daughter of that Third Duke of Portland, a Knight of the Garter, who was twice Prime Minister. In 1783, as a Whig, he was the immediate predecessor of the younger Pitt.

At Holland House, Greville heard how his grandfather, the Duke of Portland, was selected to be Prime Minister. A certain Sir Robert Adair—he whom Canning called Bobadare-a-doo-fowla—was by that time eighty years old but "with a mind very fresh." He remembered about it:

July 31, 1848: . . . There was a meeting of the party to choose their chief; the Duke of Richmond put forth his pretensions, but he was so great a Radical [having views of Parliamentary Reform not only far beyond those of any man of that day, but beyond the Reform we have actually got], that they were afraid of him; and Charles Fox got up and said that he thought he, as leader of the House of Commons, had claims at least as good as the Duke of Richmond's, but that they ought both of them to waive their own claims, and in his judgment the man they ought to place at their head was the Duke of Portland. This compromise was agreed to, but the Duke of Richmond was so disgusted that he joined Lord Shelburne.

Even in the year 1782, there was thus a caucus. And it was the caucus that ran the primary. The Duke of Portland was the dark horse.

About the members of his own family, Greville entertained no illusions:

August 6, 1843: . . . This year is distinguished by many marriages in the great world, the last, and the one exciting the greatest sensation being that of March to my niece. A wonderful elevation for a girl without beauty, talents, accomplishments, or charm of any sort, an enormous prize to

draw in the lottery of life. All the mothers in London consider it as a robbery as each loses her chance of such a prize.

January 10, 1844: . . . An endless correspondence has taken place between my brother Henry, Titchfield [the heir to the Dukedom], and my sister and myself about all our family feuds. Sad waste of time, and all caused by a silly creature like Titchfield, who has not a notion how to behave himself properly. But the Bentincks are unlike any other people in the world, with many good qualities distributed through the family, but insolent, overbearing, worshippers of each other, and inflated with notions of their own consequence and rights.

Of his "villainous old uncle," he writes (September 16, 1833): "There he lies on his deathbed which only resembles that of Cardinal Beaufort in Shakespeare, his heart full of hatred and his mouth full of curses, a horrible spectacle." And "any other man of his age—between eighty and ninety" —he added three years later—"would surely die, but he seems immortal." When the end came and Greville gazed on the "very fine countenance," he could not but remark that "the placid and venerable aspect of death gave no indication of the host of bad passions which occupied that miserable carcase during life."

This being Greville's temper, he did not spare his illustrious ancestor, the Prime Minister:

July 31, 1848: . . . My grandfather was a very honourable, high-minded, but ordinary man; his abilities were very second rate, and he had no power of speaking; and his election to the post of leader of the great Whig party only shows how aristocratic that party was, and what weight and influence the aristocracy possessed in those days; they would never have endured to be led by a Peel or a Canning. Adair told me that old Lord George Cavendish expressed the greatest indignation at their party being led by Burke in the House of Commons, and it was this prevalent feeling, together with the extraordinary modesty of Burke, who had no vanity for himself, though a great deal for his son, which accounts for the fact, so extraordinary according to our ideas and practice, that though Burke led the Whig party in the House of Commons for four or five years, when that party came into power he was not

offered a place in the Cabinet, but put in a subordinate office, which he condescended to accept, seeing men so immeasurably inferior to himself occupying the highest posts.

So powerful in those days was birth in its rivalry with brain that the Duke of Portland became Prime Minister for a second time, holding that office from the year 1807 till the eve of his death in 1809. With him in his house at Bulstrode there lived his daughter's boy, who was to be so famous as Greville the Diarist. After an absence of ten years, he happened to ride through Bulstrode and he wrote (August 11, 1819), "It is impossible to describe the painful emotions which it excited in me." There was a second glimpse:

Ossington, December 3, 1845: . . . Twenty years have elapsed since I saw this country in which so much of my youth was passed, and I had forgotten, or never sufficiently remembered, how grand it is.

Charles Greville was the eldest of three brothers of whom Algernon, the private secretary to the Duke of Wellington, was invaluable to his Journal. As an Etonian, the Diarist rubbed shoulders with the rulers of the future:

January 31, 1831: . . . Yesterday there was a dinner at Lord Lansdowne's to name the Sheriffs, and there was I in attendance on my old schoolfellows and associates Richmond, Durham, Graham, all great men now!

> While some do laugh, and some do weep,
> Thus runs the world away.

January 2, 1831: . . . I have young Maule now in my mind's eye suspended by the hair of his head while being well caned, and recollect as if it was yesterday his doggedly drumming a lesson of Terence into my dull and reluctant brain as we walked up and down the garden walk before the house.

He proceeded for a time to Christ Church, Oxford, and, so educated, he was able to confess (January, 1830), "For my part, I understand very little of finance."

Yet he had somehow to follow in his father's footsteps and live like a gentleman, even if it be on nothing a year. How these things were arranged in those days, we discover from a casual reference by the Diarist to an uncle of his, dated—

July 4, 1839, Bath: After taking a cursory view of Clifton from the Roman Camp and part of Bristol, I came to Bath, where I have not been these thirty years and more. I walked about the town, and was greatly struck with its handsomeness; thought of all the vicissitudes of custom and fashion which it has seen and undergone, and of the various characters, great and small, who have figured here. Here the great Lord Chatham used to repair devoured by gout, resentment, and disappointment, and leave the Government to its fate, while his colleagues waited his pleasure submissively or caballed against his power, according as circumstances obliged them to do the first or enabled them to do the second. Here my uncle, Harry Greville, the handsomest man of his day, used to dance minuets while all the company got on chairs and benches to look at him, and a few years since he died in poverty at the Mauritius, where he had gone to end his days, after many unfortunate speculations, in an office obtained from the compassion of Lord Bathurst. *Sic transit gloria mundi*, and thus its frivolities flourish for their brief hour, and then decay and are forgotten. An old woman showed me the Pump-room and the baths, all unchanged except in the habits and characters of their frequenters, and my mind's eye peopled them with Tabitha Bramble, Win Jenkins, and Lismahago, and with all the inimitable family of Anstey's creation, the Ringbones, Cormorants, and Bumfidgets—Tabby and Roger.

For the dancing uncle, it was, then, the Mauritius that made provision. And fortunately there was another island available for the support of the literary nephew. "The influence of the Duke of Portland," writes Henry Reeve, "obtained for him early in life the sinecure appointment of the Secretaryship of Jamaica." The duties of this office were "performed by a deputy" who was "paid by the Secretary out of the fees which he received in the island." This being the arrangement, Greville "never visited" the British possession of which he was so important an official, but enjoyed what was called a per-

manent leave of absence. There was one occasion, at any rate, when he put forward what he describes as "my plan" for benefiting his sphere of influence. Even to his editor, Reeve, the nature of the "plan" was "unknown." And on December 21, 1828, Greville tells us how, when proposing the "plan," he was informed that the Cabinet "would not have leisure to attend to the affairs of Jamaica," at which rebuff he exclaimed, "And this is the way our Colonies are governed!"

In addition to the sinecure which furnished Young Cynicism with pocket money, the Duke of Portland, as an indulgent grandfather, conferred on him "likewise the reversion of the Clerkship of the [Privy] Council." And Greville started life, not only as a good judge of jobbery, but with excellent opportunities of seeing kings, queens, and their constitutional advisers at close quarters.

Greville was thus a protégé of the Eighteenth Century who, in the Nineteenth, found himself to be something of an orphan. In 1830, there was no Duke of Portland to protect him, and a reforming government (December 12th) wanted "economy" which gave "satisfaction" to all save the holders of sinecures.

December 5, 1830: . . . The Black Book, as it is called, in which all the places and pensions are exhibited, has struck terror into all who are named and virtuous indignation into all who are not. Nothing can be more *mal à propos* than the appearance of this book at such a season, when there is such discontent about our institutions and such unceasing endeavours to bring them into contempt.

At first, Greville was easy in his mind. True, a committee was appointed "to enquire into the salaries of the Parliamentary offices." But "they mean to leave the question in the hands of the country gentlemen." And "as Baring is Chairman, it is not probable that much will be done."

December 12, 1830: I was agreeably surprised yesterday by a communication from Lord Lansdowne that he thought no alteration could be made in my emoluments, and that he was quite prepared to defend them if anybody attacked them. Still, though it is a very good thing to be so supported, I don't consider myself safe from Parliamentary assaults. In these times it will not do to be idle, and I told Lord Lansdowne that I was

anxious to keep my emoluments, but ready to work for them, and proposed that we Clerks of the Council should be called upon to act really at the Board of Trade, as we are, in fact, bound to do; by which means Lack's place when vacant need not be filled up, and a saving would be made.

But trouble was brewing. "I am," wrote Greville, on July 12, 1832, "in the midst of a squabble with the Treasury—that is with the Board of Junior Lords—who have behaved very ill to me, or rather tried to do so, for I hope to baffle them." On March 29, 1833, he adds:

"I have been engaged in another battle with the Treasury and am at length discomforted. I have no chance in fighting with that Board and am too vulnerable to go on fighting. After a very fair resistance, I succumb."

The battle for economy became personal. And in June, 1835, Greville was "tormented to death" by a Committee of the House of Commons, appointed to look into "West India places" like his own. He was, as he puts it, "menaced with a report that will be fatal to my case."

Of his "humiliating position," he was acutely sensible, but like Pooh Bah, he regarded his sinecure none the less as an insult still to be pocketed. "I have made up my mind to its loss," he said, "though resolved to fight while I have a leg to fight upon."

He pleaded, therefore, with Melbourne, the Prime Minister, "to exert his influence and authority." And he buttonholed "many persons . . . of different political persuasions," with most of whom he had "but a very slight acquaintance." They "showed a very kind disposition," and among them "none other than Mr. Gladstone." But, wrote Greville (July 17, 1835), "It is most nauseating, disgusting to the last degree. I feel as if the very persons who served me most, despise me all the while. I am ashamed of what I am contending, for I know the weakness of my own case. But I can't help myself, and have no alternative."

Despite "demonstrations" of "good will," therefore, which were "agreeable enough," in that they "contribute to put one in harmony with mankind," Greville could not but "feel unutterable disgust, and something akin to shame, at

being compelled to solicit the protection of one set of men, and the friendly offices of another." He winced at the thought that he was "maintained in the possession of that which is in itself obnoxious to public feeling and opinion." And he continues:

July 7, 1835: . . . A placeman is in these days an odious animal, and as a double placeman I am doubly odious, and I have a secret kind of whispering sensation that these very people who good-naturedly enough assist me must be a little shocked at the cause they advocate. All that can be said in my favour is not obvious, nor can it be properly or conveniently brought forward, and all that can be said against me lies on the surface, and is universally evident. The funds from which I draw my means do not somehow seem a pure source; formerly those things were tolerated, now they are not, and my prospects were formed and destiny determined at a remote period, while I incur all the odium and encounter all the risks consequent upon the altered state of public feeling on the subject.

Baring belonged to the famous house of bankers and was later created first Baron Northbrook.

Buckingham, October 25, 1830: . . . Baring told me the other day that he remembered his [B.'s] father with nearly nothing, and that out of the house which he founded not less than six or seven millions must have been taken. Several colossal fortunes have been made out of it.

Baring, who had appeared to be so amiable, emerged as "Jupiter hostis." And, complained Greville, "I much doubt whether, strive and struggle as I may, I shall ever escape from the determination of this morose and rigid millionaire to strip me of my property."

Baring's fortune is here exaggerated. But the point to be noted is that he agreed to a compromise. Greville remained Secretary for Jamaica, but his salary as Clerk of the Privy Council was reduced from £1,500 to £1,000 a year. Says he:

July 4, 1835: . . . It provokes me more that Baring should gain a triumph, and succeed in his long cherished design of crushing me, than the actual loss, that is the feeling is more pungent with regard to the one than the other, at least for the moment.

Still, the loss was "confoundly unpleasant."

Greville, moreover, considered that the rules of log-rolling had been neglected. Writes he on June 20, 1835, "After the very essential services I rendered Peel and his Government by obtaining for them the support of the *Times* and concluding the arrangement which was made between these high contracting parties . . . I might certainly . . . go with some confidence to Peel or any of them and ask for their aid in my difficulty."

To provide bread and butter for young Greville was not enough. He must be given the chance, at any rate, of a political career. And plunging into that gamble, Greville "left the University early, having been appointed private secretary to Earl Bathurst before he was twenty," which position he held, as he says, "for several years." Earl Bathurst "was the friend and devoted admirer of Pitt, and a regular Tory of the old school, who felt that evil days had come upon him in his old age." He was, in fact, "a very amiable man and with a good understanding, though his talents were far from brilliant," also, "a High Churchman," yet "a cool politician, a bad speaker, a good writer, greatly averse to changes, but unwillingly acquiescing in many." Moreover, "he was nervous and reserved, with a good deal of humour, and habitually a jester"; while "his conversation was generally a series of jokes, and he rarely discussed any subject but in a ludicrous vein."

As a minister of the Crown, Earl Bathurst left two men under a sense of grievance. One was Napoleon; the other was Greville. We read:

August 5, 1834: . . . His conduct to Napoleon justly incurred odium, for although he was only one of many, he was the Minister through whom the orders of Government passed, and he suffered the principal share of the reproach which was thrown upon the Cabinet for their rude and barbarous treatment of the Emperor at St. Helena. He had not a lively imagination, and his feelings were not excited by the contemplation of such a striking example of fallen greatness.

As for Greville, he "dined with Lady Bathurst" (January 31, 1819) and was friends with "the family." But with his chief, he "had no real intimacy." And he writes:

August 5, 1834: . . . so far from feeling any obligation to him, I always consider his mistaken kindness in giving me that post as the source of all my misfortunes and the cause of my present condition. He never thought fit to employ me, never associated me with the interests and the business of his office, and consequently abandoned me at the age of eighteen to that life of idleness and dissipation from which I might have been saved had he felt that my future prospects in life, my character and talents, depended in great measure upon the direction which was at that moment given to my mind. He would probably have made me a Tory (which I should hardly have remained), but I should have become a man of business, and of the antagonistic tastes which divided my mind that for literature and employment would have got the better of that for amusement and idleness, instead, as unfortunately happened, of the latter prevailing over the former.

Greville did not enter Parliament. All his life he was an official. But he liked wire-pulling. And often "as a meddler" (1831), he would try with more or less success to settle the affairs of the Empire.

CHAPTER III

A PATRICIAN AT PLAY

A MAN may hold a sinecure and receive an income for administering an island like Jamaica which he has never seen, and yet he may need recreation. Greville used to relax.

Much of his time was spent at house parties. He stayed at Bowood, Badminton, Panshanger; the ideal being "*le bon goût, les ris, l'aimable liberté.*"

January 2, 1831: . . . I am very sure that dinners of all fools have as good a chance of being agreeable as dinners of all clever people; at least the former are often gay, and the latter are frequently heavy. Nonsense and folly gilded over with good breeding and *les usages du monde* produce often more agreeable results than a collection of rude, awkward intellectual powers.

The New Year of 1820 found him at Woburn, the seat of the Duke of Bedford. "The house, place, establishment and manner of living," he writes, "are magnificent. The *chasse* was brilliant; in five days we killed 835 pheasants, 645 hares, 59 rabbits, 10 partridges and 5 woodcocks. The Duchess was very civil and the party very gay. I won at whist and liked it very much."

The ancestral home of Lady Diana Manners was in its glory:

Belvoir Castle, January 7, 1834: After many years of delay, I am here since the third, to assist at the celebration of the Duke of Rutland's birthday. The party is very large, and sufficiently dull: the Duke of Wellington, Esterhazy [Austrian Ambassador], Matuscewitz [Russian Ambassador], Rokeby, Miss d'Este [afterward Lady Truro], and the rest a rabble of fine people, without beauty or wit among them. The place is certainly very magnificent, and the position of the castle unrivalled, though the interior is full of enormous faults, which are wholly irretrievable. This results from the management of

the alterations having been entrusted to the Duchess and Sir John Thurston (the former of whom had some taste but no knowledge), and they have consequently made a sad mess of it. There is immense space wasted, and with great splendour and some comfort the Castle has been tumbled about until they have contrived to render it a very indifferent house; no two rooms communicating, nor even (except the drawing room and dining room, the former of which is seldom or never inhabited) contiguous. The gallery, though unfinished, is a delightful apartment, and one of the most comfortable I ever saw. The outside of the Castle is faulty, but very grand; so grand as to sink criticism in admiration; and altogether, with its terraces and towers, its woods and hills, and its boundless prospect over a rich and fertile country, it is a very noble possession. The Duke lives here for three or four months, from the end of October till the end of February or March, on and off, and the establishment is kept up with extraordinary splendour. In the morning we are roused by the strains of martial music, and the band [of his regiment of militia] marches round the terrace, awakening or quickening the guests with lively airs. All the men hunt or shoot. At dinner there is a different display of plate every day, and in the evening some play at whist or amuse themselves as they please, and some walk about the staircases and corridors to hear the band, which plays the whole evening in the hall. On the Duke's birthday there was a great feast in the Castle; 200 people dined in the servants' hall alone, without counting the other tables. We were about forty at dinner.

On the birthday of the Duke of Rutland:

Belvoir Castle, January 4, 1838: . . . To-day (the cook told me) nearly four hundred people will dine in the Castle. We all went into the servants' hall, where one hundred and forty-five retainers had just done dinner and were drinking the Duke's health, singing and speechifying with vociferous applause, shouting, and clapping of hands. I never knew before that oratory had got down into the servants' hall, but learned that it is the custom for those to whom "the gift of the gab" has been vouchsafed to harangue the others, the palm of eloquence being universally conceded to Mr. Tapps the head coachman,

a man of great abdominal dignity, and whose Ciceronian brows are adorned with an ample flaxen wig, which is the peculiar distinction of the functionaries of the whip. I should like to bring the surly Radical here who scowls and snarls at "the selfish aristocracy who have no sympathies with the people," and when he has seen these hundreds feasting in the Castle, and heard their loud shouts of joy and congratulation, and then visited the villages around, and listened to the bells chiming all about the vale, say whether "the greatest happiness of the greatest number" would be promoted by the destruction of all the feudality which belongs inseparably to this scene, and by the substitution of some abstract political rights for all the beef and ale and music and dancing with which they are made merry and glad even for so brief a space. The Duke of Rutland is as selfish a man as any of his class—that is, he never does what he does not like, and spends his whole life in a round of such pleasures as suit his taste, but he is neither a foolish nor a bad man, and partly from a sense of duty, and partly from inclination, he devotes time and labour to the interest and welfare of the people who live and labour on his estate. He is a Guardian of a very large Union, and he not only attends regularly the meetings of Poor Law Guardians every week or fortnight, and takes an active part in their proceedings, but he visits those paupers who receive out-of-door relief, sits and converses with them, invites them to complain to him if they have anything to complain of, and tells them that he is not only their friend but their representative at the assembly of Guardians, and it is his duty to see that they are nourished and protected. To my mind there is more "sympathy" in this than in railing at the rich and rendering the poor discontented, weaning them from their habitual attachments and respects, and teaching them that the political quacks and adventurers who flatter and cajole them are their only real friends.

January 5, 1838: We had a great ball last night, opened by the Duke of Rutland and Duchess of Sutherland, who had to sail down at least a hundred couple of tenants, shopkeepers, valets, and abigails. . . . To-day I went to see the hounds throw off; but though a hunter was offered to me would not ride him, because there is no use in risking the hurt or ridicule of a fall for one day. A man who goes out in this casual way and hurts

himself looks as foolish as an amateur soldier who gets wounded in a battle in which he is tempted by curiosity to mingle. So I rode with the mob, saw a great deal of galloping about and the hounds conveniently running over hills and vales all in sight, and then came home.

An example of building was Middleton, on which Lord Jersey (December 29, 1830) had spent £200,000—this despite his ownership of Osterley where Sir Thomas Gresham had "pulled down a wall in the night which she [Queen Elizabeth] had found fault with, so that in the morning she found it was gone." And there was growing up a new aristocracy:

Belvoir Castle, January 4, 1838: To-day we went to see the house Mr. Gregory is building, five miles from here. He is a gentleman of about 12,000l a year, who has a fancy to build a magnificent house in the Elizabethan style, and he is now in the middle of his work, all the shell being finished except one wing. Nothing can be more perfect than it is, both as to the architecture and the ornaments; but it stands on the slope of a hill upon a deep clay soil, with no park around it, very little wood, and scarcely any fine trees. Many years ago, when he first conceived this design, he began to amass money and lived for no other object. He travelled into all parts of Europe collecting objects of curiosity, useful or ornamental, for his projected palace, and he did not begin to build until he had accumulated money enough to complete his design. . . . He says that it is his amusement, as hunting or shooting or feasting may be the objects of other people. . . . The cottages round Harlaxton are worth seeing. It has been his fancy to build a whole village in all sorts of strange fantastic styles. There are Dutch and Swiss cottages, every variety of old English, and heaps of nondescript things, which appear only to have been built for variety's sake. The effect is extremely pretty. Close to the village is an old manor house, the most perfect specimen I ever saw of such a building, the habitation of an English country gentleman of former times, and there were a buff jerkin and a pair of jack boots hanging up in the hall, which the stout old Cavalier of the Seventeenth Century (and one feels sure that the owner of that house was a Cavalier) had very likely worn at Marston Moor or Naseby.

On November 30, 1818, we find the Diarist at Tixall in Staffordshire where "nothing could exceed the agreeableness." They "breakfasted about twelve or later, dined at seven, played at Whist or Macao the whole evening, and went to bed at different hours between two and four." In the game of Macao, the lucky number was nine; and over these mysteries there were verses, redolent of the era when poetry was epigram:

> The solemn chime from out the ancient tower
> Invites to Macao at th' accustomed hour.
> The welcome summons heard, around the board
> Each takes his seat and counts his iv'ry hoard.
> 'Tis strange to see how in the early rounds
> The cautious punters risk their single pounds.
> Till, fired with generous rage, they double stake
> And offer more than prudent dealers take.
>
> Why should we wonder if in Greville's verses
> Each thought so brilliant and each line so terse is?
> For surely he in poetry must shine
> Who is, we know, so favoured by the nine.

THE JOLLY TENS

> Quoth Greville, "The commandments are divine;
> But as they're ten, I lay them on the shelf:
> O could they change their number and be nine,
> I'd keep them all, and keep them to myself."

"Thus," confesses the Diarist, "we trifled life away."

There was then no general law of divorce. Each dissolution of marriage required a separate act of Parliament. And (November 14, 1834) Greville notes how the Privy Council cut Lady Westmeath's alimony "from £700 to £315 a year and the arrears in the same proportion."

Whether marriage, thus indissoluble, was rigidly respected is doubtful:

September 14, 1839: . . . The Duke of Bedford is a complete sensualist and thinks of nothing but his own personal enjoyments, and it has long been a part of his system not to allow himself to be disturbed by the necessities of others, or to be ruffled by the slightest self-denial.

The Duke was elder brother to Lord John Russell the Prime Minister. And of Lord William Russell we read (December 15, 1841) that he was "poor and the place (the Embassy at Berlin) suited his finances and was convenient for his amour with Madame de Heber."

There was, too, Lord Stanhope "amusing, so strange in his appearance, so ultra-Tory and anti-Liberal in his politics" (February 28, 1830), who was full not only of "drollery" but "of profligacy which he bottles up here and only uncorks in Germany where he goes every year to enjoy himself."

March 13, 1833: . . . Poor Dudley is dead, and has left Lady Lyndhurst £2,000 a year [she did not take the legacy, and died very shortly after], Mrs. Spencer £800 a year, and a Son whom he always tacitly acknowledged, £25,000.

Another of the type was Lord Carhampton. And it was his natural son, Luttrell, who at Tixall played the poet. He "was always on bad terms with his father," but he had sat in the Irish Parliament, "and obtained a place, afterwards commuted for a pension, on which he lived." At the age of eighty-one years (December, 1851) he died. And Greville recalls how he was "one of the most accomplished, agreeable, and entertaining men of his day" who "lived in the very best society" and was "one of the cherished and favoured *habitués* of Holland House."

London, December 22, 1851: . . . His contribution to the pleasures of society was in talk, and he was too idle and too much of a Sybarite to devote himself to any grave and laborious pursuit. There are, however, so many more good writers than good talkers, and the two qualities are so rarely found united in the same person, that we owe a debt of gratitude to Luttrell for having cultivated his conversational rather than his literary powers, and for having adorned and delighted society for so many years with his remarkable vivacity and wit.

December 1, 1829: . . . There is a joke of Luttrell's about Sharpe. He was a wholesale hatter formerly; having a dingy complexion, somebody said he had transferred the colour of his hats to his face, when Luttrell said that "it was *darkness which might be felt.*"

January 22, 1830: . . . Looking over the "Report of the

Woods and Forests and the Cost of the Palaces," somebody said, "the pensive" [meaning the public: see Rejected Addresses] must pay; Luttrell said "the public was the pensive and the King the expensive."

These amusements ended sometimes in a "dreadful catastrophe":

Woburn Abbey, September 16, 1846: . . . It makes me sad to see Bretby and the mode of life there: idleness, folly, waste, and a constant progress to ruin; a princely fortune dilapidated by sheer indolence, because the obstinate spoilt owner will neither look into his affairs, nor let anybody else look into them. He lies in bed half the day, and rises to run after pleasure in whatever shape he can pursue it; abhors business, and has no sense of duty; suffers himself to be cheated and governed by an agent, and thus drifts away to destruction. Such is the heir of the famous Lord Chesterfield, and the destiny of his great estate.

Frank Villiers belonged to the noble house of Jersey:

April 14, 1855: . . . Everybody who knew him well, was aware that his reckless extravagance and the system of borrowing at enormous interests with the security of friends must sooner or later come to an end and produce a fearful smash. But nobody ever imagined or suspected the dreadful reality and that besides the money for which he had got the names of Lords Glasgow, Bath, Clifden and a host of others, who were foolish enough to become his securities, he had raised enormous sums upon bills, the acceptances, etc., which were all forgeries. This appalling discovery has overwhelmed his family with grief and horror and the whole society with astonishment and disgust. It is not yet known when he began these practices nor who were his accomplices, except that he had one in the person of a Mrs. Edmunds, already famous as a whore, bawd, usurer, and who was more than suspected of having been a party to certain forgeries upon the late Lord Lichfield. It is now about a month or five weeks ago that he suddenly disappeared. He never was seen in the House of Commons, and much surprise was excited when he did not attend the Spring races at Epsom.

It began then to be surmised that there was something wrong, and when the week after at Northampton races he was neither seen nor heard of, the matter began to be generally talked about and mysterious hints were whispered that he had been obliged to abscond for good and all. Soon after he became the talk of London, and a report was circulated that he was not only overwhelmed with debts but concerned in some cases of forgery. These reports continued to spread and in a very short time the whole truth became known and was communicated to his family. Lord Jersey placed the matter in the hands of his solicitor, Frere, who advised him to wash his hands of it altogether, but Disraeli who was apprised of the whole matter, went to Lord Jersey and strongly advised him to prevent if possible the cases of forgery being brought in a Court of Justice, and to employ Padwick to ascertain the amount of the forged bills, and buy them up. After some hesitation Jersey consented to do this, and Lady Jersey agreed to produce the money. Padwick set to work, having a written authority from Lord Jersey to buy up the bills, which are said to amount to about £40,000, the whole of the debts good and bad amounting to eighty or a hundred thousand.

"Meanwhile nothing was heard of Frank and nobody knew where he was gone or anything about him." A letter "without dates of place or time" said he was "the victim of an atrocious conspiracy got up for political motives." And this "imposed upon nobody except his parents who were ready to catch at any straws and who tried to believe that he might still be innocent and return to clear himself."

March 21, 1846: . . . The private (for *secret* it never was) history of Devonshire House would be very curious and amusing as a scandalous chronicle, an exhibition of vice in its most refined and attractive form, full of grace, dignity and splendour, but I fancy full of misery and sorrow also. . . . He [the Duke of Devonshire] talked to me of Devonshire House in the old time, and the strange connexion of the Duke, the Duchess and Lady Elizabeth Foster [the second Duchess], the latter at the same time the mistress of the Duke, and the bosom friend of the Duchess, and the wife passionately attached to the mistress, and dreading nothing so much as the loss of her society.

Children might—or might not—be changelings:

Woburn Abbey, January 19, 1858: . . . There was for a long time a vague notion that some mystery attached to his birth, and that he was not really the son, or at all events not the legitimate son, of his reputed father. The idea was that Lady Elizabeth Foster (whom the Duke afterwards married as his second wife) and the Duchess had been confined at the same time at Paris, and that the latter having a girl and the former a boy, the children had been changed, the Duke being the father of both children. I always treated this story as a myth, and this opinion has been confirmed by the deposition of the woman who had received the child in her arms upon his birth, which was conclusive evidence of his legitimacy.

Yet Lord George Cavendish—Greville's cousin—had "so much believed it that he had intended to try the question of the Duke's legitimacy."

Poor Beau Brummel! Greville looked him up in Calais:

Paris, March 6, 1830: . . . There I had a long conversation with Brummel about his Consulship, and was moved by his account of his own distresses to write to the Duke of Wellington and ask him what he could do for him. I found him in his old lodging, dressing; some pretty pieces of old furniture in the room, an entire toilet of silver, and a large green macaw perched on the back of a tattered silk chair with faded gilding; full of gaiety, impudence, and misery.

A mere Consul. And there were also the unbusinesslike brothers:

January 17, 1830: . . . The two Grants [Charles and Robert] are always together, and both very forgetful and unpunctual. Somebody said that if you asked Charles to dine with you at six on Monday, you were very likely to have Robert at seven on Tuesday.

November 17, 1842: As soon as I got to town I read the attacks in all the newspapers upon Chesterfield, on account of his appearance in the case of Bathyany in the Roll's Court. Another discreditable transaction affecting high names, and tending to bring the aristocracy into contempt. It serves him right, and is a just reward for his idleness and folly, but these

things are to be deplored for the mischief they do, and the false notions they create. Public opinion lumps all together such men (and such cases) as Lord Hertford, Lord Frankfort, Lord de Ros, Lord Huntingtower, Lord Chesterfield and others in different degrees.

October 18, 1842: We are mightily proud of our fine qualities and plume ourselves on our morality but it must be owned that a German public which can know nothing of English society but from the specimens it sees of Englishmen, or what it reads in the press of English doings, may well entertain a less exalted idea of our perfections. They read a few years ago the case of De Ros, they now read that of Lord Hertford and they have seen the ostentatious infidelity of William Russell, our Minister at Berlin, besides the *esclandre* of E. Molyneux at Frankfurt, and the well-known misconduct of Abercrombie in Germany and Italy. Add to this Melbourne's trials (Prime Minister of England) and we need not wonder at the impressions which we think so unfair and which are not in fact correct.

Of Greville's private life, it is enough to say that he lived and died a bachelor. He had, indeed, an early passion, but the divinity was a wife and a mother.

May 12, 1821: I have suffered the severest pain I ever had in my life by the death of Lady Worcester. I loved her like a sister, and I have lost one of the few persons in the world who cared for me, and whose affection and friendship serve to make life valuable to me. She has been cut off in the prime of her life and in the bloom of her beauty, and so suddenly too. Seven days ago she was at a ball at Court, and she is now no more. She died like a heroine, full of cheerfulness and courage to the last. . . . I saw her so short a time ago "glittering like the morning star, full of life and splendour and joy"; the accents of her voice still so vibrate in my ear that I cannot believe I shall never see her again.

CHAPTER IV

PRAETERITA

Greville lived at a period when people were beginning to value the original materials of history. He himself was busy over an index to the archives of the Privy Council. And a curious fact was that the ancient Register, extending from the reign of King Henry VIII, did not include the Commonwealth because, during that period, "the acts of the Council of State were illegal and of no authority."

The State Record Office, which (January 25, 1829) had been "in the greatest confusion," was being reduced to order. And every day "brought to light documents of importance and interest, which as they are successively found are classed and arranged and rendered disposable for literary and historical purposes."

An instance of history traced to the source, though not with entire accuracy, is of value because it suggests that a search for truth was developing:

January 25, 1829: . . . Lemon has found papers relating to the Powder Plot alone sufficient to make two quarto volumes, exceedingly curious. . . . There is a remarkable paper written by King James with directions what questions should be put to Guy Faux, and ending with a recommendation that he should be tortured first gently, and then more severely as might be necessary. Then the depositions of Faux in the Tower, which had been taken down (contrary to his desire) in writing, and which he was compelled to sign upon the rack; his signature was written in faint and trembling characters, and his strength had evidently failed in the middle, for he had only written "Guido."

The papers seemed to make it "clear that the Pope knew of it [the Plot]"—a suggestion which, however, Henry Reeve discounted.

July 20, 1831: . . . Halford has been with me this morning gossipping (which he likes); he gave me an account of his discovery of the head of Charles I in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, to which he was directed by Wood's account in the *Athenæ Oxonienses*. He says that they also found the coffin of Henry VIII, but that the air had penetrated and the body had been reduced to a skeleton. By his side was Jane Seymour's coffin untouched, and he has no doubt her body is perfect. The late King intended to have it opened, and he says he will propose it to this King. By degrees we may visit the remains of the whole line of Tudor and Plantagenet too, and see if those famous old creatures were like their effigies. He says Charles's head was exactly as Vandyke had painted him.

September 13, 1834: Dined again at Holland House the day before yesterday; Melbourne, Rice, Lord and Lady Albemarle, and Lord Gosford; rather dull. A discussion about *who* was the man in a mask who cut Charles I's head off; Macintosh believed he knew. What a literary puerility! The man in a mask was Jack Ketch (whatever his name was); who can doubt it? Where was the man, Roundhead or Puritan, who as an amateur would have mounted the scaffold to perform this office? But the executioner, though only discharging the duties of his office, probably thought in those excited times that he would not be safe from the vengeance of some enthusiastic cavalier, and that it was more prudent to conceal the features of the man by whom the deed was done.

Lord Duncannon, the Liberal, heard an amusing trifle:

December 13, 1843: He was walking with William IV, he said, in Kensington Gardens one day, and when they got to a certain spot the King said to him, 'It was here, my Lord, that my great-grandfather, King George II, was robbed. He was in the habit of walking every morning alone round the garden, and one day a man jumped over the wall, approached the King with great respect, and told him he was in distress, and was compelled to ask him for his money, his watch and the buckles in his shoes. The King gave him what he had about him, and the man knelt down to take off his buckles, all the time with profound respect. When he had got everything, the King told him that there was a seal on the watch-chain of little or no

value, but which he wished to have back, and requested he would take it off the chain and restore it. The man said, "Your Majesty must be aware that we have already been here some time, and that it is not safe for me to stay longer, but if you will give me your word not to say anything of what has passed for twenty-four hours, I will place the seal at the same hour to-morrow morning on that stone," pointing to a particular place. The King promised, went the next morning at the appointed hour, the man appeared, brought the seal, and then jumped over the wall and went off. "His Majesty," added the King, "never afterwards walked alone in Kensington Gardens." His Majesty's attendants must have been rather surprised to see him arrive at the palace *minus* his shoe-buckles!

Greville gives evidence to show that King George III, though an autocrat, respected the convention by which a sovereign is debarred from taking advice except from his Ministers:

London, December 14, 1826: . . . Yesterday the Duke [of York] told me that the late King [George III] was walking with him one day at Kew, and his Majesty said, "The world tells many lies, and here is one instance. I am said to have held frequent communication with Lord Bute [formerly Prime Minister] and the last time I ever saw or spoke to him was in that pavilion in the year 1764." The King went over to breakfast with his mother, the Princess Dowager, and she took him aside and said, "There is somebody here who wishes very much to speak to you." "Who is it?" "Lord Bute." "Good God, mamma! how could you bring him here? It is impossible for me to hold any communication with Lord Bute in this manner." However, he did see him, when Lord Bute made a violent attack upon him for having abandoned and neglected him. The King replied that he could not, in justice to his Ministers, hold any communication with him unknown to them, when Lord Bute said that he would never see the King again. The King became angry in his turn, and said, "Then, my Lord, be it so, and remember from henceforth we never meet again." And from that day he never beheld Lord Bute or had any communication with him.

According to Adair:

August 6, 1828: . . . Burke's conversation was delightful, so luminous and instructive. He was very passionate, and Adair said that the first time he ever saw him he unluckily asked him some question about the wild parts of Ireland, when Burke broke out, "You are a fool and a blockhead; there are no wild parts in Ireland." He was extremely terrified, but afterward Burke was very civil to him, and he knew him very well.

He told me a great deal about the quarrel between Fox and Burke. Fox never ceased to entertain a regard for Burke, and at no time would suffer him to be abused in his presence. There was an attempt made to bring about a reconciliation, and a meeting for that purpose took place of all the leading men at Burlington House. Burke was on the point of yielding, when his son suddenly made his appearance unbidden, and on being told what was going on said, "My father shall be no party to such a compromise," took Burke aside and persuaded him to reject the overtures. That son Adair described as the most disagreeable, violent, and wrong-headed of men, but the idol of his father, who used to say that he united all his own talents and acquirements with those of Fox and everybody else. After the death of Richard Burke, Fox and Burke met behind the throne of the House of Lords one day, when Fox went up to Burke and put out both his hands to him. Burke was almost surprised into meeting this cordiality in the same spirit, but the momentary impulse passed away, and he doggedly dropped his hands and left the House. . . . Soon after Pitt's resignation in 1801 there was an attempt made to effect a junction between Pitt and Fox, to which neither of them were averse. The negotiation was, however, entrusted to subordinate agents, and Adair said that he had always regretted that they had not met, for if they had he thought the matter would have been arranged. As it was, the design was thwarted by the King through the intervention (I think he said) of Lord Loughborough.

August 8, 1832: Lord Holland told some stories of Johnson and Garrick which he had heard from Kemble. Johnson loved to bully Garrick, from a recollection of Garrick's former impertinence. When Garrick was in the zenith of his popularity, and grown rich, and lived with the great, and while Johnson was yet obscure, the Doctor used to drink tea with him, and

he would say, "Davy, I do not envy you your money nor your fine acquaintance, but I envy your power of drinking such tea as this." "Yes," said Garrick, "it is very good tea, but it is not my best, nor that which I give to my Lord this and Sir Somebody t'other."

Johnson liked Fox because he defended his pension, and said it was only to blame in not being large enough. "Fox," he said, "is a liberal man; he would always be '*aut Cæsar aut nullus*'; whenever I have seen him he has been *nullus*." Lord Holland said Fox made it a rule never to talk in Johnson's presence, because he knew all his conversations were recorded for publication, and he did not choose to figure in them.

February 7, 1836: . . . I asked him [Lord Holland] if his uncle [Fox] and Pitt were in habits of communication in the House of Commons, and on terms of mutual civility and good-humour, and he said, "Oh yes, very; I think they had a great respect for each other; latterly I think my uncle was more bitter against him"—I enquired whether he thought they would have joined? He thought they might have done so. He thinks the finest speeches Fox made (if it were possible to select out of so many fine ones) were on the war, on the Scrutiny, and on Bonaparte's overtures. Grattan complimenting him on his speech on the war, he said, "I don't know if it was good, but I know I can't make a better." Fox never wrote his speeches, was fond of preparing them in travelling, as he said a post-chaise was the best place to arrange his thoughts in. Sheridan wrote and prepared a great deal, and generally in bed, with his books, pen, and ink, on the bed, where he would lie all day.

September 7, 1834: . . . Fox thought his own speech in 1804 on going to war with France the best he had ever made. One day he was talking of oratory and said to Lord Holland, "Taking it altogether, Sheridan's speech on the Begums in the House of Commons was the best ever delivered in Parliament."

Lord Holland suggested that he had made as good. He said, "I don't mean to say that I could not speak as well as Sheridan, but I never made such a speech as that." Lord Holland urged the above speech, "Ah," said Fox, "that was a damned good speech too." Lord Holland believed that Pitt [the younger] was not so eloquent as Chatham. Grattan said, "He takes longer flights, does not soar so high." No power

was ever equal to Chatham's over a public assembly, much greater in the Commons than it was afterwards in the Lords.

March 16, 1844: . . . Writing of Mr. Grenville, I must mention an anecdote he told me the other day, illustrating the facility with which Pitt gave peerages to anybody who had a fancy for the honour. Mr. Grenville one day asked his cousin Lord Glastonbury what had induced him to get made a peer, for he could not think he had ever cared much for a title. He said, "God, Devil!" (for such it seems was his queer habit of expressing himself) "I'll tell you. I never thought of a peerage; but one day I took up the newspaper, and I read in it that Tommy Townshend was made a peer. Confound the fellow, said I, what right had he to be made a peer I should like to know. Why, I am as rich again as he is and have a much better right. So I resolved to write to Pitt and tell him so. I wrote, and was made a peer the following week."

Then there was Mary Berry, born in 1763, died 1852, "the sole survivor of a once brilliant generation," who lived with her sister Agnes, both unmarried, at Strawberry Hill. Horace Walpole "called them his 'strawberries' and had established a great intimacy between their youth and his age"; Mary must have been "exceedingly good-looking." And even when Greville met her, she had "a fine commanding figure and a very handsome face full of expression and intelligence."

November 21, 1829: . . . We went to Strawberry Hill to-day —Moore, Ellis, Lady Georgiana, and I. Ellis is an excellent cicerone; everything is in the state in which old Horace Walpole left it, and just as his catalogue and description describe it. He says in that work that he makes that catalogue to provide against the dispersion of his collections, and he tied up everything as strictly as possible.

In Greville's time:

September 19, 1843: Miss Berry's house in Curzon Street was one of the last *salons* that existed in London, and the most agreeable. It was frequented by all the rank, beauty, and talent of those times. Whenever the lamp over the hall door was lit, any *habitué* of the house was welcome.

November 21, 1852: . . . It is well known that she [Mary

Berry] was the object of Horace Walpole's octogenarian attachment, and it has been generally believed that he was anxious to marry her for the sake of bestowing upon her a title and a jointure, which advantages her disinterested and independent spirit would not allow her to accept. She continued nevertheless to make the charm and consolation of his latter days, and at his death she became his literary executrix, in which capacity she edited Madame du Deffand's letters. She always preserved a great veneration for the memory of Lord Orford [Horace Walpole], and has often talked to me about him. I gathered from what she said that she never was herself quite sure whether he wished to marry her, but inclined to believe that she might have been his wife had she chosen it.

September 19, 1843: . . . Croker says, what has often been reported, that Lord Orford offered to marry Mary Berry, and on her refusal, to marry Agnes. She says it is altogether false. He never thought of marrying Agnes; and what passed with regard to herself was this: The Duchess of Gloster was very jealous of his intimacy with the Berrys, though she treated them with civility. At last her natural impetuosity broke out, and she said to him, "Do you mean to marry Miss Berry or do you not?" To which he replied, "That is as Miss Berry herself pleases"; and that, as I understood her, is all that passed about it. She said nothing could be more beautiful and touching than his affection for her, devoid as it was of any particle of sensual feeling, and she should ever feel proud of having inspired such a man with such a sentiment.

Thomas Greville (October 23, 1842) "had often dined with Horace Walpole at his Grandmother's house in Grosvenor Square (before it was planted) and he describes him as effeminate in costume, trifling in conversation and much less amusing and *piquant* than might be expected from his letters."

It was at Miss Berry's house that "the blues and the wits were assembled." There, as Sydney Smith said, "the conversation raged." And there, Greville came into contact with higher education for women.

February 14, 1834: Last night at Miss Berry's met Mrs. Somerville, the great mathematician. I had been reading in the morning Sedgwick's sermon on education, in which he talks of

Whewell, Airy, and Mrs. Somerville, mentioning her as one of the great luminaries of the present day. The subject of astronomy is so sublime that one shrinks into a sense of nothingness in contemplating it, and can't help regarding those who have mastered the mighty process and advanced the limits of the science as beings of another order. I could not then take my eyes off this woman, with a feeling of surprise and something like incredulity, all involuntary and very foolish; but to see a mincing, smirking person, fan in hand, gliding about the room, talking nothings and nonsense, and to know that La Place was her plaything and Newton her acquaintance, was too striking a contrast not to torment the brain. It was Newton's mantle trimmed and flounced by Maradan.

CHAPTER V

JOCKEYS AND GENTLEMEN

GREVILLE loved a good horse. From *Bailey's Magazine*, Henry Reeve has culled an obituary in which we are assured that he "will ever be considered one of the most remarkable men that have lent lustre to the English turf." Over the Jockey Club, so we read in the *Illustrated London News*, January 28, 1865, he came to exercise "a paramount influence."

Nor had he any right to blame Lord Bathurst for alluring him into these amusements. According to *Bailey's Magazine* the Portlands themselves "had always been amongst the strongest supporters of the national sport, and raced, as became their position in society." And when Greville was barely fifteen years old, the old Duke took him to see the Derby. The lad's passion for racing was immediate. And he never lost it.

The turf was, indeed, his introduction to Court. For some reason, the second sons of King George III, of King Edward VII and of King George V have been created successively Duke of York. In 1821, the prince of that title was Commander in Chief of the Army and heir to the throne. "Yesterday," wrote Greville, on February 23d, "the Duke of York proposed to me to take the management of his horses, which I accepted. Nothing could be more kind than the manner in which he proposed it." And the appointment was a success. In the second year, Greville won the Derby for the Duke with Moses. "As the Duke's affairs at that time," so we read in *Bailey's Magazine*, "were in anything but a flourishing condition, Mr. Greville did not persuade him to back his horse for much money; still his Royal Highness won a fair stake, and was not a little pleased as a result."

June 29, 1828: I dined yesterday with the King [George IV] at St. James's—his Jockey Club dinner. There were about thirty people, several not being invited whom he did not fancy. The Duke of Leeds told me a much greater list had been made

out, but he had scratched several out of it. We assembled in the Throne Room, and found him already there, looking very well and walking about; he soon, however, sat down, and desired everybody else to do so. Nobody spoke, and he laughed and said, "This is more like a Quaker than a Jockey Club meeting." We soon went to dinner, which was in the Great Supper Room and very magnificent. He sat in the middle with the Dukes of Richmond and Grafton on each side of him. I sat opposite to him, and he was particularly gracious to me, talking to me across the table and recommending all the good things; he made me (after eating a quantity of turtle) eat a dish of crawfish soup until I thought I should have burst. After dinner the Duke of Leeds, who sat at the head of the table, gave "The King." We all stood up, when his Majesty thanked us, and said he hoped this would be the first of annual meetings of the sort to take place there or elsewhere under his roof. He then ordered paper, pens, &c., and they began matches and stakes; the most perfect ease was established, just as much as if we had been dining with the Duke of York, and he seemed delighted. He made one or two little speeches, one recommending that a stop should be put to the exportation of horses. He twice gave "The Turf," and at the end the Duke of Richmond asked his leave to give a toast, and again gave "The King." He thanked all the gentlemen, and said that there was no man who had the interests of the turf more at heart than himself, that he was delighted at having this party, and that the oftener they met the better, and he only wanted to have it pointed out to him how he could promote the pleasure and amusement of the turf, and he was ready to do anything in his power. He got up at half-past twelve and wished us good night. Nothing could go off better, and Mount Charles [the King's natural son] told me he was sure he was delighted.

June 11, 1829: . . . Yesterday the King had his racing dinner, which was more numerously attended and just as magnificent as that he gave last year, but not half so gay and joyous. I believe he had some gouty feeling and was in pain, for, contrary to his usual custom, he hardly spoke, and the Duke of Richmond, who sat next to him, told me that the little he did say was more about politics than the turf, and he fancied that something had annoyed him.

Even the solemnities of the Privy Council were invaded by the claims of Sport:

August 6, 1828: . . . There was another Council about a week ago. On these occasions the King always whispers to me something or other about his race horses or something about myself, and I am at this moment in high favour. We had Howley [Archbishop of Canterbury] and Bloomfield [Bishop of London] at this Council, with the latter of whom I made acquaintance, to the great amusement of the Duke. He laughed at seeing me conversing with this bishop.

Stoke, August 25, 1828: . . . After the Council the King called me and talked to me about race horses, which he cares more about than the welfare of Ireland or the peace of Europe. We walked over the Castle, which is nearly finished, but too gaudy. The King told me he would go to the Egham races to-morrow.

December 21, 1829: . . . I might as well have put in on the 25th of November what the King said to me, as it seems to have amused everybody. I was standing close to him at the Council, and he put down his head and whispered, "Which are you for, Cadland or the mare?" (meaning the match between Cadland and Bess of Bedlam); so I put my head down too and said, "The horse!" and then as we retired he said to the Duke, "A little bit of Newmarket."

In fact, the King was so zealous over the sport that (June 24, 1829) he "bought seven horses successively, for which he has given 11,300 guineas, principally to win the cup at Ascot, which he has never accomplished."

Racing with majesty has its dangers. The winner that year was Zingaree whom the King "might have had . . . but would not, because he fancied the Colonel would beat him." Thus Greville, "having previously asked the King's leave which he gave after many gracious expressions," bought Zingaree for Lord Chesterfield. When Zingaree won, the King was "very anxious and disappointed"—indeed, "very sorry not to have bought him and complained that the horse was not offered to him." There was thus a little grievance against Greville for which Greville pleads that he was not to blame.

When the Duke of York died, there was an idea that Greville might train horses for his Majesty himself:

March 16, 1827: On Wednesday at the Council at St. James's the King desired I would go down to Windsor, that he might speak to me. I went down on Thursday to the Cottage, and, after waiting two hours and a half, was ushered into his bedroom. I found him sitting at a round table near his bed, in a *douillette*, and in pretty good health and spirits. He talked about his horses and told some old stories, lamented the death of the Duke of York, which he said was a loss to him such as no one could conceive, and that he felt it every instant. He kept me about an hour, was very civil, and then dismissed me.

But no appointment was suggested. And Greville wanted to know the reason why. The *valet de chambre* to the Duke of York had been a man called Batchelor. And the King had engaged him as his servant. Batchelor thus had "an excellent apartment in the Lodge (on Virginia Water, near Windsor) which, he said, was once occupied by Nell Gwynne, though I did not know the Lodge was built at that time." And it was Batchelor (August 20, 1830) who told Greville that a certain Jack Radford "had said something to the King against me, which had prevented his putting his horses under my care."

Life was thus one continuous speculation, by day on the race course, by night at play. A few of the sums that passed are noted. At Tixall, where everyone was so "pleased and satisfied," Greville "won £300 but lost it all back except £80." On February 3, 1818, Greville was a guest of the Duke of York at Oatlands where, says he, "we played at whist till near five [in the morning]. I had been a great loser but I won it back and six guineas." On the following June 12th, the Ascot Party at Oatlands cost Greville £420 in one night, and, on balance, he "lost about 300 guineas." On another night (December 15, 1818), he lost 150 guineas. And under the circumstances, it is, perhaps, no matter for surprise that he should have been moved to a homily:

June 12, 1819: . . . Play is a detestable occupation; it absorbs all our thoughts and renders us unfit for everything else in life. It is hurtful to the mind and destroys the better feelings; it incapacitates us for study and application of every sort; it makes us thoughtful and nervous; and our cheerfulness depends upon the uncertain event of our nightly occupation. How any-

one can play who is not in want of money I cannot comprehend; surely his mind must be strangely framed who requires the stimulus of gambling to heighten his pleasures . . . ; at the gaming table all men are equal; no superiority of birth, accomplishments, or ability avail here; great noblemen, merchants, orators, jockies, statesmen, and idlers are thrown together in levelling confusion; the only preëminence is that of success, the only superiority that of temper.

A tragic trouble pointed these morals. Henry William, 19th Baron de Ros, was Greville's "oldest and most intimate friend." He was "a man overflowing with affection and kindness of manner to all around him."

An amusing instance of his comradeship was his service to Thomas Slingsby Duncombe, an advanced Liberal for whom De Ros wrote a maiden speech which Duncombe "delivered with perfect self-possession and composure," recording thus "a great exploit":

February 25, 1828: . . . The history of Tom Duncombe and his speech is instructive as well as amusing, for it is a curious proof of the facility with which the world may be deceived, and of the prodigious effect which may be produced by the smallest means, if they are aided by some fortuitous circumstances and happily applied. Tommy came to Henry de Ros and told him that his constituents at Hertford were very anxious he should make a speech, but that he did not know what to say, and begged Henry to supply him with the necessary materials. He advised him to strike out something new, and having received his assurance that he should be able to recollect anything that he learned by heart, and that he was not afraid of his courage failing, Henry composed for him the speech which Duncombe delivered. But knowing the slender capacity of his man, he was not satisfied with placing the speech in his hands, but adopted every precaution which his ingenuity suggested to avert the danger of his breaking down. He made him learn the speech by heart, and then made him think it over again and put it into language of his own, justly fearing that if he should forget any of the more polished periods of the original it would appear sadly botched by his own interpolations. He then instructed him largely as to how and when he was to bring it in, supplying him

with various commonplace phrases to be used as connecting links, and by the help of which he might be enabled to fasten upon some of the preceding speeches. I saw Henry de Ros the day before the debate, when he told me what he was doing, and asked me to suggest anything that occurred upon the subject, and at the same time repeated to me the speech with which he had armed his hero. I hinted my apprehensions that he would fail in the delivery, but though he was not without some alarm, he expressed (as it afterwards appeared a well-grounded) confidence in Duncombe's extraordinary nerve and intrepidity.

Unfortunately, the aptitude of De Ros for polite deception did not end with oratory. The Diary, as often happens, is here ominous:

December 3, 1829: . . . I went to see Lord Glengall's play again, which was much better acted than the first time, and having been curtailed went off very well. Henry de Ros, Glengall, and I went together. I was very much amused (but did not venture to show it) at a point in one of the scenes between Lureall and Sir S. Foster: the latter said, "Let me tell you, sir, that a country gentleman residing on his estate is as valuable a member of society as a man of fashion in London who lives by plundering those who have more money and less wit than himself"; when De Ros turned to Glengall and said, "Richard, there appears to me to be a great deal of twaddle in this play; besides, you throw over the good cause."

Even plundering went beyond a jest. And what multiplied "grey hairs in the head and fresh wrinkles in the cheeks" of the Diarist, was a train of "events pregnant with death or disgrace"—in brief, that De Ros was "convicted of being a cheat and a swindler." There was "no end to *cancan*, no end of lies"; enough for us that De Ros was repeatedly "detected marking cards at Graham's Club," and that—in Greville's words—"for the purpose of convincing my incredulity," there was "sealed up" and "sent to me" an actual pack "so marked." He was "staggered," but the evidence, taken as a whole, was overwhelming. And the only question was what should be done. The Duke of Wellington, hearing half the story, told De Ros to return to his clubs and face it out. Greville, knowing

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KING GEORGE IV AND THE DUKE OF YORK

the truth, advised him to stay on the Continent till the storm should blow over. And this wise counsel was bitterly resented by all who, including Wellington, believed in the accused man's innocence. De Ros did come back, repeated the offence, and caused a scene at his club. The newspapers got hold of it. And, to defend his character, De Ros had to bring an action for libel against the *Satirist* in which, of necessity, Greville was called as a witness against him. It was "painful to an extreme degree":

February 19, 1837: . . . I went on the eventful morning to my office, where I resolved to wait till I was sent for, and a more miserable day I never passed. A nervous horror crept over me, which made me more restless and uneasy, as each succeeding hour passed away. My mind was agitated with various conflicting feelings, and as I continually revolved all the points and circumstances about which I might possibly be interrogated, there was no course and extent of examination and cross-examination, that I did not invent and imagine as of possible adoption by the Counsel on either side. These thoughts made me so restless that I could apply myself to nothing else; and every noise that I heard, every step on the staircase, each opening of the door, seemed to be the signal that my name was called, and when at last about 5 o'clock, the Messenger did come and fetch me, it was almost a relief, and I went with a sort of desperate satisfaction that it would soon be over.

His testimony, given next morning, was, according to Brougham, "only a drop in a vessel already overflowing." The "extraordinary disgraceful and disastrous trial" had been decided already in favour of the *Satirist*. And while there were "no wonderful revelations," the nation was offered "a hideous picture of gambling" and "much that appeared to betoken vicious habits."

The Duke of Wellington, whose mind had been "poisoned" against Greville, now received him "with the greatest cordiality." But it was a more delicate matter to call on De Ros:

February 19, 1837: . . . I entered the room brimfull of pity, feeling ashamed for him, and melted to entire softness, but before I had been there five minutes, in spite of his agony, which was apparent, I felt hard as iron, for I saw that his

sufferings did not proceed from a source calculated to excite compassion or tender regret.

De Ros could not "bring himself to believe that the world views his crimes (supposing them to be true) with the horror and disgust which they are calculated to inspire." Yet, in two years, he was dead. And Greville concludes a lament over his Jonathan in words of pathetic simplicity:

Newmarket, March 29, 1839: . . . Whatever may have been the error of his life, he closed the scene with a philosophical dignity not unworthy of a sage, and with a serenity and sweetness of disposition of which Christianity itself could afford no more shining or delightful example. In him I have lost (half lost before) the last and greatest of the friends of my youth, and I am left a more solitary and a sadder man.

As with cards, so with racing, considerable sums were staked which "particulars," wrote Greville on June 6, 1843, "may not be unamusing or uninteresting many years hence."

June 6, 1843: . . . Times may change, and the value of money, or the usages and habits of the world. These sums may appear contemptibly small or alarmingly large. After all, when the letters and diaries with which the press now teems make their appearance, we already read with more or less interest the familiar details of the vices and follies, the amusements and pursuits of our forefathers; even their winnings and losings are attractive; so that if I chose to tell more stories of the turf, somebody would be found to read them in times remote.

So, in these "times remote," we record that, on a certain July 14, 1820, Greville at Newmarket "had the first fortunate turn this year" and "won £300," while on June 11, 1829, at Epsom, his winnings on two races were about £800. Also we have this:

September 27, 1830, Chatsworth: It rained all the time of the races. I won £700 by the week; very little money lost, but a good deal won. Sounds a contradiction, but is not.

An entry dated June 11, 1833, shows £100 lost on the races; £200 lost at whist; and £500 won at hazard. On November 13,

1834, he writes, "My own history is shortly told." At three race meetings, he had won £1,600; and he ended the year with £7,000 to his credit—"the best year but one I ever made on the turf, and better on the whole, because then, I nearly lost all of it at play, and now I am wiser or warier, and have lost nothing in that way." The last of these entries is dated May 31, 1851, "I won," said he, "the largest sum I ever did win in any race, not less than £14,000, the greatest part of which I have received."

As Greville points out, the value of that money during the period was not to be ignored. In these days, the greatest fortune is calculated in hundreds of millions of pounds—billions of dollars. Such fortunes are made by supplying a popular need. A hundred years ago, the largest fortune was only a million or so and was made out of a luxury:

February 21, 1827: . . . Old Rundell [of the house of Rundell and Bridge, the great silversmiths and jewellers] died last week, and appointed Robarts one of his executors. Robarts called on me this morning, and told me he had been yesterday to Doctors' Commons to prove the will. Rundell was eighty years old, and died worth between 1,400,000l. and 1,500,000l., the greater part of which is vested in the funds. He has left the bulk of his property to his great-nephew, a man of the name of Neal, who is residuary legatee and will inherit 900,000l—this Mr. Neal had taken care of him for the last fourteen years—to a woman who had lived with him many years, and in whose house he died, and to two natural sons by her he only left 5,000l apiece. The old man began the world without a guinea, became in the course of time partner in that house during its most flourishing period, and by steady gains and continual parsimony amassed this enormous wealth. He never spent anything and lived wretchedly. During the panic he came to Robarts, who was his banker, and offered to place at his disposal any sum he might require. When the executors went to prove the will, they were told at Doctors' Commons that it was the largest sum that had ever been registered there.

From time to time, Greville wrote in terms which recall De Quincey's *Confessions of An Opium Eater* of what, on February 18, 1848, he calls his "horrible life." The turf, so he tells us on

May 29, 1838, is "a mind spoiling pursuit." He could not "plunge into the Blue Book [on France]"—to quote another regret—"till Epsom Races were over." It was not only that (April 30, 1848) he had there no "time to write or read anything" and that valuable reminiscences were "forgotten." Newmarket pursued him everywhere. "The eyes" (January 7, 1838) might "travel over the pages of a book," but "the mind" was "far away upon Newmarket Heath or after any other vanity and folly."

These recurrent phrases may be pieced together into an endless mosaic of misery. "Racing," wrote he on May 29, 1838, as he was "just going to Epsom" for the Derby, "is just like dram-drinking, momentary excitement and wretched intervals, full consciousness of the mischievous effects of the habit and equal difficulty in abstaining from it."

"A pretty sort of life!" he exclaimed (June 11, 1833), and "very well for most of the fellows there [at the races] who live for nothing else, but for me who have tasted of better things it is too bad." He hoped that he was "at least superior to the generality of men of White's and Crockford's and Tattersall's who seldom or never deviate from the pursuits of vulgar dissipation" (May 7, 1838), yet he "cannot disguise" from "himself" the "shameful and humiliating truth" elsewhere expressed thus:

May 10, 1845: These are my holidays—exclusively devoted to the turf, passed in complete idleness, without ever looking into a book, or doing one useful or profitable thing, living with the merest wretches, whose sole and perpetual occupation it is, jockeys, trainers, betters, blacklegs, blackguards, people who do nothing but gamble, smoke, and talk everlastingly of horses and races.

And we have this further outburst:

November 7, 1848: . . . I grow more and more disgusted with the atmosphere of villainy I am forced to breathe . . . it is not easy to keep one's self undefiled. It is monstrous to see high bred and high born gentlemen of honoured names and families, themselves marching through the world with their heads in the air, "all honourable men," living in the best, the greatest and most refined society, mixed up in schemes which are neither more nor less than a system of plunder.

Even after "a successful year on the turf," so he writes, "I have left off with a weariness and disgust which I cannot describe and a longing to find some way of escaping from the trammels of the pursuit."

October 23, 1837: . . . One day I resolve to extricate myself entirely from the whole concern, to sell all my horses, and pursue other occupations and objects of interest, and then these resolutions wax faint, and I again find myself buying fresh animals, entering into fresh speculations, and just as deeply engaged as ever. It is the force of habit, a still unconquered propensity to the sport, and a nervous apprehension that if I do not give it up, I may find no subject of equal interest.

And so, in November, 1837, he was still at the old game, "winning a great deal of money," which "success produces agreeable moments but not a happier frame of mind."

May 23, 1837: . . . I do not allow myself to expect to win the Derby, which success would clear me in everybody's opinion for all the time and pains I have bestowed on such an occupation, for success of any kind always dazzles the multitude.

Debts were thus an important factor and he longed to be "free" of them:

May 28, 1837. My speculation at Epsom failed, but I was not much disappointed, except that my horse ran very ill, which I did not expect. I won money enough however to repay me for my trouble and anxiety, and now I feel like one delivered from prison, and with my shackles knocked off.

Ghent, June 16, 1845: . . . I have had terrible misfortunes on the turf and sad disappointment. Alarm was jumped upon at the post by Libel; Nat dragged off the saddle and tumbled off the horse; the horse ran away, fell head over heels over the chains, cut and bruised himself dreadfully. After running away half a mile, the horse was caught, and in this state—cut, battered, frightened, and blown, and jockey with only one hand—he ran and ran very well. I believe he would have won if this had not happened, and I should have won £20,000.

London, November 16, 1845: . . . I have said nothing of Newmarket. My horse Alarm proved himself the best going (to all present appearance) and won the great stake of the Houghton

Meeting; but I won very little on him, not daring to back him. I had the mortification of seeing it proved that he would, beyond all possibility of doubt, have won the Derby but for his accident. That would have been worth winning; it would have rendered me independent, enabled me to relinquish my office when I pleased and be my own man, and given me the power of doing many an act of kindness, and assisting those I care for. Such a chance will probably never occur again.

June 14, 1846: . . . I won the Emperor's Cup with Alarm, but won little more than £2,000 on it: small compensation for the loss of the Derby last year, which would have made me independent and allowed me to quit office and be my own master. It was a moment of excitement and joy when I won this fine piece of plate, in the midst of thousands of spectators; but that passed, there returned the undying consciousness of the unworthiness of the pursuit.

In October he won the St. Leger with Mango and, with the race, a sum of £9,000. "I was highly elated at the moment," he wrote, "and the prospect afforded to me of being able to pay the greater part of my debts was a source of very reasonable satisfaction."

On December 30, 1837, he said "good-bye to 1837, with which I must not quarrel since it has brought me much money and excellent resolutions." In fact, he had "definitely resolved to give up the turf," to "turn over a new leaf," and become "a wiser, a better and a happier man." Yet on June 2, 1838, he lost £1,400 at Epsom and was "very glad it is all over." To spend Tuesday settling at Tattersall's "was a disgusting business, particularly when it is to pay and not to receive money."

Greville, like others, could not see "anything disgraceful" in the turf (October 23, 1837). But he skated on thin ice:

November 14, 1837: . . . I am involved in a squabble with the *Sporting Magazine*, in which an impertinent article has appeared about me, which I will not endure, though I am not afraid of my reputation suffering. If that is not now established it never will be.

In 1842, he had to defend that reputation in an action for libel against the *Sunday Times*. The charge was that he had

"laid great sums of money against Canadian," and "bought him for the purpose of preventing his running for the Derby, and then *pretended* he was lame." (August 14th) Greville won the action, with £250 damages. It was thus untrue that he had tampered with the horse.

What, however, he did admit was scarcely less interesting as a sidelight on the ethics of the turf. "As soon as I received the news of Canadian's lameness," he writes, "I desired my commissioner to hedge the money I stood on him and for which I had backed him two or three days before." His comment on his own action is, perhaps, sufficiently severe:

August 14, 1842: . . . I did that which according to racing practise I had a perfect right to do, and which everybody does, and which nobody on the turf considers the least unfair, but it would have been quite impossible to make a Judge, a Jury or the Public regard it as a proper or an honest act, to bet against a horse whom I knew to be lame, but which the person I betted with, did not know, and I have not the smallest doubt that this consideration would have operated powerfully on the verdict, and have materially damaged my cause in every way.

Happily for Greville, the point was not legally relevant, and could not be, therefore, submitted to a jury.

May 25, 1836: The Epsom races being over, which always absorb every other interest, I have leisure to turn my mind to other things. This year there has been a miserable catastrophe, Berkeley Craven deliberately shot himself after losing more than he could pay. It is the first instance of a man of rank and station in society making such an exit. He had originally a large landed estate, strictly entailed, got into difficulties, was obliged to go abroad, compromised with his creditors and returned, fell into fresh difficulties, involved himself inextricably in betting, and went on with a determination to shoot himself if his speculations failed, and so he did. He was very popular, had been extremely handsome in his youth, and was a fellow of infinite pleasantry and good-humour.

CHAPTER VI

PONIES AND PAUPERISM

It was on June 7, 1818, three years after Waterloo, that Greville began his Journal. His Mad Majesty King George III still lingered on the throne, and of his fifteen children there survived seven sons and a daughter.

"Good God," exclaimed Greville in 1829, "what a set they are!" adding, "We talked over the Royal Family, and we agreed that the three Kingdoms cannot furnish such a brood, so many and so bad, rogues, blackguards, fools and whores."

The wits went the limit and beyond it. There was living the Princess Emily whose "virtue was not thought immaculate." And when some question arose of sentries for royal persons, George Selwyn was asked if she "was to have Guards." He retorted, "Yes, ma'am, one every now and then."

The Prince of Wales, afterward King George IV, was Regent. And next in succession was his brother, the Duke of York. When his mother Queen Charlotte died, the Duke received £10,000 a year of additional income as *custos personæ* of his insane father. A filial duty was thus rewarded by a grateful Parliament.

The Duke of York (January, 1823) was also "provided for by the Bishopric of Osnaburgh," and what follows may be regarded, therefore, as a study of the apostolic succession as interpreted before the Oxford Movement.

Greville, as we have seen, looked after the Duke's horses. He found him "not clever" (August 15, 1818), but "the only one of the Princes who has the feelings of an English gentleman."

The Duke of York lived at Oatlands on the Thames. And Greville was admitted to the household. The Duchess, who was born Princess Royal of Prussia, seemed to him "clever and well informed," with "no dislike to coarseness of sentiment or language." But her own conversation was never so "polluted." As the Duke was "very easily amused and particularly with

jokes of . . . indelicacy," the taste of the Duchess was conveniently adaptable.

August 15, 1818: . . . She is very sensible to little attentions, and is annoyed if anybody appears to keep aloof from her or to shun conversing with her. Her dogs are her greatest interest and amusement, and she has at least forty of various kinds. She is delighted when anybody gives her a dog, or a monkey, or a parrot, of all of which she has a vast number; it is impossible to offend her or annoy her more than by ill-using any of her dogs, and if she were to see anybody beat or kick any one of them she would never forgive it. She has always lived on good terms with the Royal Family, but is intimate with none of them, and goes as little as possible to Court. The Regent dislikes her, and she him.

One of her few foibles is an extreme tenaciousness of her authority at Oatlands; one way in which this is shown is in the stable, where, although there are always eight or ten carriage horses which seldom do any work, it is impossible ever to procure a horse to ride or drive, because the Duchess appropriates them all to herself. The other day one of the aides-de-camp (Cooke) wanted to drive Burrell (who was there) to Hampton Court; he spoke of this at breakfast, and the Duke hearing it, desired he would take the curricle and two Spanish horses which had been given to him. The Duchess, however, chose to call those horses hers and to consider them as her own. The curricle came to the door, and just as they were going to mount it a servant came from the Duchess (who had heard of it) and told the coachman that her Royal Highness knew nothing of it, had not ordered it, and that the curricle must go home, which it accordingly did.

September 3, 1818: . . . The Duchess was unwell most of the time. We showed her a *galanterie* which pleased her very much. She produced a picture of herself one evening, which she said she was going to send to the Duchess of Orleans; we all cried out, said it was bad, and asked her why she did not let Lawrence paint her picture, and send a miniature copied from that. She declared she could not afford it; we then said, if she would sit, we would pay for the picture, which she consented to do, when all the men present signed a paper, desiring that a picture should be painted and a print taken from it of her Royal

Highness. Lawrence is to be invited to Oatlands at Christmas to paint the picture.

At Oatlands, the dance of the hours was apt to be exacting:

August 4, 1818: . . . There was a very large party. . . . We played at whist until four in the morning. On Sunday we amused ourselves with eating fruit in the garden, and shooting at a mark with pistols, and playing with the monkeys. I bathed in the cold bath in the grotto, which is as clear as crystal, and as cold as ice. Oatlands is the worst managed establishment in England; there are a great many servants, and nobody waits on you; a vast number of horses, and none to ride or drive.

August 15, 1818: . . . There were almost always the same people, sometimes more, sometimes less. We dine at eight, and sit at table until eleven. In about a quarter of an hour after we leave the dining room the Duke sits down to play at whist, and never stirs from the table as long as anybody will play with him. When anybody gives any hint of being tired he will leave off, but if he sees no signs of weariness in others he will never stop himself. He is equally well amused whether the play is high or low, but the stake he prefers is fives and ponies [that is £5 on the trick and £25 on the rubber]. The Duchess generally plays also at half-crown whist. The Duke always gets up very early, whatever time he may go to bed. On Sunday morning he goes to Church, returns to a breakfast of tea and cold meat, and afterwards rides or walks till the evening. On Monday morning he always sets off to London at nine o'clock. He sleeps equally well in a bed or in a carriage. The Duchess seldom goes to bed, or if she does only for an hour or two; she sleeps dressed upon a couch, sometimes in one room, sometimes in another. She frequently walks out very late at night, or rather early in the morning, and she always sleeps with open windows. She dresses and breakfasts at three o'clock, afterwards walks out with all her dogs, and seldom appears before dinner-time. At night, when she cannot sleep, she has women to read to her.

Fives and ponies impoverished the housekeeping:

August 30, 1819: I am just returned from Oatlands; we had an immense party, the most numerous ever known there. The Duchess wished it to have been prolonged, but there were no

funds. The distress they are in is inconceivable. When the Duchess came down, there was no water in the house. She asked the reason, and was informed that the water came by pipes from St. George's Hill, which were stopped up with sand; and as the workmen were never paid, they would not clear them out. She ordered the pipes to be cleared and the bills brought to her, which was done. On Thursday there was a great distress, as the steward had no money to pay the tradespeople, and the Duke was prevailed on with great difficulty to produce a small sum for the purpose. The house is nearly in ruins.

In July, 1822, Greville writes, "the Duke's carriage seized. His horses made over to me."

The Duchess died "of water on her chest," "left £12,000 to her servants and some children whom she had caused to be educated" and "arranged all her affairs with the greatest exactitude, and left nothing undone."

After the death of the Duchess, there was a strong desire that, for the sake of the succession, the Duke should remarry. He preferred, however, to console himself with the society of the Duchess of Rutland. And it was at her suggestion that he ruined what was left of his finances by an attempt to build the residence afterward known as Stafford House and now as Lancaster House, where may be seen the London Museum.

January 5, 1827: After the October meetings of 1825 the Duke came to town, not in good health. At the end of November the Duchess of Rutland died, which was a great blow to him, and probably made him worse. A short time after her funeral he went to Belvoir, when the Duke of Rutland took him down into the vault, where he stayed an hour and returned excessively chilled. From that moment he grew worse until the time of the Ascot races. . . . He slept wretchedly and seldom went to bed, but passed the greater part of the night walking about the room or dozing in his chair. I used to go into his room, which was next to mine, the moment I was out of bed and generally found him in his dressing gown, looking harassed and ill. He showed me his legs, which were always swelled. . . . They began by putting him through several courses of mercury. . . . In August he went to Brighton and soon after his arrival his legs mortified. It was then that Taylor went down

to him and told him that he was in great and immediate danger. He received the information with perfect composure. The gangrene, however, was stopped, and he came to town to the Duke of Rutland's house. The dropsy continued to make rapid progress, and sometime in September he was tapped; twenty-two pints of water were drawn from him. . . . He received the Sacrament, which was administered by the Bishop of London, in the presence of Sir H. Halford, Taylor, and the Princess Sophia. He was then very weak, but calm and collected during the ceremony. When it was over he shook hands with the men and kissed the Princess. The King saw him the next day, but he was in a lethargic state nearly the whole time that he was there.

Friday Night. January 5, 1827, half-past one: I am just come from taking my last look at the poor Duke. . . . We went directly into the room. The Duke was sitting exactly as at the moment he died, in his great armchair, dressed in his grey dressing gown, his head inclined against the side of the chair, his hands lying before him and looking as if he were in a deep and quiet sleep. Not a vestige of pain was perceptible on his countenance which, except being thinner, was exactly such as I have seen it a hundred times during his life. . . . In about a quarter of an hour Taylor and Halford set off to Windsor to inform the King; the Duke of Sussex went to the Princess Sophia; letters were written to all the Cabinet Ministers, to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and the Speaker of the House of Commons. Orders were given that the great bell of St. Paul's should toll. The servants were then admitted to see the Duke as he lay. Worley was very much affected at the sight, and one woman, the wife of Kendal, cried bitterly, and I saw her stoop down and kiss his hand. The room was then cleared and surrendered to the Lord Chamberlain's people.

When the King first heard (July 2, 1826) that the Duke of York "has been dangerously ill," he was "very much annoyed about the Duke, cried a great deal when he heard how bad he was, and has been twice to see him." And (February 12, 1827) Greville writes:

"The King ordered that the funeral should be public and magnificent; all the details of the ceremonials were arranged

by himself. He showed great feeling about his brother and exceeding kindness in providing for his servants, whom the Duke was himself unable to provide for. He gave £6,000 to pay immediate expenses and took many of the old servants into his own service. There appeared a few days after the Duke's death an infamous forgery, purporting to be a letter or declaration written by him a short time before his death (principally upon the subject of the Catholic question), which, however, was disavowed by Taylor, but not till after many thousand copies had been sold. I dare say many people believe still that he was the author of this pamphlet. All his effects either have been or will be sold by auction. The funeral took place a fortnight after his death. Nothing could be managed worse than it was, and except the appearance of the soldiers in the chapel, which was extremely fine, the spectacle was by no means imposing; the cold was intense, and it is only marvellous that more persons did not suffer from it. As it is the Bishop of Lincoln has died of the effects of it; Canning has been dangerously ill, and is still very unwell; and the Dukes of Wellington and Montrose were both very seriously unwell for some days after. The King was very angry when he heard how miserably the ceremony had been performed. I have been this evening to hear Peel move the address of condolence to the King, which Canning would have done if he had been here; and it is a pity he was not, for Peel did it very ill: it was poor and jejune, and undistinguished by eloquence or the appearance of deep feeling."

Greville has given us, hitherto, a kindly picture of the prince he served, but even he could not ignore the outburst of resentment which now followed.

February 12, 1827: The Duke of York was no sooner dead than the public press began to attack him, and while those private virtues were not denied him for which he had always been conspicuous, they enlarged in a strain of severe invective against his careless and expensive habits, his addiction to gambling; and above all they raked up the old story of Mrs. Clark and the investigation of 1809, and published many of his letters and all the disgusting details of that unfortunate affair, and that in a manner calculated to throw discredit on his character. The newspapers, however, soon found they had made a mistake, that this course was not congenial to public

feeling, and from that moment the columns have been filled with panegyrics upon his public services and his private virtues.

What caused the Duke to resign in 1809 was the fact that his mistress had a habit of making pocket money by selling commissions in the army of which her royal lover happened to be Commander in Chief. Otherwise, the Duke was somewhat of a stickler for honesty in the service.

London, December 14, 1826: . . . Yesterday the Duke of York told me that he knew there were all sorts of political intrigues going on, and that he had heard of a piece of roguery within the last 24 hours as great as any that was ever committed by a swindler. He would not tell me what it was.

The fact is that the Duke of York was perennially bankrupt:

January 2, 1828: . . . M'Gregor told me the other day that not one of the physicians and surgeons who attended the Duke of York through his long and painful illness had ever received the smallest remuneration, although their names and services had been laid before the King. He told me in addition that during sixteen years that he attended the Duke and his whole family he never received one guinea by way of fee or any payment whatever.

Happily, the Duke's stable was not forgotten:

Newark, September 18, 1830: . . . The King [William IV] has paid me £300 for Gordisson, the late Duke's jockey, which settles all he owed at Newmarket, and was a very good-natured act.

The final word on the Duke of York suggested a postprandial belief in the future life which was so picturesque as to be embarrassing:

April 13, 1829: . . . I went and dined at the Covent Garden Theatrical Fund dinner. The Duke of Clarence could not come, so they put Lord Blessington in the chair, who made an ass of himself. Among other toasts he was to give "The memory of the Duke of York," who was the founder of the institution. He prefaced this with a speech, but gave "The health," &c., on which Fawcett, who sat opposite, called out in agony, "The

memory, my Lord!" He corrected himself, but in a minute after said again "The health." "The memory, my Lord!" again roared Fawcett. It was supremely ridiculous.

A last glimpse of the old place:

July 3, 1831: Went to Oatlands on Saturday, returned on Monday; nobody there but Emily Eden. Many revolutions that place has undergone in my time, from the days of the Duke of York and its gaieties (well remembered and much regretted) to its present quiet state.

CHAPTER VII

OLD SOLDIERS

Those were days when men gossiped of battles as they gossiped of any other scandal. To us, Wolfe, the victor of Quebec, is a hero and a martyr. But old Thomas Grenville, with whom Greville would chat, had an uncle, Lord Temple, who saw Wolfe at close quarters. Indeed, he dined alone with Chatham and Wolfe just as the commander was starting for America.

November 18, 1842: . . . After dinner Wolfe got greatly excited, drew his sword, flourished it about, and boasted of the great things he would do with it in a wonderfully braggart style. Lord Temple and Mr. Pitt were horror-struck, and when the General was gone, they lifted up their hands and eyes, and said what an awful thing it was to think that they were about to trust interests so vital to the discretion of a man who could talk and bluster in such a way.

The prowess of the Duke of York was already immortal in verse:

> The mighty Duke of York,
> He had ten thousand men;
> He marched them up to the top of the hill,
> And he marched them down again;
> And when they were up, they were up;
> And when they were down, they were down;
> And when they were only halfway up,
> They were neither up nor down.

Riding with the Duke of York in his coach, Greville listened to reminiscences which would have been more valuable if "the manner of relating" had been less "confused." It was evident, however, that, when Sir John Moore was killed at Corunna in 1809, the Duke of York supposed that he would be his successor. And of "the transaction" that followed, he gave this "version":

December 24, 1822: . . . Lord L[iverpool, the Prime Minister] sent for him [the Duke of York], and communicated to him that it was the intention of Government to send out an expedition to Portugal, and to confer the command of it upon him. He replied that if called upon he should consider it his duty to serve, but he should never solicit any command. Nothing more passed at that time, but the newspapers by some means immediately got hold of this project and violently attacked the Government for thinking of sending him out. He does not appear to have known what intermediate deliberation led to a change in the determination of the Ministers in regard to himself. He says that Lord Chatham [the younger], who was much attached to him, and was then a Cabinet Minister, came to him one day, and told him he was betrayed and that he was sacrificed to make way for Sir A. Wellesley [Wellington]; that soon after this Lord L. sent for him, and said that he was extremely sorry that public opinion was so strongly against his appointment to the command of the army that it was impossible for Government to confer it upon him. Soon after this the expedition was formed, and Sir A. Wellesley was appointed to the command.

Of Sir Arthur Wellesley (afterward Wellington), then, the Duke of York was hardly an admirer. And he gave a critical account of the general's early career in India:

December 24, 1822: . . . The last time I was with him [the Duke of York] he told me a variety of particulars about the Duke of Wellington's conduct at the siege of Seringapatam, of Lord Harris's reluctance to entrust the command of a storming party to him, of his not arriving at the place of rendezvous the first night, of Lord Harris's anger and the difficulty with which he was brought to consent to his being employed the second night, when he distinguished himself so signally.

It was by actual contact with Wellington that Greville was able to build up his own estimate:

August 8, 1843: Yesterday morning I found the Duke of Wellington in my brother's room and in high good-humour. I began talking to him about the discovery lately made at Woodstock of the Duke of Marlborough's correspondence, which Sir

George Murray had told me of; and this led him to talk of the Duke of Marlborough, of his character and military genius, and so on to other things. He said that he considered the principal characteristic of the Duke of Marlborough to have been his strong sound sense and great practical sagacity. That it was a mistake to say he was illiterate. People fancied so because of the way his words were misspelt, but in his time they spelt them as they were pronounced. He thought the errors he had committed were owing to his wife. As to his character, we must not judge of it according to the maxims by which men in our time were governed; besides that, they were less strict in his day; the condition of affairs itself produced a laxity; and though it was true he communicated with the Pretender and acted a double part, that was no more than many men in France did during Napoleon's reign.

Greville offers a comparison:

February 11, 1838: I suppose all great generals have necessarily some qualities in common; even Vendôme, an indolent and beastly glutton and voluptuary, was capable of prodigious exertions and of activity not to be surpassed. There is a great deal in the character of Hannibal (as drawn by Livy) which would apply to the Duke of Wellington; only instead of being stained with the vices which are ascribed to the Carthaginian general, the Duke is distinguished for the very opposite virtues.

Hannibal	*Wellington*
(1) Never was natural ability more adapted to the most opposite qualities, obeying and commanding; and so you will not easily discover which was dearer to the general or to the army.	(1) Nothing is more remarkable in the Duke than his habit of prompt obedience to his superiors and employers, and this shines forth as much when the triumphant Commander in Chief of the Allied Armies at the end of the Spanish war, as in his early campaign in India. He was always ready to serve when, where, and

Hannibal—cont.

(2) Nor did Hasdrubal prefer to put any one else in command when anything had to be done with especial courage or vigour, nor did the soldiers have more assurance or daring under any other leader.

(3) He had the greatest boldness for encountering dangers, the keenest judgment in the midst of danger.

(4) By no toil could either his body be weakened or his mind be overcome. He could endure extremes of heat and of cold. The measure of his food and drink was determined by the natural need, not by enjoyment. He could be awake and could sleep either by day or by night. He was thus able to rest when he had overcome what had to be done; for this neither a soft spread

Wellington—cont.

how his services were required, and so I believe he is now.

(2) In India he was employed by Lord Wellesley and Lord Lake in all the most important and difficult military enterprises and civil transactions.

(3) Napier says some of Wellington's operations were daring to extravagance, some cautious to the verge of timidity, all founded as much upon keen and nice perceptions of the political measures of his adversaries as upon pure military considerations—and "he knew how to obey as well as to command."

(4) He told me himself that he was obliged to do everything in person. His despatches show that he thought of everything, wrote of everything, directed everything.

Hannibal—cont.	*Wellington—cont.*
(couch) nor silence was called for.	
(5) Many often found him wrapped in a light military cloak lying on the ground between the guard and the posts of the soldiers.	(5) During the battles of the Pyrenees he slept wrapt in a cloak, under a thick bush, and the shot fell so near him that he was urged to remove to a less exposed place.
(6) His clothing was not better than that of his fellows; his arms and horse were noticeable. Of the Horse and Foot he was by far the first; he was the first to go into battle, the last, the battle once begun, to depart.	(6) He was always dressed in his plain blue coat; he rode very good horses.
(7) These very great virtues of the man were equalled by huge vices: inhuman cruelty, more than Punic perfidy, nothing of truth, nothing of inviolable sanctity, no fear of the gods, no respect for an oath, no religion.	(7) Here ends the parallel and begins the contrast. No general ever exhibited to the world a nobler example of mildness and humanity, of the most perfect and invariable good faith, of severe truth, of inflexible justice, of scrupulous honesty, of reverence for religion, and regard to the precepts of morality.

Greville adds the somewhat remarkable opinion that:

February 11, 1838: . . . Cruelty is not a modern vice; no general is cruel in these days. I doubt if there has been any great deed of cruelty committed since the Thirty Years' War, the sack of Magdeburg, and the exploits of Tilly and Pappenheim. Turenne ravaged the Palatinate, but that was Louvois' cruelty,

not Turenne's. There were no military cruelties perpetrated in the revolutionary wars that I remember.

Our next witness to Wellington is one who, in his day, played an active part—the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker, whom we shall meet again in quite another connection. He was founder of the Athenæum Club, the originator of the *Quarterly Review* wherein appeared the famous attack on Keats, and the author of the political term, "Conservative." It was on Croker's edition of Boswell that Macaulay wrote his essay.

December 14, 1839: I was at Oatlands a fortnight ago, where I met Croker—not overbearing, and rather agreeable. . . . He said he dined and passed the evening *tête-à-tête* with the Duke of Wellington (then Sir Arthur Wellesley) before his departure for Portugal to take command of the army. . . . After dinner he was very thoughtful, and did not speak. Croker said, "Sir Arthur, you don't talk; what is it you are thinking about?" He said, "Of the French. I have never seen them; they have beaten all Europe. I think I shall beat them, but I can't help thinking about them."

The Duke would often indulge in reminiscences:

June 30, 1835: . . . He [the Duke] then talked of the Walcheren expedition [1809, commanded by Lord Chatham], and said that, though it was wretchedly conducted, and altogether mismanaged, it was not ill-planned, and if they had gone straight to Antwerp it might have rendered very great service to the general cause, and have put Bonaparte in great difficulties. I had always fancied that he had disapproved of that expedition.

August 8, 1843: . . . From this we [the Duke and Greville] got to Espartero and Spain, and the recent bombardment of Seville, which he said was inexcusable, and he told us that he never had fired off a single mortar while he was in Spain. He also mentioned that, though he had taken about 3,000 pieces of cannon of different sorts, he had never in his life lost a single gun.

It was in 1838, the year of Queen Victoria's Coronation, that Wellington's Despatches from the Peninsula were published.

And it happened that France sent Marshal Soult to the ceremony as Ambassador Extraordinary.

By a characteristic act of courtesy, therefore, the Duke (June 21, 1838) "made Gurwood [his editor] keep back the eleventh volume of the Despatches, in which the battle of Toulouse appears, because some of the details are calculated to be annoying to Soult—a piece of delicacy which is very becoming."

Croker was not so chivalrous. He "meets him [Soult] with an offensive article in the *Quarterly*, brought out on purpose and emanating from his spiteful and malignant temper."

June 21, 1838: . . . The Duke [of Wellington] did all he could to prevent the appearance of this article, begged Croker to keep it back, but the ill-conditioned dog would not. I believe the impression was actually kept back, so that it might come out on the very day of Soult's arrival.

It was the Duke, not Croker, who interpreted the temper of the nation toward an honourable foe.

July 14, 1838: . . . It is really curious to see the manner in which Soult has been received here, not only with every sort of attention and respect by persons in the most respectable ranks of life, members of all the great trading and commercial bodies, but with enthusiasm by the common people; they flock about him, cheer him vociferously, and at the review in the park he was obliged to abandon both his hands to be shaken by those around him. The old soldier is touched to the quick at this generous reception, and has given utterance to his gratitude and sensibility on several occasions in very apt terms. It is creditable to John Bull, but I am at a loss to understand why he is so desperately fond of Soult; but Johnny is a gentleman who generally does things in excess, and seldom anything by halves.

Burghley, January 2, 1838: . . . I was amused at the simplicity with which he [the Duke] talked of the great interest of these Despatches, just as he might have done if they had been the work of any other man; said he had read them himself with considerable astonishment and great interest, and that everybody might see that there was not one word in them that was not strictly and literally true. He said of his generals, "that

in the beginning they none of them knew anything of the matter, that he was obliged to go from division to division and look to everything himself down to the minutest details." I said, "What on earth would have happened if anything had befallen you?" He laughed and said, "I really do not know. There was a great deal of correspondence about my successor at the time Sir Thomas Graham [chosen as his successor if one was wanted] went home. I was against having any second in command, which was quite useless, as nobody could share the responsibility with me. . . . The fall of Badajoz was a great blow to him, but he did not know that it was by an act of treachery. The Spanish Government perhaps did not believe that he was approaching to relieve the place, but it was a most curious fact, that whereas it was agreed that the Spanish army should march out over the breach with the honours of war, they were obliged, after the capitulation, to make a breach for them to go over, none having been made by the besiegers. The General, with whom he finds much fault [in the ninth volume] for disobeying his orders and making false movements, was Victor Allen, but he said he treated him with great leniency, and so he did his officers on all occasions, and was as forbearing and indulgent with them as it was possible to be.

. . . I asked him why Bonaparte had not himself come to Spain to attack him; and if he had with a great force, whether he would have driven him out. He replied that he thought Napoleon had satisfied himself that it would be a work of great difficulty, and what was more, of great length, and he had no mind to embark in it; and that the French certainly would not have driven him out: he should have taken up some position, and have been enabled to baffle the Emperor himself just as he had done his marshals. He thinks that Napoleon's military system compelled him to employ his armies in war, when they invariably lived upon the resources of the countries they occupied, and that France could not have maintained them, as she must have done if he had made peace: peace, therefore, would have brought about (through the army itself) his downfall. He traces the whole military system of France from its first organization during the Reign of Terror, in a letter in the tenth volume of the Despatches. I asked him how he reconciled what he had said of the extraordinary discipline of the French

army with their unsparing and habitual plunder of the country, and he said that though they plundered in the most remorseless way, there was order and discipline in their plundering, and while they took from the inhabitants everything they could lay their hands upon, it was done in the way of requisition, and that they plundered for the army and not for themselves individually, but they were reduced to great shifts for food. At the battle of Fuentes d'Onor he saw the French soldiers carry off horses that were killed to be cooked and eaten in another part of the field. "I saw particularly with my own eyes one horse put upon a cart drawn by two bullocks (they could not afford to kill the bullocks), and drawn off; and I desired a man to watch where the cart went, and it was taken to another French division for the horse to be eaten. Now we never were reduced to eat horseflesh." I remarked that he alluded in one of his letters to his having been once very nearly taken, and he said it was just before the battle of Talavera in consequence of some troops giving way. He was on a ruined tower from which he was obliged to leap down; and if he had not been young and active, as he was in those days, he should certainly have been taken.

He talked a great deal of the Spanish character, unchanged to this day; of the vast difficulties he had had to contend with from both Spanish and Portuguese governments, the latter as bad as the former; of their punctilios and regard to form and ceremony. "At the time of the battle of the Pyrenees I had occasion to send O'Donnell to advance, and he was mightily affronted because he did not receive the order by an officer from headquarters. I was living under hedges and ditches, and had not been to headquarters for several days, and so I told him, but that he should have an order if he pleased in the proper form." I asked him if it was not then that he found the troops in full retreat. He said they were beginning to retreat when he arrived, "then they threw up their caps and made a most brilliant affair of it."

It is impossible to convey an idea of the zest, eagerness, frankness, and *abundance* with which he talked, and told of his campaigns, or how interesting it was to hear him. He expressed himself very warmly about Hill, of all his generals, and said, "When I gave him my memorandum about Canada the other day I said, Why it looks as if we were at our old

trade again." He added that he "always gave his opinion when it was required on any subject."

At Salamanca, Wellington's opponent was Marmont. And one day, being "very communicative," Wellington expressed the "opinion that Massena (not Marmont) was the best French general—apart from Napoleon, presumably—to whom he was ever opposed." Wellington's account of the battle was, as usual, simple:

Burghley, January 2, 1838: . . . All the movements and operations before the battle of Salamanca were to the last degree interesting. The Duke was anxiously waiting for some advantageous occasion to attack Marmont, and at last it arrived; he saw it happen, and took his resolution on the spot. He was dining in a farmyard with his officers, where (when he had done dinner) everybody else came and dined as they could. The whole French army was in sight, moving, and the enemy firing upon the farmyard in which he was dining. "I got up," he said, "and was looking over a wall round the farmyard, just such a wall as that" (pointing to a low stone wall bounding the covert), "and I saw the movement of the French left through my glass. 'By God,' said I, 'that will do, and I'll attack them directly.' I had moved up the Sixth Division through Salamanca, which the French were not aware of, and I ordered them to attack, and the whole line to advance. I had got my army so completely in hand that I could do this with ease, and in forty minutes the battle was won—*quarante mille hommes battus en quarante minutes.*"

Lord Raglan, afterward the British Commander in the Crimea, gave an even more graphic account of it:

November 18, 1838, Wolbeding: . . . The Duke dined, walking about the whole time munching, with his field glass in his hand, and constantly looking through it. On a sudden he exclaimed, "By G——, they are extending their line; order my horses." The horses were brought and he was off in an instant, followed only by his old German dragoon, who went with him everywhere. The aides-de-camp followed as quickly as they could. He galloped straight to Pakenham's division and desired him immediately to begin the attack. Pakenham said, "Give me

your hand, and it shall be done." The Duke very gravely gave him his hand, Pakenham shook it warmly and then hastened off. The French were attacked directly after.

After the French Revolution of 1830, Marmont turned up in London.

August 24, 1830: . . . As to the battle of Salamanca he [Marmont] remarked that, without meaning to detract from the glory of English arms, he was inferior in force there; our army was provided with everything, well paid, and the country favourable, his "*dénuée de tout*," without pay, in a hostile country; that all his provisions came from a great distance and under escorts, and his communications were kept up in the same way.

There was the long arm of coincidence:

August 29, 1830: . . . He [Marmont] had been to Woolwich in the morning, where the Duke of Wellington had given orders that everything should be shown to him, and the honours handsomely done. He was very much gratified, and he found the man who had pointed the gun which wounded him at Salamanca, and who had since lost his own arm at Waterloo. Marmont shook hands with him and said, "*Ah, mon ami, chacun à son tour.*" Lady Aldborough came in the evening, and flew up to him with "*Ah, mon cher Maréchal, embrassez-moi*"; and so after escaping the cannon's mouth at Paris he was obliged to face Lady Aldborough's mouth here.

Those were days when the most eminent general had to share the risks of the humblest soldiers. Wellington would tell how "he had been struck down by a musket shot whilst reconnoitring the enemy as they were retreating in the Pyrenees." Indeed, so near a thing was it that "the people around him thought he was killed but he got up directly."

November 18, 1838, Wolbeding: . . . The only time the Duke ever was hit was at Orthez, by a spent ball, which struck him on the side and knocked him down. He and Alava were standing together having both dismounted, and they were laughing at a Portuguese soldier who had just passed by saying he was "*offendido*" . . . when the Duke was struck down, but he im-

mediately rose and laughed all the more at being "*offendido*" himself.

It cannot be pretended that Wellington had much use for his Allies, the Spaniards. "There is no statesman in Spain," declared he; adding that "Portugal is in a greater state of intellectual improvement." In fact, "Spain is not only deficient in men of education and talent to direct her councils, but she has no army, and not one officer of capacity. Not one was formed by the late war, for such were their vanity and ignorance that they would learn nothing from the English."

January 25, 1823: . . . Upon one occasion only the Spaniards gained a victory, the day on which St. Sebastian was stormed. Soult attacked a Spanish corps commanded by General Freyre. When the Duke was informed of the attack he hastened to the scene of action and placed two British divisions in reserve, to support the Spaniards, but did not allow them to come into action. He found the Spaniards running away as fast as they could. He asked them where they were going. They said they were taking off the wounded. He immediately sent and ordered the gates of Irun, to which they were flying, to be shut against them, and sent to Freyre to desire he would rally his men. This was done, and they sustained the attack of the French; but General Freyre sent to the Duke to beg he would let his divisions support him, as he could not maintain himself much longer. The Duke said to Freyre's aide-de-camp, "If I let a single man fire, the English will swear they gained the victory, and he had much better do it all himself; besides, look through my glass, and you will see that the French are retreating." This was the case, for a violent storm of rain had occurred, and the French, who had crossed a river, finding that it began to swell, and that their bridges were in danger of being carried away, had begun to retreat. The Spaniards maintained their position, but the Duke said he believed they owed it to the storm more than to their own resolution.

November 18, 1838, Wolbeding: . . . During the battles of the Pyrenees Cole proposed to the Duke and his staff to go and eat a very good dinner he had ordered for himself at his house in the village he occupied, as he could not leave his division. They went and dined, and then the Duke went into the next

room and threw himself upon a bed without a mattress, on the boards of which he presently went to sleep with his despatch box for a pillow. Fitzroy and the aides-de-camp slept in chairs or on the floor, scattered about. Presently arrived, in great haste and alarm, two officers of artillery, Captain Cairne and another, who begged to see the Duke, the former saying that he had just brought up some guns from the rear, and that he had suddenly found himself close to the enemy and did not know what to do. They went and woke the Duke, who desired him to be brought in. The officer entered and told his story, when the Duke said, very composedly, "Well, sir, you are certainly in a very bad position, and you must get out of it in the best way you can," turned around, and was asleep again in a moment. . . .

He also told me another anecdote I had never heard before. During the retreat from Burgos, on this very day twenty-six years ago, when the weather was dreadful and the roads were nearly impassable, the Duke *lost his army* for several hours. . . . The three Generals commanding the divisions, Clinton, Stewart, and Lord Dalhousie, had thought fit to disobey his orders, and . . . they never advised him of their having made this change in the movements he had ordered. The enemy did not discover what had occurred; if they had, the consequences might have been very serious, and a great loss have ensued. Fitzroy asked the Duke what he had said to them, and he replied, "Oh, by G——, it was too serious to say anything." It was too late then to restore the original order of march, and the whole army crossed by the bridge. No further allusion was made to what had occurred.

With Marmont sitting on the sofas of Mayfair, the talk turned inevitably to Napoleon himself and especially to his advance on Moscow. "Somebody asked him [Marmont] if Napoleon's generals had not dissuaded him from going to Russia. Marmont said no; they liked it." Marmont's criticism of Napoleon was not that he invaded Russia but that he ought to "have done in two campaigns what he wished to accomplish in one." He should have "stopped at Smolensk," "made Poland independent," "levied 50,000 Cossacks, the Polish Cossacks being better than the Russian"—an interesting re-

mark with Poland facing the Red Army—and only after this first step should he have proceeded to Moscow.

The usual view is that it was the retreat from Moscow which shattered Napoleon's forces. Marmont, however, held that Napoleon was defeated not by his retreat but by his advance:

August 24, 1830, at night: . . . He said that Bonaparte's army was destroyed by the time he got to Moscow, destroyed by famine; that there were two ways of making war, by slow degrees with magazines, or by rapid movements and reaching places where abundant means of supply and reorganization were to be found, as he had done at Vienna and elsewhere, but in Russia supplies were not to be had. Napoleon had, however, pushed on with the same rapidity and destroyed his army. Marshal Davoust (I think, but am not sure) had a *corps d'armée* of 80,000 men, and reached Moscow with 15,000; the cavalry were 50,000 sabres, at Moscow they were 6,000.

Marmont admitted that Napoleon's "creation" of yet another army after Moscow was "wonderful." And the battle of Dresden "would have been a great movement," save that "the campaign of 1813 . . . was ill-conducted by Napoleon and full of faults." He should not have "suddenly abandoned Vandamme after pushing him on to cut off the retreat of the Allies." And "it was an immense fault to leave all the garrisons in the Prussian and Saxon fortresses"—so weakening the army in the field.

On that fascinating problem—the strategy of Napoleon in his final defence of France before his abdication and exile to Elba—both Wellington and Marmont had a good deal to say. They agreed in applying to it the word "brilliant." Indeed, according to Wellington, the Allies, even after breaking Napoleon at Leipsic, were within an ace of disaster.

August 8, 1843: . . . I told him that I remembered to have heard him say that he considered Napoleon's campaign of '14 to have been one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of his exploits, and that he was then ruined by his own impatience. He said it was quite true, and then repeated (what he had once before told me) that nothing could exceed the ability of Napoleon's operations, and if he had continued to act for a little longer in the same way, he would have forced the Allies

to retreat, which they were in fact preparing to do. He said *he* should not have had time to get up [from Spain] but his intention had been to act upon the Loire. If this retreat had taken place, it would not have been disastrous, and they would have had their choice of renewing the invasion in another campaign, or making peace on the Rhine, which he thought they would have done.

January 25, 1823: . . . The British army (then advancing from Spain) could not have reached the scene of operations for two months. The Allies did not dare attack Napoleon; if he had himself come up he should certainly have attacked him, for his army was the best that ever existed.

Why the Allies gained the day is a question, admitting of several answers. According to the Duke, Napoleon "had not the patience requisite for defensive operations." At the very moment when "probably the ablest of all his performances" was "compelling the Allies to retreat," he "threw himself into the rear of the Grand Army," merely "leaving a strong body under Marmont to watch Blücher." What next happened was that the Allies, ignoring this threat to their communications, marched on Paris, which "entirely disconcerted him [Napoleon] and finished the war."

Marmont agreed with Wellington that "Napoleon committed a great fault in throwing himself into the rear as he did." But he told of a truly majestic strategy which was in Napoleon's mind. He had sent orders to Prince Eugène Beauharnais [son of Josephine] then in Italy, "to force the passage of Mont Cenis," concentrate 60,000 troops in eastern France, "and burst upon the rear of the Allies so as to cut off all their communications." Eugène sent word, however, to "excuse himself." And "the movement was not made."

Eugène in Italy was not the only waverer. There was also Marmont whom, at Fontainebleau, Napoleon bitterly accused of "treachery." And it was in Lady Glengall's drawing room that Greville heard Marmont defend his good name. That he made terms with the Allies, Marmont did not deny. It was "the most honourable part of his whole career." For he "had never had 4,000 men," until driven into Paris, and even then he only "had 7,500."

Marmont's defence was the more dramatic because Lady Glengall's guests included a Bonaparte:

August 24, 1830, at night: . . . Lady Dudley Stewart was there, Lucien's daughter and Bonaparte's niece. Marmont was presented to her, and she heard him narrate all this: there is something very simple, striking, and soldierlike in his manner and appearance. He is going to Russia.

As a matter of fact, Marmont, despite the accusation of treachery, became tutor to Napoleon's son, the King of Rome and Duke of Reichstadt. And of this hapless young man, Greville heard from the Austrian diplomatist, Prince Paul Esterhazy:

November 17, 1836: . . . He told me a great deal about the Duke of Reichstadt, who, if he had lived, would have probably played a great part in the world. He died of a premature decay, brought on apparently by over-exertion and over-excitement; his talents were very conspicuous, he was *pétri d'ambition*, worshipped the memory of his father, and for that reason never liked his mother; his thoughts were incessantly turned towards France, and when he heard of the days of July he said, "Why was I not there to take my chance?" He evinced great affection and gratitude to his grandfather, who, while he scrupulously observed all his obligations towards Louis Philippe, could not help feeling a secret pride in the aspiring genius and ambition of Napoleon's son. He was well educated, and day and night pored over the history of his father's glorious career. He delighted in military exercises, and not only shone at the head of his regiment, but had already acquired the hereditary art of ingratiating himself with the soldiers. Esterhazy told me one anecdote in particular, which shows the absorbing passion of his soul overpowering the usual propensities of his age. He was to make his first appearance in public at a ball at Lady Cowley's (to which he had shown great anxiety to go), and was burning with impatience to amuse himself with dancing and flirting with the beauties he had admired in the Prater. He went, but there he met two French marshals—Marmont and Maison. He had no eyes or ears but for them; from nine in the evening to five the next morning he devoted himself to these marshals, and conversed with them without ceasing. Though

he knew well enough all the odium that attached to Marmont, he said to him that he was too happy to have the opportunity of making the acquaintance of one who had been among his father's earliest companions, and who could tell him so many interesting details of his earlier days. Marmont subsequently either did give or was to have given him lessons in strategy.

It was from Wellington's own lips that Greville had an account of the battle of Waterloo. The Duke admitted that he was taken by surprise. First, there was the speed of Napoleon's advance:

December 10, 1820: . . . He said that the French army was the best army that was ever seen, and that in the previous operations Bonaparte's march upon Belgium was the finest thing that was ever done—so rapid and so well combined. His object was to beat the armies in detail, and this object succeeded in so far as that he attacked them separately; but from the extraordinary celerity with which the allied armies were got together he was not able to realize the advantages he had promised himself. The Duke says that they certainly were not prepared for this attack, as the French had previously broken up the roads by which their army advanced; but as it was in summer this did not render them impassable.

Napoleon's blow at Blücher was characteristic:

December 10, 1820: . . . He says that Bonaparte beat the Prussians in a most extraordinary way, as the battle [of Ligny] was gained in less than four hours; but that it would probably have been more complete if he had brought a greater number of troops into action, and not detached so large a body against the British corps.

Napoleon's attack on Wellington himself was aimed, not at Hal, where Wellington considered himself to be weakest, but at Waterloo where he knew himself to be strong.

December 10, 1820: . . . There were 40,000 men opposed to the Duke on the 16th [at Quatre Bras], but he says that the attack was not so powerful as it ought to have been with such a force. The French had made a long march the day before the

battle, and had driven in the Prussian posts in the evening. I asked him if he thought Bonaparte had committed any fault. He said he thought he had committed a fault in attacking him in the position of Waterloo; that his object ought to have been to remove him as far as possible from the Prussian army, and that he ought consequently to have moved upon Hal, and to have attempted to penetrate by the same road by which the Duke had himself advanced. He had always calculated upon Bonaparte's doing this, and for this purpose he had posted 20,000 men under Prince Frederick at Hal. He said that the position at Waterloo was uncommonly strong, but that the strength of it consisted alone in the two farms of Hougoumont and La Haye Sainte, both of which were admirably situated and adapted for defence. In Hougoumont there were never more than from 300 to 500 men, who were reinforced as it was necessary; and although the French repeatedly attacked this point, and sometimes with not less than 20,000 men, they never could even approach it. Had they obtained possession of it, they could not have maintained it, as it was open on one side to the whole fire of the English lines, whilst it was sheltered on the side towards the French. The Duke said the farm of La Haye Sainte was still better than that of Hougoumont, and that it never would have been taken if the officer who was commanding there had not neglected to make an aperture through which ammunition could be conveyed to his garrison.

At Hal, then, Wellington had an army which historians had quite forgotten:

Whersted, December 10, 1820: . . . Yesterday we went to shoot at Sir Philip Brookes'. As we went in the carriage, the Duke talked a great deal about the battle of Waterloo and different things relating to that campaign. He said that he had 50,000 men at Waterloo. He began the campaign with 85,000 men, lost 5,000 on the 16th, and had a corps of 20,000 at Hal under Prince Frederick. He said that it was remarkable that nobody who had ever spoken of these operations had ever made mention of that corps, and Bonaparte was certainly ignorant of it. In this corps were the best of the Dutch troops; it had been placed there because the Duke expected the attack to be made on that side.

After reading the memoirs of M. Fleury de Chabaulon, who had joined Napoleon at Elba and returned with him to France, Greville discusses the question what would have happened if the Emperor had won the battle of Waterloo.

February 14, 1820: . . . The situation in which he found himself when seated on the throne was essentially different from that in which he had been before his abdication; so much so that I do not believe, if he had concluded a peace with the Allies, he could have remained upon the throne. Not only his civil power was reduced within very narrow limits, but his military authority was no longer the same; men seemed to have lost that reverential submissiveness which caused all his orders to be so blindly and implicitly obeyed. During the height of his power none of his generals would have dared to neglect or oppose his orders as Ney did at the battles of the 16th of June. It is impossible now to determine what might have been the political result in France of the success of Bonaparte's arms had he gained the battle of Waterloo. He would probably have made peace with the Allies. Had he returned to Paris triumphant, he might have dissolved the Chambers and reëstablished the old Imperial Government. In such a measure he must have depended upon his army for success. But a spirit of liberty had sprung up in France during his absence, which seemed to be the more vigorous from having been so long repressed.

Flauhault, an aide-de-camp of Napoleon, considered that:

Beaudesert, January 19, 1853: . . . One of the Emperor's greatest mistakes and the cause of his misfortunes was his habit of ordering everything, down to the minutest arrangement, himself, and leaving so little to the discretion and responsibility of his generals and others that they became mere machines, and were incapable of acting, or afraid to act, on their own judgments. On several occasions great calamities were the consequence of this unfortunate habit of Napoleon's.

In the flesh, Wellington never met Napoleon except at Waterloo, where their relations were a little difficult and conversation almost if not quite impossible. But at the Duchess of Cannizaro's, the Duke did meet Napoleon's brother, Lucien, and, as often happened, Greville was on the spot.

July 15, 1833: . . . Lucien Bonaparte was there, and was introduced to the Duke. He laughed and said, "He shook hands with me, and we were as intimate as if we had known each other all our lives!" He [Lucien] said he [the Duke] had likewise called on Joseph [Bonaparte], who had called on him, but they had never met: he added that some civilities had passed between them in Spain. Before the battle of Salamanca he had regularly intercepted the French correspondence, and as one of the King's [Joseph's] daughters was ill at Paris, and daily intelligence came of her health, he always sent it to him. He did not forward the letters, because they contained other matters, but he sent a flag every day to the outpost, who said, "*Allez dire au Roi que sa fille se porte mieux*," or as it might be.

Even Greville was startled by the scene of fallen majesty. "There was," he says, "Lucien running downstairs to look for his carriage, one brother of Napoleon who refused to be a king, and another who was King of Naples, and afterwards King of Spain, both living as private gentlemen in England."

CHAPTER VIII

AN ARTIST IN TREACHERY

An actor in the Napoleonic drama was Talleyrand. And, happily for Greville, Talleyrand spent some years in London.

September 9, 1830: . . . I never was so astonished as when I read in the newspaper of the appointment of Talleyrand to be Ambassador here. He must be nearer eighty than seventy, and though his faculties are said to be as bright as ever (which I doubt), his infirmities are so great that it is inconceivable he should think of leaving his own home, and above all for another country, where public representation is unavoidable.

May 23, 1838: . . . During the period of his embassy in England I lived a good deal with him, his house being always open to me, and I dined there *en famille* whenever I pleased. Nothing could be more hospitable, nothing more urbane and kind than he was; and it was fine to see, after his stormy youth and middle age, after a life spent in the very tempest and whirlwind of political agitation, how tranquilly and honourably his declining years ebbed away. Still retaining his faculties unimpaired, and his memory stored with the recollections of his extraordinary and eventful career, and an inexhaustible mine of anecdotes, his delight was to narrate, which he used to do with an abundance, a vivacity, and a *finesse* peculiar to himself, and to the highest degree interesting and attractive. No name was once held in greater detestation in England than that of Talleyrand. He was looked upon universally as a sink of moral and political profligacy. Born at the end of Louis XV's reign, and bred up in the social pleasures and corruptions of that polite but vicious aristocracy, he was distinguished in his early youth for his successful gallantries, for the influence he obtained over women, and the dexterity with which he converted it to his advancement. A debauched abbé and bishop, one of the champions and then one of the victims of the Revolution, afterwards (having scrambled through the perilous period of Terrorism) discarding

his clerical character, he became the Minister of the Consulate and of the Empire, and was looked upon all over Europe as a man of consummate ability, but totally destitute of principle in public or in private life. Disgraced by Napoleon, he reappeared after his fall, and was greatly concerned in the restoration of the Bourbons. For a short time only employed, but always treated by them with consideration and respect, the Revolution of July again brought Talleyrand prominently on the stage, and, to the surprise of all men, he accepted the embassy to London. The years he passed here were probably the most peaceful of his life, and they served to create for him a reputation altogether new, and such as to cancel all former recollections. His age was venerable, his society was delightful, and there was an exhibition of conservative wisdom, "of moderate and healing counsels," in all his thoughts, words, and actions very becoming to his age and station, vastly influential from his sagacity and experience, and which presented him to the eyes of men as a statesman like Burleigh or Clarendon for prudence, temperance, and discretion. Here therefore he acquired golden opinions, and was regarded by all ranks and all parties with respect, and by many with sincere regard. When he was attacked in the House of Lords the Duke of Wellington rose in his defence, and rebuked the acrimony of his own friends. Talleyrand was deeply affected at this behaviour of the Duke. I regret much not having availed myself of the opportunities I might have had to listen to and record the talk of Talleyrand, but the fact is, he was so inarticulate, and I so deaf, that the labour would have been greater than I could go through for the object. The account which my brother has sent me of the circumstances which preceded his death, and of his reconciliation with the Church, are very curious. He had always desired to die at Valençay, in order to avoid the scandal which he apprehended there might be in Paris from the severity of the Archbishop, but it was contrived to get everything quietly and decently settled, and he died in peace with the Church, and with all the absolutions and benedictions that she could have bestowed upon the most faithful of her sons.

November 10, 1830: . . . After some difficulty they have agreed to give Madame de Dino (though only the niece of Prince Talleyrand) the honours of Ambassadress here, the Duke [of

Wellington] having told the King that at Vienna she did the honours of Talleyrand's house, and was received on that footing by the Emperor and Empress, so he said, "Oh, very well; I will tell the Queen, and you had better tell her too."

Talleyrand described Mme. de Dino as "the cleverest *man* or *woman* he ever knew." Of her husband we read:

December 18, 1829: At Roehampton last Saturday till Monday; Granvilles, Byng, Lord Ashley, and I. Dino was extricated from prison by Laval's (the French Ambassador) paying the money, which he did very handsomely; he thought it wrong to have him in prison and wrong to attach him fictitiously to his Embassy, so he paid the debt, and Dino is gone back to France.

August 30, 1831: . . . Talleyrand . . . afterwards talked of Madame de Staël and Monti. They met at Madame de Marescalchi's villa near Bologna, and were profuse of compliments and admiration for each other. Each brought a copy of their respective works beautifully bound to present to the other. After a day passed in an interchange of literary flatteries, and the most ardent expressions of delight, they separated, but each forgot to carry away the present of the other, and the books remain in Madame de Marescalchi's library to this day.

November 28, 1831: . . . He [Talleyrand] was at Lady Holland's, looking very cadaverous, and not very talkative, talked of Madame du Barri, that she had been very handsome, and had some remains of beauty up to the period of her death; of Luckner, who was guillotined, and as the car passed on the people cried (as they used), "*À la guillotine! à la guillotine!*" Luckner turned round and said, "*On y va canaille.*"

January 22, 1833: Dined with Talleyrand the day before yesterday. Nobody there but his *attachés*. After dinner he told me about his first residence in England, and his acquaintance with Fox and Pitt. He always talks in a kind of affectionate tone about the former, and is now meditating a visit to Mrs. Fox at St Anne's Hill, where he may see her surrounded with the busts, pictures, and recollections of her husband. He delights to dwell on the simplicity, gaiety, childishness, and profoundness of Fox. I asked him if he had ever known Pitt. He said that Pitt came to Rheims to learn French, and he was there at

the same time on a visit to the Archbishop, his uncle, and that he and Pitt lived together for nearly six weeks, reciprocally teaching each other French and English. After Chauvelin had superseded him, and that he and Chauvelin had disagreed, he went to live near Epsom (at Juniper Hall) with Madame de Staël; afterwards they came to London, and in the meantime Pitt had got into the hands of the *émigrés*, who persuaded him to send Talleyrand away, and accordingly he received orders to quit England in twenty-four hours. He embarked on board a vessel for America, but was detained in the river off Greenwich. Dundas sent to him and asked him to come and stay with him while the ship was detained, but he said he would not set his foot on English ground again, and remained three weeks on board the ship in the river. It is strange to hear M. de Talleyrand talk at seventy-eight. He opens the stores of his memory and pours forth a stream on any subject connected with his past life. Nothing seems to have escaped from that great treasury of bygone events.

January 24, 1833: . . . Talleyrand *talked* after dinner, said that Cardinal Fleury was one of the greatest Ministers who ever governed France, and that justice had never been done him; he had maintained peace for twenty years, and acquired Lorraine for France. He said this *à propos* of the library he formed or left, or whatever he did in that line, at Paris. He told me he goes very often to the British Museum, and has lately made them a present of a book.

June 28, 1833: . . . I sat by Talleyrand at dinner the day before yesterday, who told me a good deal about Mirabeau, but as he had a bad cold, in addition to his usual mode of pumping up his words from the bottomest pit of his stomach, it was next to impossible to understand him. He said Mirabeau was really intimate with three people only—himself, Narbonne, and Lauzun—that Auguste d'Arenberg was the negotiator of the Court and medium of its communications with Mirabeau; that he had found (during the provisional Government) a receipt of Mirabeau's for a million, which he had given to Louis XVIII.

June 29, 1833: . . . We dined yesterday at Greenwich, the dinner given by Sefton, who took the whole party in his omnibus, and his great open carriage; . . . dined in a room called "the Apollo" at the Crown and Sceptre. I thought we should never

get Talleyrand up two narrow perpendicular staircases, but he sidles and wriggles himself somehow into every place he pleases.

Talleyrand's desertion of Napoleon was gradual. On the day that the Emperor had to evacuate Moscow, there was a conspiracy against him in Paris, led by General Mallet. How Talleyrand heard of what was afoot is, perhaps, a warning against eagerness for gold lace:

August 30, 1831: . . . Then he related Mallet's conspiracy and the strange way in which he heard it. Early in the morning his tailor came to his house and insisted on seeing him. He was in bed, but on his *valet de chambre's* telling him how pressing the tailor was he ordered him to be let in. The man said, "Have you not heard the news? There is a revolution in Paris." It had come to the tailor's knowledge by Mallet's going to him the very first thing to order a new uniform! Talleyrand said the conspirators ought to have put to death Cambacérès and the King of Rome. I asked him if they had done so whether he thought it possible the thing might have succeeded. He said, "*C'est possible.*" To my question whether the Emperor would not have blown away the whole conspiracy in a moment he replied, "*Ce n'est pas sûr, c'est possible que cela aurait réussi.*"

According to Wellington, the famous diplomatist was apt to be oblique:

August 8, 1843: . . . He told a curious anecdote of Talleyrand. He said that at the Congress held at Erfurt, not long before Napoleon's marriage, he and the Emperor Alexander met for the purpose of discussing what should be done with Austria, Napoleon being anxious to plunder and degrade her to a great extent. He brought Talleyrand with him to this meeting, and Talleyrand completely threw him over. Every evening there was a meeting at the house of the Princess of Thurn and Taxis, between Alexander, Talleyrand, and Vincent, the Austrian Minister, at which they concerted what should be said to Napoleon the next day, and how they should parry his propositions. The Duke said that both Vincent and the Emperor Alexander had given him an account of all this transaction. He added that, though it was a sort of treachery on the part of Talleyrand towards Napoleon, he had no doubt he was really

of opinion that it was very fit he should be thwarted, and that it was inexpedient to destroy the Austrian empire. He said many men, and respectable ones, in employment under Napoleon had been in constant communication with the Duke of Orleans, and he mentioned Royer Collard and some other names I have forgotten.

We have seen how uncertain the Allies were in 1814 when advancing on Paris. It was a note from Talleyrand that invited the enemy into the French capital. The story was told by Frederick Ponsonby, and the Duke, being present, acquiesced, so it seems, in its authenticity:

January 22, 1820: Just before the advance of the allied army on Paris a council of war was held, when it was unanimously resolved to retreat. The Emperor of Russia entered the room, and said he had reasons for advancing, and ordered the advance; the generals remonstrated, but the Emperor was determined. Woronzoff told Sydenham that that day a courier arrived at his outposts with a letter for the Emperor in the handwriting of Talleyrand.

CHAPTER IX

THE CHARM OF CUMBERLAND

The fifth son of King George III was known first as the Duke of Cumberland. He was, perhaps, the ablest of his family, and on one occasion he wrote a letter to Canning about Catholic Emancipation which, when Greville came to read it later (February 11, 1830), "astonished" him, "it was so good."

Yet it was with caution that Greville admired Cumberland. Indeed, he considered him (August 18, 1829) to be "the most audacious villain in the world and totally without fear or shame."

The Duke had married a princess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. Unfortunately, she had been widowed once and once divorced, which offences were unpardonable to the Duke's mother, Queen Charlotte. The Duchess, even when a bride, was thus in disgrace.

The King's seventh son was the Duke of Cambridge, grandfather of Queen Mary. In 1818, he also had married, the princess being Augusta of Hesse, who was "received in a most flattering manner." Indeed, on the Sunday after her arrival, her husband took her to walk in the Park when she was "so terrified by the pressure of the mob about her that she nearly fainted away." Say what Greville might about royalty, it retained its fascination.

Jealousy, however, glinted a green eye. Her Grace of Cumberland was "seriously mortified" at the contrast between her reception and that of her sister-in-law. Her Grace, alas, was "by no means well-looking."

How to make peace between the Duchesses was now the problem. A meeting was arranged which "took place as if by accident but really by appointment in Kew Gardens." And the rivals "embraced."

The sequel was startling. So fierce was the "rage" of Queen Charlotte over the embrace of her daughters-in-law that she

suffered "a severe spasm" and "was so ill on Friday evening that they expected she would die"—presumably of a maternal affection.

Cumberland was apt to be indiscreet:

January 22, 1830: . . . The King is horribly annoyed about the story which has come out of the Duke of Cumberland and Lady Graves, they have been detected by Graves in an amour at the house of old Lady Lansdowne at Hampton Court. Graves went to the King and laid the matter before him, it was going on last year, but now the story is all over the town.

What made the matter worse was that Lord Graves also proved to be deficient in tact:

February 10, 1830: . . . The day before yesterday it was known that Lord Graves had cut his throat the night before, a catastrophe which excited universal horror, after all that has passed. The Coronor's inquest was hurried over with the most indecent haste, hardly any witnesses examined, and a verdict of insanity of course. There are a thousand stories about the thing, but I don't yet know the truth. There was a violent paragraph in the *Times* yesterday about the Duke of Cumberland, but one in another strain to-day.

February 12, 1830: . . . Graves's affair continues to make an immense sensation (as it is called). The *Times*, after a violent attack on the inquest, was induced (by I don't know what influence) to retract its words, and alter its tone, and now again it says that it has done what it thought right but it must tell his relations that the world is against them. The truth is not yet half known, and it is fiercely debated, but the Duke of Cumberland suffers· be he much or little to blame, it has done for him.

There was too the mystery of a Princess. We give Greville's account of the intrigue and the blackmail, precisely as he left it:

March 14, 1829: Yesterday Garth's affidavit appeared, Lord Bathurst told me, likewise that Taylor [the King's Secretary] had discovered that Garth had retained copies of the papers when he gave up the originals that General Garth certainly is the Father (which I believe he certainly is not) and that the letters which affect the Duke of Cumberland are letters from

her to Garth complaining of his having made attempts upon her person. It is notorious that the old Queen forbade the Duke's access to the apartments of the Princesses. There is another story which I am inclined to believe; that he is not the son of the Duke or Garth, but of some inferior person (some say a page of the name of Papendyck) and that the secret was entrusted to Garth. The old King never knew it. The Court was at Weymouth when she was big with child. She was said to be dropsical, and suddenly recovered. They told the old King that she had been cured by roast beef, and this he swallows, and used to tell it to people all of whom knew the truth as "a very extraordinary thing."

March 22, 1829: Met Taylor yesterday and talked about Garth's business. He says that he shall as far as he is concerned be against paying money, as the object of payment was to avoid publicity and that now is impossible. Garth is an idiot as well as a scoundrel. Taylor was to have paid him 1500 a year, and half his debts, General Garth the other half. He kept attested copies of the papers in the box, and these he showed to anybody who would read them. Westmacott has abstracts of all the papers, which he offered to give up to Taylor; he says Westmacott has behaved well to him, and he has never given him any money (money however of course he has had, for he is the Editor of the *Age*, and a great villain). The papers prove that old Garth is the father, of which Taylor says there is not a doubt. Old Garth has assured the Duke of York that they were all destroyed.

One of Cumberland's incidents involved the law. Among the most illustrious of Lord Chancellors was Lyndhurst, for years the Keeper of the King's Conscience and a Tory:

February 25, 1827: . . . Lyndhurst last year in the House of Lords was the man after their own hearts, and they were quite willing to depose the Duke [of Wellington] from his leadership of the party, and put themselves under the guidance of Lyndhurst. When we recollect who and what Lyndhurst was and is, it is curious to see the aristocracy of England adopting him for their chief; scarcely an Englishman (for his father was an American painter) a lawyer of fortune, in the sense in which we say a soldier of fortune, without any fixed principles, and

only conspicuous for his extraordinary capacity, he has no interest but what centres in himself, and is utterly destitute of those associations which naturally belong to an aristocracy.

Wincing somewhat under the swish of the sentences, Henry Reeve adds:

He was entirely an Englishman, for he was born at Boston before America was separated from England, and his whole family came to this country when the war broke out.

Lyndhurst was without private means. As Greville put it on January 19, 1831, "His example is a lesson to statesmen to be frugal, for if he had been rich, he would have had a better game before him."

June 29, 1828: . . . I dined with the Chancellor [Lord Lyndhurst] three days ago; and he talked to me a great deal about his acceptance of the Great Seal and of the speculation it was. He was Master of the Rolls with 7,000l. a year for life when it was offered to him; he debated whether it was worth while to give this up to be Chancellor for perhaps only one year, with a peerage and the pension. He talked the matter over with his wife, and they agreed that if it only lasted one year (which he evidently thought probable) it was worth while, besides the contingency of a long Chancellorship. He asked me if the Government was popular and reckoned strong. . . . In talking of the speculation he had made political opinions and political consistency seemed never to occur to him, and he considered the whole matter in a light so business-like and professional as to be quite amusing.

Lyndhurst had thus to be watched:

August 25, 1829: . . . I heard the other day a curious fact connected with the withdrawal of the Chancery Bill in the last Session. The Duke found out that a job was intended by the Chancellor namely the creation of a lucrative place for a Mr. Macarthur, who had assisted him in his speeches etc. As soon as this became known to him, he summoned a Cabinet in the absence of the Chancellor, and there it was agreed to withdraw the bill, and the Chancellor only heard what they had done in the House of Lords. It must be owned that the Duke does not love jobs, though he has occasionally lent himself to some-

thing like them. Lady Westmeath's pension can hardly be called anything else.

At times, Lyndhurst could be romantic:

July 21, 1830: . . . Since I have been away, the Chancellor has had a touch of love, and for a person not less immaculate than Lady Fitzroy Somerset. I met her at the Review breakfast the other day, and she told me all about it, Lady Worcester having previously given me an account; he seems to have been *fou, tout-à-fait perdu la tête*, for he wrote her note after note, and some from the bench telling her he was sitting to lawyers to whom he could not listen, for his thoughts were all occupied with her, pleasant for the Suitors this and would make a pretty paragraph for a speech on Chancery abuses, at least as an *argumentum ad Cancellarium*. The other told me it was all true, that he had exhibited himself very ridiculously, that she had remonstrated with him strongly, had told him she did not care what he did, so that he abstained from being ridiculous. He swore he had not succeeded, to which she replied so much the worse, as success would have been the best excuse for his folly. La Belle would have nothing to say to him, so he has been obliged to give up the pursuit.

December 15, 1830: . . . It is very curious the sort of part this woman [Lady Lyndhurst] contrives to play, and how she mixes up love and politics, so as to make herself of importance and to acquire influence. Detesting her husband *as a husband*, she sticks to him closely *as a Partner*, and labours for his aggrandizement and interests with abundant zeal and success. They have neither of them done yet.

"The world which takes a livelier interest in the scandals of individuals than in the destinies of nations has been occupied," then, with one to whom pulchritude was a political asset.

August 8, 1829: There is a story current about the Duke of Cumberland and Lady Lyndhurst which is more true than most stories of this kind. The Duke called upon her, and grossly insulted her; on which, after a scramble, she rang the bell. He was obliged to desist and to go away, but before he did he said, "By God, Madam, I will be the ruin of you and your husband, and will not rest till I have destroyed you both."

It was from the lady herself that Greville received her side of the story:

August 18, 1829: I met Lady Lyndhurst on Wimbledom Common driving in a pony chaise. I got into the carriage and took a long drive with her, when I told her what I had heard, and asked her to tell me about it, which she did. She said that the Duke [of Cumberland] called upon her, and had been denied, that he had complained, half in jest and half in earnest, to the Chancellor of her not letting him in; that on a subsequent day he had called so early that no orders had been given to the Porter, and he was let in; that he had made a violent attack upon her, which she had resisted, that his manner and his language had been equally brutal and indecent, that he was furious at her resistance, and said he would never forgive her for putting him to so much annoyance; . . . not that this made any difference.

The Duke of Cumberland—"brutal and offensive," as Greville calls him—"went about talking of her in the most gross and impertinent manner, saying she had made him all sorts of advances and invitations to make love to her but that he had no fancy for her." And finally the Duke wrote to Lyndhurst himself:

August 18, 1829: . . . My Lord,—I think it necessary to enclose to your Lordship a newspaper containing a paragraph which I have marked, and which relates to a pretended transaction in your Lordship's house. I think it necessary and proper to contradict this statement, which I need not say is a gross falsehood, and I wish, therefore, to have the authority of Lady Lyndhurst for contradicting it.

I am, my Lord, yours sincerely,
ERNEST.

This was the sense of the letter, though it was not so worded; it was civil enough. The Chancellor answered: "The Lord Chancellor with his duty begs to acknowledge the favour of your Royal Highness's letter. The Lord Chancellor had never seen the paragraph to which your Royal Highness alludes, and which he regards with the most perfect indifference, considering it as one of that series of calumnies to which Lady Lyndhurst has

been for some time exposed from a portion of the press, and which she has at length learnt to regard with the contempt they deserve." He said that he thought it better to let the matter drop, and he wrote this answer by way of waiving any discussion on the subject, and that the Duke might contradict the paragraph himself if he chose to do so. To this the Duke wrote again: "My Lord,—I have received your Lordship's answer, which is not so explicit as I have a right to expect. I repeat again that the statement is false and scandalous, and I have a right to require Lady Lyndhurst's sanction to the contradiction which I think it necessary to give to it." This letter was written in a more impertinent style than the other. On the receipt of it the Chancellor consulted the Duke of Wellington, and the Duke suggested the following answer, which the Chancellor sent: "The Lord Chancellor has had the honour of receiving your Royal Highness's letter of——. The Lord Chancellor does not conceive it necessary to annoy Lady Lyndhurst by troubling her upon the subject, and with what relates to your Royal Highness the Lord Chancellor has no concern whatever; but with regard to that part which states that your Royal Highness had been excluded from the Lord Chancellor's house, there could be no question that the respect and grateful attachment which both the Chancellor and Lady Lyndhurst felt to their Sovereign made it impossible that any brother of that Sovereign should ever be turned out of his house." To this the Duke wrote another letter, in a very sneering and impertinent tone in the third person, and alluding to the *loose reports* which had been current on the subject, and saying that the Chancellor might have his own reasons for not choosing to speak to Lady Lyndhurst on the subject, to which the Chancellor replied that "he knew nothing of any loose reports, but that if there were any, in whatever quarter they might have originated, which went to affect the conduct of Lady Lyndhurst in the matter in question, they were most false, foul, and calumnious."

So the *tracasserie* ran its course. The Whigs tried to use it against the Tories, of whose party Lyndhurst was an ornament. And even Russia began to fish in the troubled waters:

August 25, 1829: In the afternoon Lady Cowper [afterward

(By permission of the Wallace Collection)

LADY LYNDHURST

After Sir Thomas Lawrence

Lady Palmerston] sent for me to consult me about her daughter's marriage with Lord Ashley [later the good Lord Shaftesbury] whether they should accept him or not, and after discussing that matter we got upon the Chancellor's correspondence, which she had seen through Madame de Lieven [wife of the Czar's ambassador], to whom the Duke of Cumberland had sent it. These women are of the Anti-Duke [of Wellington] faction, so that whatever tends to the disparagement or degradation of him or any of his colleagues is very agreeable to them. Accordingly they espouse the cause of this man [the Duke of Cumberland] knowing very well what he is, because they like to make out a case of misconduct against the Chancellor and his wife. As far as the matter goes the Chancellor ought to be supported, Lady Cowper however said that his letters were very shuffling and blackguard, and abused him and his Lady as much as she can abuse anybody. I in vain reminded her that Lady L. never said anything (for her accusation against her was having told people what the Duke of C. did to her) till she heard of the stories which H. R. H. was putting about; she however prefers believing his story to hers, which is merely matter of taste, but she could say nothing when I remonstrated that whether his story was true or false nothing could justify any man, in telling people that a woman had made him advances. But these women are more violent than the men, and Madame de Lieven with all her cleverness exhibits very little wisdom, in making herself a hot partisan against the Duke. Melbourne who is cool and sagacious talked to me about it yesterday; he thinks the Duke must get rid of her unless she can shake him, but it is somewhat too ridiculous to think of the Duke with all his authority and character being seriously injured by the clever flippancies of a Russian ambassadress. It is more likely that she will go, for when it is found that their [the Lievens'] influence declines here, from their own indiscretion and violence, they are sure to be recalled.

August 18, 1829: . . . Last Sunday week the Chancellor went down to Windsor, and laid the whole correspondence before the King, who received him very well, and approved of what he had done; but of course, when he saw the Duke of Cumberland and heard his story, he concurred in all his abuse of the Chancellor.

Lady Jersey, by the way, heard of the affair (August 18, 1829) through "a paragraph which had appeared in the *Age*" and she was "very curious." What she had been told was "that the Duke [of Cumberland] had much the best of it and that the Chancellor's letter was evasive and Jesuitical."

There were reasons, as we shall see, for questioning even Lady Lyndhurst's injured innocence. And yet according to King George IV, "in anything in which a woman is concerned there is no believing a single word that he [Cumberland] says."

CHAPTER X

HE COULD DO NO WRONG

We are now to meet a prince who will ever be known to social history as "the first gentleman in Europe." As Regent and as King George IV, this arbiter of fashion divided his time between Carlton House in London and the Pavilion still to be seen in Brighton.

Our first glimpse of him (1818) is as he "drives in the Park every day in a tilbury, with his groom sitting by his side," at which "undignified procedure" on the part of the Regent "grave men are shocked." A "tilbury," so called after the coach-builder, was a gig or dogcart with two seats—the Ford of that day.

The domestic arrangements of the Prince Regent were simple. He lived with the favourite for the time being.

Among the earlier of these ladies was Maria Anne Smythe, twice a widow and better known as Mrs. Fitzherbert. As a Roman Catholic, she had scruples. And the question was thus whether, defying the Protestant Succession, the heir to the throne had made her his legal wife.

June 14, 1839: . . . When Charles Fox upon the repeated protestation of the Prince of Wales denied in the House of Commons that he had ever been married to Mrs. Fitzherbert, somebody said, "Could Charles really have been authorized by the Prince to say what he did"—"O yes," said George Selwyn. "No doubt he was, and I think I can tell you the very words in which the authority was given. He said, 'Villain, be sure thou prove my Love a w——.'"

When Mrs. Fitzherbert died, Greville wrote further:

March 31, 1837: . . . Among the many old people who have been cut off by this severe weather, one of the most remarkable is Mrs. Fitzherbert, who died at Brighton at above eighty years of age. She was not a clever woman, but of a very noble spirit,

disinterested, generous, honest, and affectionate, greatly beloved by her friends and relations, popular in the world, and treated with uniform distinction and respect by the Royal Family. The late King [George IV], who was a despicable creature, grudged her the allowance he was bound to make her, and he was always afraid lest she should make use of some of the documents in her possession to annoy or injure him. This mean and selfish apprehension led him to make various efforts to obtain possession of those the appearance of which he most dreaded, and among others, one remarkable attempt was made by Sir William Knighton [the King's physician and secretary] some years ago. Although a stranger to Mrs. Fitzherbert, he called one day at her house, when she was ill in bed, insisted upon seeing her, and forced his way into her bedroom. She contrived (I forget how) to get rid of him without his getting anything out of her, but this domiciliary visit determined her to make a final disposition of all the papers she possessed, that in the event of her death no advantage might be taken of them, either against her own memory or the interests of any other person. She accordingly selected those papers which she resolved to preserve, and which are supposed to be the documents and correspondence relating to her marriage with George IV, and made a packet of them which was deposited at her banker's, and all other letters and papers she condemned to the flames. For this purpose she sent for the Duke of Wellington and Lord Albermarle, told them her determination, and in their presence had these papers burnt; she assured them that everything was destroyed, and if after her death any pretended letters or documents were produced, they might give the most authoritative contradiction to their authenticity.

In 1905, the documents were examined. The marriage certificate was among them. Either the Prince Regent had deceived Fox or Fox had deceived Parliament.

For reasons of state, Mrs. Fitzherbert, with her Catholic conscience and her Protestant certificate of marriage, was thus discarded. And for reasons of state, also, a marriage was arranged between the Prince of Wales, as he then was, and his first cousin, the Princess Caroline of Brunswick. On neither side was there a pretense of affection. But Thackeray thought that

at least the Prince might have refrained from reeling to the altar, drunk. George and Caroline quarrelled. He drove her from her home and her position in society.

There was one child, the Princess Charlotte. Had she lived, it would have been she and not Queen Victoria who would have reigned:

September 18, 1832: . . . I met at Brighton Lady Keith (Madame de Flahaut), who . . . gave us rather an amusing account of the early days of the Princess Charlotte, at the time of her escape from Warwick House in a hackney coach and taking refuge with her mother, and of the earlier affair of Captain Hess. The former escapade arose from her determination to break off her marriage with the Prince of Orange, and that from her falling suddenly in love with Prince Augustus of Prussia, and her resolving to marry him and nobody else, not knowing that he was already married *de la main gauche* in Prussia. It seems that she speedily made known her sentiments to the Prince, and he (notwithstanding his marriage) followed the thing up, and had two interviews with her at her own house, which were contrived by Miss Knight, her governess. During one of these Miss Mercer arrived, and Miss Knight told her that Prince Augustus was with the Princess in her room, and what a fright she [Miss Knight] was in. Miss Mercer, who evidently had no mind anybody should conduct such an affair for the Princess but herself, pressed Miss Knight to go and interrupt them, which on her declining she did herself. The King (Regent as he was then) somehow heard of these meetings and measures of coercion were threatened, and it was just when an approaching visit from him had been announced to the Princess that she went off. Miss Mercer was in the house at the time, and the Regent, when he came, found her there. He accused her of being party to the Princess' flight, but afterwards either did or pretended to believe her denial, and sent her to fetch the Princess back, which after many *pourparlers* and the intervention of the Dukes of York and Sussex, Brougham, and the Bishop of Salisbury, her preceptor, was accomplished at two in the morning.

Hess's affair was an atrocity of [Caroline] the Princess of Wales. She employed him to convey letters to her daughter while she used to ride in Windsor Park, which he contrived to

deliver, and occasionally to converse with her; and on one occasion, at Kensington, the Princess of Wales brought them together in her own room. Her object was to make the Princess commit herself in some way, in order to have her in her power. The Princess afterward wrote him some letters, not containing much harm, but idle and improper. When the Duke of York's affair with Mrs. Clark came out, and all the correspondence, she became very much alarmed, told Miss Mercer the whole story, and employed her to get back her letters to Hess. She accordingly wrote to Hess (who was then in Spain), but he evinced a disinclination to give them up. On his return to England she saw him, and on his still demurring she threatened to put the affair into the Duke of York's hands, which frightened him, and then he surrendered them, and signed a paper declaring he had given up everything. The King afterwards heard of this affair, and questioning the Princess, she told him everything. He sent for Miss Mercer, and desired to see the letters, and then to keep them. This she refused. The young lady seems to have been as well disposed to get into a scrape, as need be. This Captain Hess was a short, plump, vulgar-looking man, afterward lover to the Queen of Naples, mother of the present King, an amour that was carried on under the auspices of the Margravine at her villa in the Strada Nova at Naples. It was, however, detected, and Hess was sent away from Naples, and never allowed to return. I remember finding him at Turin (married), when he was lamenting his hard fate in being excluded from that *Paradiso* Naples.

In May, 1816, the Princess Charlotte married the man of her choice. He was Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg. And we shall meet him again later. Enough here to say that next year the Princess died in childbirth. And the infant was stillborn.

Separated from his wife, the Prince of Wales was consoled by Lady Hertford, whose husband was the second marquis. Her son, the third marquis, is immortal in literature as the Lord Steyne of Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* and as the Lord Monmouth of Disraeli's *Coningsby*. Of this nobleman, Greville writes:

March 19, 1842: . . . As Lord Yarmouth he was known as a sharp, cunning, luxurious, avaricious man of the world, with some talent, the favourite of George IV (the worst of kings)

when Lady Hertford, his mother, was that Prince's mistress. He was celebrated for his success at play, by which he supplied himself with the large sums of money required for his pleasures, and which his father had no inclination to give him, and the son had none to ask of him. He won largely, not by any cheating or unfairness, but coolness, calculation, always backing the best players, and getting the odds on his side. He was a *bon vivant*, and when young and gay his parties were agreeable, and he contributed his share to their hilarity. But after he became Lord Hertford and the possessor of an enormous property he was puffed up with vulgar pride, very unlike the real scion of a noble race; he loved nothing but full pomp and ceremony, and could only endure people who paid him court and homage. After a great deal of coarse and vulgar gallantry, generally purchased at a high rate, he formed a connexion with Lady Strachan, which thenceforward determined all the habits of his life. She was a very infamous and shameless woman, and his love after some years was changed to hatred; and she, after getting very large sums out of him, married a Sicilian. But her children, three daughters, he in a manner adopted; though eventually all his partiality centred upon one, Charlotte by name, who married Count Zichy-Ferraris, a Hungarian nobleman. She continued to live with Hertford on and off, here and abroad, until his habits became in his last year so ostentatiously crapulous that her residence in his house, in England at least, ceased to be compatible with common decency. She was, however, here till within a week or ten days of his death, and her departure appears curiously enough to have led to the circumstances which immediately occasioned it. There has been, as far as I know, no example of undisguised debauchery exhibited to the world like that of Lord Hertford, and his age and infirmities rendered it at once the more remarkable and the more shocking. Between sixty and seventy years old, broken with various infirmities, and almost unintelligible from a paralysis of the tongue, he has been in the habit of travelling about with a company of prostitutes who formed his principal society, and by whom he was surrounded up to the moment of his death, generally picking them up from the dregs of that class, and changing them according to his fancy and caprice. Here he was to be seen driving about the town, and lifted by two footmen

from his carriage into the brothel, and he never seems to have thought it necessary to throw the slightest veil over the habits he pursued. For some months or weeks past he lived at Dorchester House, and the Zichys with him; but every day at a certain hour his women, who were quartered elsewhere, arrived, passed the greater part of the day, and one or other of them all the night in his room. He found the presence of the Countess Zichy troublesome and embarrassing to his pleasures, and he made her comprehend that her absence would not be disagreeable to him, and accordingly she went away. He had then been ill in bed for many days, but as soon as she was gone, as if to celebrate his liberation by a jubilee, he got up and posted with his seraglio down to Richmond. No room was ready, no fire lit, nevertheless he chose to dine there amidst damp and cold, drank a quantity of champagne, came back chilled and exhausted, took to his bed, grew gradually worse, and in ten days he died.

Of Lord Hertford's "pompous funeral" as it left Dorchester House for Eagley, the Duke of Bedford wrote to Greville:

"I see Peel's carriage followed Lord Hertford's remains out of London! What is the use of character and conduct in this world, if after such a life, death and will as Lord Hertford's, such a mark of respect is paid to his memory by the First Minister of this great country, and this not 'the loose and profligate Lord Melbourne,' but the good and honest and particular Sir Robert Peel?"

For Greville informs us that after a life and death "equally disgusting and revolting," Lord Hertford left a "considerable legacy to Croker to whom he had been formerly under obligations." As the jackal of Lord Hertford, the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker appears in Disraeli's *Coningsby* as the original of "Rigsby."

It was, by the way, the fourth marquis who left a natural son, Sir Richard Wallace. At Hertford House in Manchester Square, the Wallace Collection is one of the treasures of London.

In 1820, when King George IV ascended the throne, Lady Hertford had risen proudly superior to the peccadilloes of her past. She had a successor:

June 9, 1820: . . . Somebody asked Lady Hertford "if she had been aware of the King's admiration for Lady Conyng-

ham," and "whether he had ever talked to her about Lady C." She replied that "intimately as she had known the King, and openly as he had talked to her upon every subject, he had never ventured to speak to her upon that of his mistresses."

Like Mrs. Fitzherbert, the Marchioness of Hertford outlived her royal admirer. And when she died in 1834, it was King William IV, not King George IV, who occupied the throne. But despite that circumstance, writes Greville, "the King sent all the royal carriages, and every other carriage in London was there, I believe—a pompous piece of folly, and the King's compliment rather a queer one, as the only ground on which she could claim such an honour was that of having been George IV's [that is, his elder brother's] mistress."

As they "were going to Oatlands to shoot," the Duke of York told Greville about the will which King George III "was empowered by Act of Parliament to make . . . about the year 1766." A will was signed, therefore, in 1770 and "three copies were made: one was deposited in the German chancellerie in England, one in Hanover and the other it was believed the King kept himself."

January, 1823: . . . In 1810 the King made another will, but for various reasons he always put off signing it, once or twice because he wished to make alterations in it; at length he appointed a day to sign it, but when the Chancellor brought it one of the witnesses was absent, and the signature was again postponed. Other days were afterwards fixed for this purpose, but before the signature was affixed the King was taken ill, and consequently the will never was signed. After the death of the King the only good will, therefore, was his original will of 1770, which was produced and read in the presence of the King, the Chancellor, Vice-Chancellor, Lord Liverpool, the Duke of York, Adair, the King's Solicitor (Spyer his name), and one or two others whom he mentioned. Buckingham House, which had been left to the Duke of Clarence, had been twice sold; the Queen and the Duke of Kent were dead; the only legatee, therefore was the Duke of York. Now arose a difficulty—whether the property of the late King demised to the King or to the Crown. The Chancellor said that the only person who had anything to say to the will was the Duke of York: but the Duke

and the King differed with regard to the right of inheritance, and the Duke, wishing to avoid any dispute or discussion on the subject, begged to wash his hands of the whole matter.

The baubles were thus left to the fourth George and his Lady Conyngham. And, as the Duke of York explained to Greville:

January 8, 1823: . . . The King conceives that the whole of the late King's property devolves upon him personally, and not upon the Crown, and he has consequently appropriated to himself the whole of the money and jewels. The money did not amount to more than £120,000. So touchy is he about pecuniary matters that his Ministers have never dared to remonstrate with him, nor to tell him that he has no right so to act. The consequence is that he has spent the money, and has taken to himself the jewels as his own private property. The Duke thinks that he has no right thus to appropriate their father's property, but that it belongs to the Crown. The King has acted in a like manner with regard to the Queen's [Charlotte's] jewels. She possessed a great quantity, some of which had been given her by the late King on her marriage, and the rest she had received in presents at different times. Those which the late King had given her she conceived to belong to the Crown, and left them back to the present King; the rest she left to her daughters. . . . The Duke thinks that the Ministers ought to have taken the opportunity of the coronation when a new crown was to be provided, to state to him the truth with regard to the jewels, and to suggest that they should be converted to that purpose. This, however, they dared not do, and so the matter remains. The King had even a design of selling the library collected by the late King, but this he was obliged to abandon, for the Ministers and the Royal Family must have interfered to oppose so scandalous a transaction. It was therefore presented to the British Museum.

The King had a due sense of his dignity. When Lord Aberdeen "had engaged all the Foreign Ambassadors to dine in London," the Sovereign calmly insisted "that it did not matter." He compelled Aberdeen to continue in attendance instead of receiving the Ambassadors who, by suffering this discourtesy, "should see that he was King of England."

July 10, 1829: . . . He [the Duke of Wellington] said the King was very clever and amusing, but that with a surprising memory he was very inaccurate, and constantly told stories the details of which all his auditors must know to be false. One day he was talking of the late King, and asserted that George III had said to himself, "Of all the men I have ever known you are the one on whom I have the greatest dependence, and you are the most perfect gentleman." Another day he said that he recollected the old Lord Chesterfield, who once said to him, "Sir, you are the fourth Prince of Wales I have known, and I must give Your Highness one piece of advice: stick to your father; as long as you adhere to your father you will be a great and happy man, but if you separate yourself from him you will be nothing and an unhappy one:" "And, by God" (added the King), "I never forgot that advice, and acted upon it all my life." "We all," said the Duke, "looked at one another with astonishment." He is extremely clever and particularly ingenious in turning the conversation from any subject he does not like to discuss.

It was King George IV who developed Windsor Castle:

July 25, 1827: . . . We went all over the Castle the other day; his Majesty will not let anybody see it now. I don't think enough is effected for the enormous sums expended, though it is fine and will be a good house; still how far (as a palace) from Versailles, St. Cloud, and other palaces in France! The external terrace has spoilt the old one, and is altogether a frightful excrescence, and should never have been made.

February 25, 1830: Yesterday at Windsor for a Council; the first time I have ever seen one held in the new rooms of the Castle. They are magnificent and comfortable, the corridor really delightful—furnished through its whole length of about 500 feet with the luxury of a drawing room, and full of fine busts and bronzes, and entertaining pictures, portraits, and curious antiquities.

Also there was Virginia Water where (August 25, 1828) the King "goes fishing and dining . . . stays out late and catches cold."

It was "an exceedingly enjoyable spot and pretty," especially "the famous fishing pagoda."

August 20, 1830: . . . we started, and going through the private drive went up to the door of the tent opposite the fishing house. They thought it was the Queen coming, or at any rate a party from the Castle, for the man on board the little frigate hoisted all the colours, and boatmen on the other side got ready the royal barge to take us across. We went all over the place on both sides, and were delighted with the luxury and beauty of the whole thing. On one side are a number of tents, communicating together in separate apartments and forming a very good house, a dining room, drawing room, and several other small rooms, very well furnished; across the water is the fishing cottage, beautifully ornamented, with one large room and a dressing room on each side; the kitchen and offices are in a garden full of flowers, shut out from everything. Opposite the windows is moored a large boat, in which the band used to play during dinner, and in summer the late King dined every day either in the house or in the tents.

At the outset of the reign, there were anxieties:

February 4, 1820: . . . The new King has been desperately ill. He had a bad cold at Brighton, for which he lost eighty ounces of blood; yet he afterwards had a severe oppression, amounting almost to suffocation, on his chest. Halford was gone to Windsor, and left orders with Knighton not to bleed him again till his return. Knighton was afraid to bleed him. Bloomfield sent for Tiernay, who took upon himself to take fifty ounces from him. This gave him relief; he continued, however, dangerously ill, and on Wednesday he lost twenty ounces more. Yesterday afternoon he was materially better for the first time. Tiernay certainly saved his life, for he must have died if he had not been blooded.

After all that, the King lived for ten years, but over his Court, it must be confessed that Greville was at times censorious. "A more despicable scene," he wrote, "cannot be exhibited than that which the interior of our Court presents—every base, low, and unmanly propensity, with selfishness, avarice and life of petty intrigue and mystery."

The divinity who presided over the Paradise was, of course, Lady Conyngham:

"I was amused with old Conyngham who told me his wife had been in danger 'so they tell me,' talking of her as if she were somebody else's wife."

The wits were irrepressible:

June 9, 1820: . . . Last year when the King rode in the park with Lady Conyngham Lord Beauchamp said, "By G., our Grandmother must learn to ride or it is all over with us." . . . Somebody at White's was talking of Lady Conyngham's looks —it was said that she had a leg like a post on which Copley said "it was a poste Royale."

At Ascot in June, Lady Conyngham "looked remarkably well in the morning, her complexion being so fine." She and the King "kept very early hours," and when "she said she was bored with the races and should not go, he accordingly would not go either, and sent word to say he would not be there." Greville adds:

"It was supposed that Lady Conyngham's family [her son and brother] had set their faces against her connection with the King; but Lord Mount Charles was at the Cottage [at Ascot], and Denison was at the levee and very well received."

Not only did Mount Charles belong to the household, but the "dear King," as the lady called him, was asked to provide for the young man's tutor, Mr. Sumner. A canonry of Windsor was vacant; and when it was commandeered:

May 2, 1821: . . . The King agreed: the man was sent for, and kissed hands at Brighton. A letter was written to Lord Liverpool to announce the appointment. In the meantime Lord Liverpool had sent a list of persons, one of whom he should recommend to succeed to the vacancy, and the letters crossed. As soon as Lord Liverpool received the letter from Brighton he got into his carriage and went down to the King, to state that unless he was allowed to have the distribution of this patronage without any interference, he could not carry on the Government, and would resign his office if Sumner was appointed. The man was only a curate, and had never held a living

at all. The King "*chanta palinodie*," and a sort of compromise made by which Lady Conyngham's friend was withdrawn.

After the rebuff, the King never liked Lord Liverpool. Indeed, according to the Duke, "this feeling has influenced every action of his life." Not that Sumner was forgotten. For Greville notes on December 13, 1827, that "the King gave Sumner the Bishopric of Winchester." Nor did the Apostolic Succession end there. For Sumner's brother was promoted to be Archbishop of Canterbury.

A son of Lady Conyngham had to be, of course, looked after even more carefully than his tutor. We read (January 12, 1829) of Lord Mount Charles "resigning his seat at the Treasury" and (April 8th) being "offered his choice of two missions, Turin or Naples." Unless he was kindly treated, there was unpleasantness.

November 20 1829: . . . A few days ago Mount Charles called on me, and told me that he had with all his children and Lady Mount Charles been turned out of Cumberland Lodge, that his own family had done this out of jealousy, that the King was consenting though he believed he regretted his departure. I could not well make out what had passed, but he was in a great rage, abused his own family, by whom he considers himself shamefully treated, and gave me to understand that the King had not rather resisted, than countenanced this proceeding. I should like to know the truth of this strange *tracasserie*.

One "pretence" was "expense," but the Duke, when consulted, "had never heard of it—did not guess why—thought it could not be the economy though." Batchelor, the valet, however, hinted that the Duke knew more than he admitted, that Mount Charles had been "guilty" of an "indiscretion . . . in talking either of what passed in the house or letting out some political matter."

"The stories about the rapacity of the Conynghams" were thus "innumerable."

May 2, 1821: Lady Conyngham lives in one of the houses in Marlborough Row. All the members of her family are continually there, and are supplied with horses, carriages, etc., from the King's stables. She rides out with her daughter, but

never with the King, who always rides with one of his gentlemen. They never appear in public together. She dines there every day. Before the King comes into the room she and Lady Elizabeth join him in another room, and he always walks in with one on each arm. She comports herself entirely as mistress of the house, but never suffers her daughter to leave her. She has received magnificent presents, and Lady Elizabeth the same; particularly the mother has strings of pearls of enormous value. Madame de Lieven said she had seen the pearls of the Grand Duchesses and the Prussian Princesses, but had never seen any nearly so fine as Lady Conyngham's. The other night Lady Bath was coming to the Pavilion. After dinner Lady Conyngham called to Sir William Keppel and said, "Sir William, do desire them to light up the saloon" (this saloon is lit by hundreds of candles). When the King came in she said to him, "Sir, I told them to light up the saloon, as Lady Bath is coming this evening." The King seized her arm and said with the greatest tenderness, "Thank you, thank you, my dear; you always do what is right; you cannot please me so much as by doing everything you please, everything to show that you are mistress here."

June 24, 1821: The King dined at Devonshire House last Thursday se'nnight. Lady Conyngham had on her head a sapphire which belonged to the Stuarts, and was given by Cardinal York to the King. He gave it to the Princess Charlotte, and when she died he desired to have it back, Leopold being informed it was a crown jewel. This crown jewel sparkled in the headdress of the Marchioness at the ball. I ascertained the Duke of York's sentiments upon this subject the other day. He was not particularly anxious to discuss it, but he said enough to show that he has no good opinion of her.

December 18, 1821: . . . I came to town, went to Brighton yesterday se'nnight for a Council. I was lodged in the Pavilion and dined with the King. The gaudy splendour of the place amused me for a little and then bored me. The dinner was cold and the evening dull beyond all dulness. They say the King is anxious that form and ceremony should be banished, and if so it only proves how impossible it is that form and ceremony should not always inhabit a palace. The rooms are not furnished for society, and, in fact, society cannot flourish without ease;

and who can feel at ease who is under the eternal constraint which etiquette and respect impose? The King was in good looks and good spirits, and after dinner cut his jokes with all the coarse merriment which is his characteristic. Lord Wellesley did not seem to like it, but of course he bowed and smiled like the rest. I saw nothing very particular in the King's manner to Lady Conyngham. He sat by her on the couch almost the whole evening, playing at patience, and he took her in to dinner; but Madame de Lieven and Lady Cowper were there, and he seemed equally civil to all of them. I was curious to see the Pavilion and the life they lead there, and I now only hope I may never go there again, for the novelty is passed and I should be exposed to the whole weight of the bore of it without the stimulus of curiosity.

August 19, 1822: I went to Brighton on Saturday . . . The Pavilion is finished. The King has had a subterranean passage made from the house to the stables, which is said to have cost £3,000 or £5,000; I forget which. There is also a bath in his apartment, with pipes to conduct water from the sea; these pipes cost £600. The King has not taken a sea bath for sixteen years.

June 24, 1829: . . . There is always a parcel of eldest sons and Lords in possession invited to the cottage for the sake of Lady Maria Conyngham (daughter of the favourite). The King likes to be treated with great deference but without fear, and that people should be easy with him, and gay, and listen well. There was a grand consultation at the Cottage between the King, Lieven, Esterhazy, and the Duke of Cumberland as to the way in which the ladies should be placed at dinner, the object being that Lady Conyngham should sit next to his Majesty, though according to etiquette the two Ambassadresses should sit one on each side of him. It was contrived by the Duke of Cumberland taking out one of them and sitting opposite, by which means the lovely Thais sat beside him and he was happy.

May 14, 1829: . . . The wealth she has accumulated by savings and presents must be enormous. The King continues to heap all kinds of presents upon her, and she lives at his expense; they [the Conynghams] do not possess a servant; even Lord Conyngham's *valet de chambre* is not properly their servant. They all have situations in the King's household, from which they

(*By permission of the British Museum*)

LADY CONYNGHAM
by J. Barrow

receive their pay, while they continue in the service of the Conynghams. They dine every day while in London at St. James's and when they give a dinner it is cooked at St. James's and brought up to Hamilton Place in hackney coaches and in machines made expressly for the purpose; there is merely a fire lit in their kitchen for such things as must be heated on the spot. At Windsor the King sees very little of her except of an evening; he lies in bed half the day or more, sometimes goes out, and sometimes goes to her room for an hour or so in the afternoon, and that is all he sees of her.

November 20, 1829: . . . The expenses of the Civil List exceed the allowance in every branch, every quarter; but nobody can guess how the money is spent, for the King makes no show and never has anybody there. My belief is that —— and —— —— plunder him, or rather the country, between them, in certain stipulated proportions. Among other expenses his tailor's bill is said to be £4,000 or £5,000 a year. He is now employed in devising a new dress for the Guards.

December 5, 1829: . . . The Duke then told me that he had made strong remonstrances about the excess of expenditure on the Civil List; that in the Lord Steward's department there had been an excess of £7,000, in that of the Master of the Horse of £5,000, and that of the Master of the Robes [the tailor's bill] of £10,000, in the last half-year; that he had stated that unless they could save the difference in the next half-year, or pay it out of the Privy Purse, he must go to Parliament, which would bring the whole of the expenses of the Civil List under discussion. He said it was very extraordinary that the King's expenses appeared to be nothing; his Majesty had not more tables than he [the Duke] had.

December 22, 1829: . . . Fitzgerald told me the King had been annoying them as much as he could, that he took pleasure in making his Government weak, that the money matter (which the Duke told me of before) had been settled by "contrivances," or that they must have gone to Parliament for the amount; that he has just ordered plate to the amount of 25,000l.

June 17, 1827: I was at the Royal Lodge for one night last Wednesday; about thirty people sat down to dinner, and the company was changed nearly every day. It is a delightful place to live in, but the rooms are too low and too small for very

large parties. Nothing can exceed the luxury of the internal arrangements; the King was very well and in excellent spirits, but very weak in his knees and could not walk without difficulty. The evening passed off tolerably, owing to the Tyrolese, whom [Prince Paul] Esterhazy [the Austrian Ambassador] brought down to amuse the King, and he was so pleased with them that he made them sing and dance before him the whole evening; the women kissed his face and the men his hand, and he talked to them in German. Though this evening went off well enough, it is clear that nothing would be more insupportable than to live at this Court; the dulness must be excessive, and the people who compose his habitual society are the most insipid and uninteresting that can be found. As for Lady Conyngham, she looks bored to death, and she never speaks, never appears to have one word to say to the King, who, however, talks himself without ceasing.

Gradually the King became weary of life and "tired to death of all the people about him."

September 16, 1829: . . . The King has nearly lost his eyesight, and is to be couched as soon as his eyes are in a proper state for the operation. He is in a great fright with his father's fate before him, and indeed nothing is more probable than that he will become blind and mad too; he is already a little of both.

September 23, 1829: . . . The Duke told me that both the King's eyes were affected, the left the most, and that he would have the operation performed when they were fit for it; he said that the King never evinced any fear upon these occasions, that he was always perfectly cool, and neither feared operations nor their possible consequences; that he remembered when he had a very painful and dangerous operation performed some time ago upon his head, that he was not the least nervous about it, nor at all afraid of dying, for they told him that he would very likely not recover. I said, "Then after all, perhaps he who has the reputation of being a coward would prove a very brave man if circumstances occasioned his showing what he is." He said, "Very likely"; that he seemed to have but one fear and that of ridicule: he cannot bear the society of clever men, for fear of ridicule; he cannot bear to show himself in public, because he is afraid of the jokes that may be cut on his person.

December 7, 1829: At Windsor for a Council; . . . The King looked very well but very blind. The Council was by candle-light, but he could not see to read the list, and begged me to read it for him. However, I was so good a courtier that I held the candle in such a way as to enable him to read it himself.

February 28, 1830: . . . The King very blind—did not know the Lord Chancellor, who was standing close to him, and took him for Peel; he would not give up the point, though, for when he found his mistake he attributed it to the light, and appealed to Lord Bathurst, who is stone-blind, and who directly agreed.

March 19, 1829: . . . He leads a most extraordinary life—never gets up till six in the afternoon. They come to him and open the window curtains at six or seven o'clock in the morning; he breakfasts in bed, does whatever business he can be brought to transact in bed too, he reads every newspaper quite through, dozes three or four hours, gets up in time for dinner, and goes to bed between ten and eleven. He sleeps very ill, and rings his bell forty times in the night; if he wants to know the hour, though a watch hangs close to him, he will have his *valet de chambre* down rather than turn his head to look at it. The same thing if he wants a glass of water; he won't stretch out his hand to get it. His valets are nearly destroyed, and at last Lady Conyngham prevailed on him to agree to an arrangement by which they wait on him on alternate days. The service is still most severe, as on days they are in waiting their labours are incessant, and they cannot take off their clothes at night, and hardly lie down. . . .

March 18, 1829: I was at Windsor for the Council and the Recorder's report. We waited above two hours; of course his Majesty did not get up till we were all there. . . . I sent for Batchelor, the King's *valet de chambre*, and had a pretty long conversation with him, he talked as if the walls had ears, but was anxious to tell me everything. He confirmed all I had before heard of the King's life, and said he was nearly dead of it, that he was in high favour, and the King had given him apartments in the Lodge and some presents.

"This man knows, I'll be bound," adds Greville. For he had become "a great favourite" with the King:

August 20, 1830: . . . The first of his pages, William Holmes,

had for some time been prevented by ill health from attending him. Holmes had been with him from a boy, and was also a great favourite; by appointments and perquisites he had as much as 12,000l. or 14,000l. a year, but he had spent so much in all sorts of debauchery and living like a gentleman that he was nearly ruined. There seems to have been no end to the *tracasseries* between these men; their anxiety to get what they could out of the King's wardrobe in the last weeks, and their dishonesty in the matter, were excessive, all which he told me in great detail. The King was more than anybody the slave of habit and open to impressions, and even when he did not like people he continued to keep them about him rather than change.

What the King "has always dreaded more than anything" was the malady from which, in fact, he suffered:

December 16, 1828: A Council at Windsor yesterday;—very few present, and no audience but Aberdeen for three-quarters of an hour and the Duke for five minutes. I sent for Batchelor and had a long talk with him. He said the King was well, but weak, his constitution very strong, no malady about him, but irritation in the bladder which he could not get rid of. He thinks the hot rooms and want of air and exercise do him harm, and that he is getting every day more averse to exercise and more prone to retirement, which, besides that it weakens his constitution, is a proof that he is beginning to break. Batchelor thinks he is in no sort of danger; I think he will not live more than two years. He says that his attendants are quite worn out with being always about him, and living in such hot rooms, (which obliges them to drink) and seldom getting air and exercise. B. is at present well, but he sits up every other night with the King and never leaves him.

The King "talks to his pages with more openness and familiarity than anybody."

As health fails, doctors gain in influence. There was "O'Reilly the surgeon," described affectionately by Greville as "a meddlesome mischievous blackguard." Of O'Reilly:

December 16, 1828: . . . who sees the King every day and carries him all the gossip he can pick up, Batchelor speaks with

very little ceremony. The King told them the other day that "O'R. was the damnedest liar in the world," and it seems he is often in the habit of discussing people in this way to his *valets de chambre*. He reads a great deal, and every morning has his boxes brought up to him and reads their contents.

But Sir William Knighton as physician was the man who "can do anything." Even Lady Conyngham (March 18, 1829) was only "all powerful . . . in entire subserviency to him."

March 18, 1829: . . . She did not dare have anybody to dine there without previously ascertaining that Knighton would not disapprove of it; that he knew everything, and nobody dared say or do a thing of any sort without his permission. There was a sort of mysterious awe with which he [Batchelor] spoke of Knighton, mixed with dislike, which was curious.

Knighton was appointed King's Secretary. He had "keys of all the boxes." And the Duke grimly advised him (January 25, 1823) not to "meddle with the concerns of the Ministers":

January 25, 1823: . . . Knighton thanked him very much for his advice, and promised to conform himself to it. It seems that he told this to the King, for the next time the Duke saw him the King said he had heard the advice which he had given to "a person," and that he might depend upon that person's following it entirely.

Precisely what was Knighton's influence could not be said with certainty. He would do "a great deal of mischief" by "co-operating with the Duke of Cumberland" (March 4, 1829) and would be suspected of "intriguing deeply with the design of expelling the Conyngham family from Windsor"—which Greville did not believe. Then we have the King offering Knighton's place to Mount Charles "and what is more, Knighton presses him to take it."

May 14, 1829: . . . The influence of Knighton and that of Lady Conyngham continue as great as ever; nothing can be done but by their permission, and they understand one another and play into each other's hands. Knighton opposes every kind of expense, except that which is lavished on her.

It was an uneasy alliance, with Knighton at times (June 17, 1827) "barely civil to Lady C." and "jealous" of Mount Charles.

June 17, 1827: . . . I was more struck with one word which dropped from him [Mount Charles] than with all he told me of Sir W. Knighton. While the Tyrolese were dancing and singing, and there was a sort of gay uproar going on, with which the King was greatly delighted, he said, "I would give ten guineas to see Knighton walk into the room now," as if it were some master who was absent, and who should suddenly return and find his family and servants merrymaking in his absence; it indicates a strange sort of power possessed by him.

January 12, 1829: . . . He [Mount Charles] then talked to me about Knighton, whom the King abhors with a detestation that could hardly be described. He is afraid of him, and that is the reason he hates him so bitterly. When alone with him he is more civil, but when others are present (the family, for instance) he delights in saying the most mortifying and disagreeable things to him. He would give the world to get rid of him . . . his language about Knighton is sometimes of the most unmeasured violence—wishes he was dead, and one day when the door was open, so that the pages could hear, he said, "I wish to God somebody would assassinate Knighton." In this way he always speaks of him and uses him. Knighton is greatly annoyed at it, and is very seldom there. Still it appears there is some secret chain which binds them together. . . . The King's indolence is so great that it is next to impossible to get him to do even the most ordinary business, and Knighton is still the only man who can prevail on him to sign papers, &c. His greatest delight is to make those who have business to transact with him, or to lay papers before him, wait in his anteroom while he is lounging with Mount Charles or anybody, talking of horses or any trivial matter; and when he is told, "Sir, there is Watson waiting," &c., he replies, "Damn Watson; let him wait." He does it on purpose, and likes it.

This account corresponds with all I have before heard, and confirms the opinion I have long had that a more contemptible, cowardly, selfish, unfeeling dog does not exist than this King, on whom such flattery is constantly lavished. He has a sort of capricious good-nature, arising however out of no good principle or good feeling, but which is of use to him, as it cancels in a moment and at small cost a long score of misconduct. Princes have only to behave with common decency and pru-

dence, and they are sure to be popular, for there is a great and general disposition to pay court to them. There have been good and wise kings, but not many of them. Take them one with another they are of an inferior character, and this I believe to be one of the worst of the kind. The littleness of his character prevents his displaying the dangerous faults that belong to great minds, but with vices and weaknesses of the lowest and most contemptible order it would be difficult to find a disposition more abundantly furnished.

So with "no appearance of stone or gravel but violent irritation which is only subdued by laudanum (May 14, 1829) and always returns when the effect of the opiate is gone off," the King "constantly talked of his brother the Duke of York and the similarity of their symptoms and was always comparing them." Indeed, he became "latterly more civil to Knighton." Also:

August 20, 1830: . . . Lady Conyngham and her family went into his room once a day; till his illness he always used to go and sit in hers. It is true that last year, when she was so ill, she was very anxious to leave the Castle, and it was Sir William Knighton who with great difficulty induced her to stay there. At that time she was in wretched spirits and did nothing but pray from morning till night. However her conscience does not seem ever to have interfered with her ruling passion, avarice, and she went on accumulating. During the last illness waggons were loaded every night and sent away from the Castle, but what their contents were was not known, at least Batchelor did not say. All Windsor knew this. Those servants of the King who were about his person had opportunities of hearing a great deal, for he used to talk of everybody before them, and without reserve or measure.

July 31, 1831: . . . Knighton behaved exceedingly well during the King's illness, and by the vigilant watch he kept over the property of various kinds prevented the pillage which Lady Conyngham would otherwise have made. She knew everything, but did not much trouble herself about affairs, being chiefly intent upon amassing money and collecting jewels.

After the death of George IV:

September 8, 1831: . . . The Duke . . . talked of his extrava-

gance and love of spending, provided that it was not his own money that he spent; he told an old story he had heard of Mrs. Fitzherbert's being obliged to borrow money for his post horses to take him to Newmarket, that not a guinea was forthcoming to make stakes for some match, and when on George Leigh's entreaty he allowed some box to be searched that £3,000 was found in it. He always had money. When he died they found £10,000 in his boxes and money scattered about everywhere, a great deal of gold. There were above 500 pocketbooks, of different dates, and in every one money—guineas, one pound notes, one, two, or three in each. There never was anything like the quantity of trinkets and trash that they found. He had never given away or parted with anything. There was a prodigious quantity of hair—women's hair—of all colours and lengths, some locks with the powder and pomatum still sticking to them, heaps of women's gloves, *gages d'amour* which he had got at balls, and with the perspiration still marked on the fingers, notes and letters in abundance, but not much that was of any political consequence, and the whole was destroyed. Of his will he said that it was made in 1823 by Lord Eldon, very well drawn, that he desired his executors might take all he had to pay his debts and such legacies as he might bequeath in any codicils he should make. He made no codicils and left no debts, so the King got all as heir-at-law. Knighton had managed his affairs very well, and got him out of debt. A good deal of money was disbursed in charity, a good deal through the medium of two or three old women. The Duke, talking of his love of ordering and expense, said that when he was to ride at the last coronation the King said, "You must have a very fine saddle." "What sort of saddle does your Majesty wish me to have?" "Send Cuffe to me." Accordingly Cuffe went to him, and the Duke had to pay some hundreds for his saddle.

Under the circumstances, it is no wonder that—when the end came—the King's "will excited much astonishment, but as yet nothing is for certain known about the money, or what became of it, or what he gave away, and to whom, in his lifetime."

The final scene was an auction:

August 3, 1830: . . . I went yesterday to the sale of the late

King's wardrobe, which was numerous enough to fill Monmouth Street and sufficiently various and splendid for the wardrobe of Drury Lane. He hardly ever gave away anything except his linen, which was distributed every year. These clothes are the perquisite of his pages, and will fetch a pretty sum. There are all the coats he has ever had for fifty years, 300 whips, canes without number, every sort of uniform, the costumes of all the orders in Europe, splendid furs, pelisses, hunting-coats and breeches, and among other things a dozen pair of corduroy breeches he had made to hunt in when Don Miguel was here. His profusion in these articles was unbounded, because he never paid for them, and his memory was so accurate that one of his pages told me he recollected every article of dress, no matter how old, and that they were always liable to be called on to produce some particular coat or other article of apparel of years gone by. It is difficult to say whether in great or little things that man was most odious and contemptible.

CHAPTER XI

A QUEEN UNCROWNED

DESPITE his foibles, there was about King George IV a certain dignity, and in public, at any rate, he impressed the people. At Ascot, for instance, his Majesty "was always cheered by the mob as he went away."

Still, even at Ascot, there was an uncourtly voice that cried, "Where's the Queen?" And it was a question that struck home:

London, February 7, 1821: The King went to the play last night [Drury Lane] for the first time, the Dukes of York and Clarence and a great suite with him. He was received with immense acclamations, the whole pit standing up, hurrahing and waving their hats. The boxes were very empty at first, for the mob occupied the avenues to the theatre, and those who had engaged boxes could not get to them. The crowd on the outside was very great. Lord Hertford dropped one of the candles as he was lighting the King in, and made a great confusion in the box. The King sat in Lady Bessborough's box, which was fitted up for him. He goes to Covent Garden to-night. A few people called "The Queen," but very few. A man in the gallery called out, "Where's your wife, Georgy?"

Though an exile, it was Caroline and not Lady Conyngham who, as Queen Consort, had the legal and equitable right to share the King's palaces and his throne. Yet even to pray for Queen Caroline was not permitted:

February 14, 1829: The Cabinet sat till past two o'clock this morning. The King refused several times to order the Queen to be prayed for in the alteration which was made in the Liturgy. The Ministers wished him to suffer it to be done, but he peremptorily refused, and said nothing should induce him to consent, whoever might ask him. Lord Harrowby told me this last night.

February 20, 1820: The Ministers had resigned last week

because the King would not hear reason on the subject of the Princess. It is said that he treated Lord Liverpool very coarsely, and ordered him out of the room. The King, they say, asked him "if he knew to whom he was speaking." He replied, "Sir, I know that I am speaking to my Sovereign, and I believe I am addressing him as it becomes a loyal subject to do." To the Chancellor he said, "My Lord, I know your conscience always interferes except where your interest is concerned." The King afterwards sent for Lord Liverpool [the Prime Minister], who refused at first to go; but afterwards, on the message being reiterated, he went, and the King said, "We have both been too hasty." This is probably all false, but it is very true that they offered to resign.

With the First Gentleman in Europe thus anxious to obliterate the First Lady, there steps to the front her counsel and champion, Henry Brougham, still a statesman who had to win his spurs. Of this future Lord Chancellor, we shall hear much. Enough here to say that he was a man of many facts, brilliant conversation, advanced views, and astonishing eloquence. "If Brougham knew a little of law," so ran O'Connell's jibe, "he would know a little of everything." And Rogers the poet remarked of him, "There goes Solon, Lycurgus,Demosthenes, Archimedes, Sir Isaac Newton, Lord Chesterfield, and a great many more in one post chaise."

For the Queen, still abroad, an alimony of £50,000 a year was suggested. Her absence was held to be worth it.

November 5, 1822: . . . At Riddlesworth the Duke of York told me a great deal about the Queen and Brougham, but he was so unintelligible that part I could not make out and part I do not remember. What I can recollect amounts to this, that the Emperor of Austria was the first person who informed the King of the Queen's conduct in Italy, that after the enquiry was set on foot a negotiation was entered into with the Queen, the basis of which was that she should abdicate the title of Queen, and that to this she had consented. He said that Brougham had acted a double part, for that he had acquiesced in the propriety of her acceding to these terms, and had promised that he would go over to her and confirm her in her resolution to agree to them; that he had not only not gone, but that whilst

he was making these promises to Government he had written to the Queen desiring her to come over. The Duke told me that a man (whose name he did not mention) came to him and said, "So the Queen comes over?" He said, "No, she does not." The man said, "I know she does, for Brougham has written to her to come; I saw the letter." If Lord Liverpool and Lord Londonderry had thought proper to publish what had been done on the part of Brougham, he would have been covered with infamy; but they would not do it, and he thinks they were wrong. The rest I cannot remember.

The Queen thus returned and questions at once arose. Must there be an inquiry into her "conduct"? Must "the green bag" of rumour and scandal be opened? In what follows, Carlton House—a mansion that disappeared long ago—was, of course, the residence of the King.

June 7, 1820: The Queen arrived in London yesterday at seven o'clock. I rode as far as Greenwich to meet her. The road was thronged with an immense multitude the whole way from Westminster Bridge to Greenwich. Carriages, carts, and horsemen followed, preceded, and surrounded her coach the whole way. She was everywhere received with the greatest enthusiasm. Women waved pockethandkerchiefs, and men shouted whenever she passed. She travelled in an open landau, Alderman Wood sitting by her side and Lady Ann Hamilton and another woman opposite. Everybody was disgusted at the vulgarity of Wood in sitting in the place of honour, while the Duke of Hamilton's sister was sitting backwards in the carriage. The Queen looked exactly as she did before she left England, and seemed neither dispirited nor dismayed. As she passed by White's she bowed and smiled to the men who were in the window. The crowd was not great in the streets through which she passed. Probably people had ceased to expect her, as it was so much later than the hour designated for her arrival. It is impossible to conceive the sensation created by this event. Nobody either blames or approves of her sudden return, but all ask, "What will be done next? How is it to end?" In the House of Commons there was little said; but the few words which fell from Creevy, Bennett, or Denman seemed to threaten most stormy debates whenever the subject is discussed. The King

in the meantime is in excellent spirits, and the Ministers affect the greatest unconcern and talk of the time it will take to pass the Bills to "settle her business." "Her business," as they call it, will in all probability raise such a tempest as they will find it beyond their powers to appease; and for all his Majesty's unconcern the day of her arrival in England may be such an anniversary to him as he will have no cause to celebrate with much rejoicing.

June 9, 1820: . . . The mob have been breaking windows in all parts of the town and pelting those who would not take off their hats as they passed Wood's door [the house where the Queen was staying]. Last night Lord Exmouth's house was assaulted and his windows broken, when he rushed out armed with sword and pistol and drove away the mob. Frederick Ponsonby saw him. Great sums of money had been won and lost on the Queen's return, for there was much betting at the clubs. The alderman showed a specimen of his taste as he came into London; when the Queen's coach passed Carlton House he stood up and gave three cheers. It is odd enough Lady Hertford's windows have been broken to pieces and the frames driven in, while no assault has been made on Lady Conyngham's.

June 16, 1820: . . . There was some indiscipline manifested in a battalion of the 3rd Guards the day before yesterday; they were dissatisfied at the severity of their duty and at some allowances that had been taken from them, and on coming off guard they refused to give up their ball cartridges. They were ordered off to Plymouth, and marched at four yesterday morning. Many people went from the ball at Devonshire House to see them march away. Plymouth was afterwards changed for Portsmouth in consequence of their good behaviour on the route. Worcester met many of them drunk at Brentford, crying out, "God save Queen Caroline!" There was some disturbance last night in consequence of the mob assembling round the King's mews, where the rest of the battalion that had marched to Portsmouth still remained.

Brougham, talking to Greville, "spoke very highly of Alderman Wood who behaved very well, never annoyed or interfered with them and seems to have been altogether a *brave homme*."

In order to avoid an ultimate scandal, the House of Commons invoked ultimate respectability in the person of Wilberforce, the advocate of Negro Emancipation and the leading Evangelical Churchman of his day, whose party in the House was called "the Saints." On February 10, 1819, Greville tells us how Wilberforce "presented a petition from the Quakers against the Criminal Code." His speech "reminded one of the better days of the House of Commons." And great was his prestige:

June 9, 1820: Brougham's speech on Wednesday is said by his friends to have been one of the best that was ever made, and I think all agree that it was good and effective. The House of Commons is evidently anxious to get rid of the question if possible, for the moment Wilberforce expressed a wish to adjourn, the county members rose one after the other and so strongly concurred in that wish that Castlereagh was obliged to consent.

Wilberforce moved an Address to the Queen, "entreating her Majesty, under the assurance of the protection of her honour by the Commons, to yield the point of the insertion of her name in the Liturgy."

June 23, 1820: I never remember to have seen the public curiosity so excited as on Wilberforce's motion last night. Nearly 250 members voted in the House, and some went away; as many people as could gain admission attended to hear the debate. . . . In the meantime it is doubtful whether anything is gained by the resolution carried last night. Public opinion seems very equally divided as to the probability of the Queen agreeing to the expressed or implied wish of the House of Commons, and even if she refuses to consent to the omission of her name in the Liturgy it seems doubtful whether the green bag will ever be opened, so strong is the repugnance of the House of Commons to enter upon such an investigation. It is this feeling in the House which emboldens the Queen to hold out with the firmness and constancy she has hitherto displayed.

Years later (November, 1833), Brougham himself gave to Greville this account of what next happened:

November 14, 1833: . . . When the deputation from the House of Commons went up with the address to the Queen, entreating

her to come to terms (Banks, Wortley, Acland, and Wilberforce), she had got all her Council assembled, and before receiving the deputation from the Commons, she asked their advice. Brougham said that she was disposed to acquiesce, but wanted them to advise her to do so, and that her intention was, if they had, to act on that advice, but to save her popularity by throwing the odium on them, and devoting them to popular execration. He therefore resolved, and his brethren likewise, to give no advice at all; and when she turned to him, and said, "What do you think I ought to do?" he replied, in a sort of speech which he gave very comically, "Your Majesty is undoubtedly the best judge of the answer you ought to give, and I am certain that your own feelings will point out to you the proper course." "Well, but what is your opinion?" "Madame, I certainly have a strong opinion on the subject, but I think there cannot be a shadow of doubt of what your Majesty ought to do, and there can be no doubt your Majesty's admirable sense will suggest to you what that opinion is." "Humph," said she, and flung from him; turning to Denman, "And, Mr. Solicitor, what is your opinion?" "Madame, I concur entirely in that which has been expressed by the Attorney-General"; and so they all repeated. She was furious, and being left to herself she resolved not to agree. Sefton was on horseback among the crowd which was waiting impatiently to hear the result of the interview and her determination. He had agreed with Brougham that as soon as she had made up her mind he should come to the window and make him a sign. He *was to stroke his chin* if she refused, and do something else, I forget what, if she agreed. Accordingly arrived Brougham at the window, all in gown and wig, and as soon as he caught Sefton's eye began stroking his chin. This was enough for Sefton, who (as he declares) immediately began telling people in the crowd, who were wondering and doubting and hoping, that they might rely upon it she would "stand by them," and not accept the terms.

June 25, 1820: The Queen's refusal to comply with the desire of the House of Commons keeps conjecture afloat and divides opinions as to the opening of the bag. . . . The discussion of the Queen's business is now become an intolerable nuisance in society; no other subject is ever talked of.

June 27, 1820: The mob was very abusive to the member who

carried up the resolution to the Queen, and called Wilberforce "Dr. Cantwell." The Queen demanded to be heard by counsel at the bar of the House of Lords. Contrary to order and contrary to expectation, the counsel were admitted, when Brougham made a very powerful speech. . . . If the House had refused to hear her counsel, it is said that she would have gone down to-day to the House of Lords and have demanded to be heard in person.

June 28, 1820: The debate last night in the House of Lords was excellent. Lord Grey made a powerful speech, very much against the Queen, a speech for office. The manager announced at Drury Lane that the Queen would go to the play to-night. Brougham knew nothing of this; she never told him. Mrs. Brougham told me so last night, and that he was quite worn out with the business.

"The green bag" was then opened:

July 6, 1820: Since the report of the Secret Committee public opinion is entirely changed as to the result of the proceedings against the Queen. Everybody thinks the charges will be proved and that the King will be divorced. It is impossible to discover what effect the report may have in the country; it is certain hitherto that all ranks of men have been decidedly favourable to the Queen, and disbelieve the charges against her. The military in London have shown alarming symptoms of dissatisfaction, so much so that it seems doubtful how far the Guards can be counted upon in case of any disturbance arising out of this subject. Luttrell says that "the extinguisher is taking fire."

July 14, 1820: . . . The Queen's letter was brought to the King whilst he was at dinner [at the Cottage]. He said, "Tell the Queen's messenger that the King can receive no communication from her except through the hands of his Ministers." Esterhazy was present, and said he did this with extraordinary dignity.

"If you meet a man in the street," writes Greville, "he immediately asks you, 'Have you heard anything new about the Queen?'" Yet excitement fluctuated. "They say the trial will

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QUEEN CAROLINE

last six months," and "the conversation about the Queen begins to subside":

London, October 8, 1820: . . . The town is still in an uproar about the trial, and nobody has any doubt that it will finish by the Bill being thrown out and the Ministers turned out. Brougham's speech was the most magnificent display of argument and oratory that has been heard for years, and they say that the impression it made upon the House was immense; even his most violent opponents (including Lord Lonsdale) were struck with admiration and astonishment.

October 15, 1820: Since I came to town I have been to the trial every day. I have occupied a place close to Brougham, which, besides the advantage it affords of enabling me to hear extremely well everything that passes, gives me the pleasure of talking to him and the other counsel, and puts me behind the scenes so far that I cannot help hearing all their conversation, their remarks, and learning what witnesses they are going to examine, and many other things which are interesting and amusing. Since I have been in the world I never remember any question which so exclusively occupied everybody's attention, and so completely absorbed men's thoughts and engrossed conversation. In the same degree is the violence displayed. It is taken up as a party question entirely, and the consequence is that everybody is gone mad about it. Very few people admit of any medium between pronouncing the Queen quite innocent and judging her guilty and passing the Bill. Until the evidence of Lieut. Hownam it was generally thought that proofs of her guilt were wanting, but since his admission that Bergami slept under the tent with her all unprejudiced men seem to think the adultery sufficiently proved. The strenuous opposers of the Bill, however, by no means allow this, and make a mighty difference between sleeping dressed under a tent and being shut up at night in a room together, which the supporters of the Bill contend would have been quite or nearly the same thing. The Duke of Portland, who is perfectly impartial, and who has always been violently against the Bill, was so satisfied by Hownam's evidence that he told me that after that admission by him he thought all further proceedings useless, and that it was ridiculous to listen to any more evidence, as the fact was proved; that he should attend no longer to any evidence upon the sub-

ject. This view of the case will not, however, induce him to vote for the Bill, because he thinks that upon grounds of expediency it ought not to pass. The Ministers were elated in an extraordinary manner by this evidence of Hownam's. The Duke of Wellington told Madame de Lieven that he was very tired: "*mais les grands succès fatiguent autant que les grands revers.*" They look upon the progress of this trial in the light of a campaign, and upon each day's proceedings as a sort of battle, and by the impression made by the evidence they consider that they have gained a victory or sustained a defeat. Their anxiety that this Bill should pass is quite inconceivable, for it cannot be their interest that it should be carried; and as for the King, they have no feeling whatever for him. The Duke of Portland told me that he conversed with the Duke of Wellington upon the subject, and urged as one of the reasons why this Bill should not pass the House of Lords the disgrace that it would entail upon the King by the recrimination that would ensue in the House of Commons. His answer was "that the King was degraded as low as he could be already." The vehemence with which they pursue this object produces a corresponding violence in their language and sentiments. Lady Harrowby, who is usually very indifferent upon political subjects, has taken this up with unusual eagerness. In an argument which I had with her the day before yesterday, she said that if the House of Lords was to suffer itself to be influenced by the opinions and wishes of the people, it would be the most mean and pusillanimous conduct, and that, after all, what did it signify what the people thought or what they expressed if the army was to be depended upon? I answered that I never had expected that the day would come when I should be told that we were to disregard the feelings and wishes of the people of this country, and to look to our army for support. In proportion as the Ministers were elated by what came out in Hownam's cross-examination so were they depressed by the unlucky affair of Rastelli, which has given such an important advantage to their adversaries. . . . Yesterday morning some discussion arose about a question which Brougham put to Powell. He asked who was his principal, as he was an agent. The question was objected to, and he began to defend it in an uncommonly clever speech, but was stopped before he had spoken long. He introduced a very ingenious quotation

which was suggested to him by Spencer Perceval, who was standing near him. Talking of the airy unsubstantial being who was the principal and one of the parties in this cause, he said he wished to meet

> This shape—
> If shape it could be called—that shape had none,
> Distinguishable in member, joint or limb;
> Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,
> For each seemed either . . .
> What seemed its head
> The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
> *Paradise Lost*, ii. 666.

When Greville was in Italy, he visited the Villa Belvidere at Tivoli and there heard an echo of the trial:

June 2, 1830: . . . The cicerone who went with us (a tiresome and chattering fellow) told us that he had attended Queen Caroline, that they had come to him for evidence against her, and he had declared he knew nothing, but he said he could have deposed to some things unfavourable to her, having seen her and Bergami together and witnessed their familiarity.

Under the pressure of public opinion, the bill for divorce was dropped. Nor did Queen Caroline—excluded from Coronation in Westminster Abbey—long survive. But the animus of the King against all, including her professional counsel, who had taken the Queen's part, continued to the day of his death. Denman, afterwards Lord Chief Justice and founder of the peerage of that name, had adorned one of his speeches by a reference to Pythias, a slave of Octavia, wife of Nero, who, under torture, refused to allege misconduct against her mistress. The comparison with Nero did not please his Majesty. And when Denman became a "K. C." or King's Counsel—"taking silk," as it is usually termed—we have this:

January 16, 1829: . . . *A propos* of Denman's silk gown, Mount Charles told me the other day that Denman wrote a most humble apology to the King, notwithstanding which the Duke of Wellington had great trouble in mollifying him. At last he consented, but wrote himself on the document that in consideration of his humble apology his Majesty forgave him, as he thought it became the King to forgive a subject, but

desired this note might be preserved in the Treasury, where Mount Charles says it now is.

In due course, Denman became Common Serjeant of the City of London. It was his duty to submit to the King certain death warrants that were pending:

November 20, 1829: . . . The King would not have the Recorder's report last week, because the Recorder was too ill to attend, and he was resolved not to see Denman. The Duke went to him, when he threw himself into a terrible tantrum, and was so violent and irritable that they were obliged to let him have his own way for fear he should be ill, which they thought he would otherwise certainly be. He is rather the more furious with Denman from having been forced to consent to his having the silk gown, and he said at that time that he should never set his foot in any house of his; so that business is at a standstill, and the unfortunate wretches under sentence of death are suffered to linger on, because he does not choose to do his duty and admit to his presence an officer to whom he has taken an aversion. As the Chancellor [Lyndhurst] said to me, "The fact is, he is mad." The fact is that he is a spoiled, selfish, odious beast, and has no idea of doing anything but what is agreeable to himself, or of there being any duties attached to the office he holds.

December 5, 1829: This morning the Duke of Wellington sent for me about the Council on Monday, and after settling that matter he began talking about the King's conduct with reference to the Recorder's report. I told him it was thought very extraordinary. He said, "You have no idea what a scene I had with him; there never was anything like it. I never saw him so violent." He then rang the bell, when Drummond (his secretary) appeared, and the Duke desired him to bring the correspondence with the King about the Recorder, which was done. He then said, "I came to town on the Monday for the Council and report, which was to have been on Tuesday, and which he had himself settled, without consulting me; in the afternoon Phillips came to me and said that the Recorder could not attend, and that they did not know if his Majesty would receive Denman. I wrote to the King directly this letter." He then read the letter, which was to this effect: that he informed the King

that the Recorder was ill, and therefore the Common Serjeant, Mr. Denman, would have the honour of making the report to his Majesty; that he thought it right to apprise him of this, and if he had any objection to receive Mr. Denman, it would be better to put off the Council, as no other person could now lay the report before him. To this the King wrote an answer, beginning "My dear Duke," not as usual, the Duke said, "My dear Friend," that the state of his eyes would not allow him to write by candlelight, and he was therefore obliged to make use of an amanuensis. The letter was written by Watson, and signed by the King, "Your sincere Friend, G. R." It was to the effect that he was quite surprised the Duke should have made him such a proposal; that he had been grossly insulted by Denman, and would never admit him to his presence; . . . On the receipt of this the Duke held a consultation with Peel and the Chancellor, when they determined to put off the Council, which was done.

Indeed, the King was constantly "Denmanizing." And similarly with Lord Ellenborough:

March 16–17, 1829: I received a message from the King, to tell me that he was sorry I had not dined with him the last time I was at Windsor, that he had intended to ask me, but finding that all the ministers dined there except Ellenborough, he had let me go, that Ellenborough might not be the only man not invited, and "he would be damned if Ellenborough ever should dine in his house." I asked Lord Bathurst afterwards, to whom I told this, why he hated Ellenborough, and he said that something he had said during the Queen's trial had given the King mortal offence, and he never forgave it.

It is, by the way, at this point that Greville calmly disclaims a "taste for Court gossip." He assures us that "facts more or less curious" about the Royal Family "do not interest [him] as much as they would many other people."

CHAPTER XII

HIGHBROWS

December 19, 1929: . . . Ashley told me a curious thing about Sir Thomas Lawrence the other day. His father kept the inn [the Black Bear] at Devizes, and when Lord Shaftesbury's father and mother were once at the inn with Lord Shaftesbury, then a boy, the innkeeper came into the room and said he had a son with a genius for drawing, and if they would allow him, his little boy should draw their little boy's picture; on which the little Lawrence was sent for, who produced his chalk and paper, and made a portrait of the young Lord.

January 26, 1834: . . . Mrs. Arkwright told me the curious story of Sir Thomas Lawrence's engagements with her two cousins, the daughters of Mrs. Siddons [the actress]. They were two sisters, one tall and very handsome, the other little, without remarkable beauty, but very clever and agreeable. He fell in love with the first, and they were engaged to be married. Of course, under such circumstances, he lived constantly and freely in the house, and after some time the superior intelligence of the clever sister changed the current of his passion, and she supplanted the handsome one in the affection of the artist. They concealed the double treachery, but one day a note which was intended for his new love fell into the hands of the old love, who, never doubting it was for herself, opened it and discovered the fatal truth. From that time she drooped, sickened, and shortly after died. On her deathbed she exacted a promise from her sister that she would never marry Lawrence, who firmly adhered to it. He continued his relations with her with more or less intimacy up to the period of her death, the date of which I do not recollect.

Roehampton, January 9, 1830: Yesterday morning died Sir Thomas Lawrence after a very short illness. Few people knew he was ill before they heard he was dead. He was *longè primus* of all living painters, and has left no one fit to succeed him in

the chair of the Royal Academy. Lawrence was about sixty, very like Canning in appearance, remarkably gentlemanlike, with very mild manners, though rather too *doucereux*, agreeable in society, unassuming, and not a great talker; his mind was highly cultivated, he had a taste for every kind of literature, and was enthusiastically devoted to his art; he was very industrious, and painted an enormous number of portraits, but many of his later works are still unfinished, and great complaints used to be made of his exacting either the whole or half payment when he began a picture, but that when he had got the money he could never be prevailed on to complete it. Although he is supposed to have earned enormous sums by his paintings, he has always been a distressed man, without any visible means of expense, except a magnificent collection of drawings by the ancient masters, said to be the finest in the world, and procured at great cost. He was, however, a generous patron of young artists of merit and talent. It was always said that he lost money at play, but this assertion seems to have proceeded more from the difficulty of reconciling his pecuniary embarrassments with his enormous profits than from any proof of the fact. He was a great courtier, and is said to have been so devoted to the King that he would not paint anybody who was personally obnoxious to his Majesty; but I do not believe this is true. He is an irreparable loss; since Sir Joshua there has been no painter like him; his portraits as pictures I think are not nearly so fine as Sir Joshua's, but as likenesses many of them are quite perfect. Moore's was the last portrait he painted, and Miss Kemble's his last drawing.

January 22, 1830: . . . Lawrence was buried yesterday in St. Paul's Cathedral; a magnificent funeral, which will have cost, they say, £2,000. The pall was borne by Clanwilliam, Aberdeen, Sir G. Murray, Croker, Agar Ellis, and three more—I forget who. There were thirty-two mourning-coaches and eighty private carriages. The ceremony in the church lasted two hours. Pretty well for a man who died in very embarrassed circumstances. The favourites for the chair of the Academy are Shee and Wilkie, painters, and Westmacott and Chantrey, sculptors. . . . .

January 26, 1830: . . . Shee was elected President . . . last night at ten o'clock. He had sixteen or eighteen votes; Sir

William Beechey six, who was the nearest to Shee; Wilkie only two. He is an Irishman and a Catholic, a bad painter, a tolerable poet, and a man of learning, but, it is said, florid.

Samuel Rogers, then in his glory, was, though a banker, only the kind of poet that sometimes has to do for Laureate:

February 14, 1819: . . . Rogers' poem is disliked; the cry is all against it: some of the lines are pretty, but it is not perspicuous enough, and is deficient in novelty and force.

December 21, 1855: . . . He [Rogers] was an old man when I first made his acquaintance between thirty and forty years ago, or probably more. He was then very agreeable, though peculiar and eccentric; he was devoured by a morbid vanity, and could not endure any appearance of indifference or slight in society. He was extremely touchy, and always wanted to be flattered, but above all to be listened to, very angry and mortified when he was not the principal object in society, and provoked to death when the uproarious merriment of Sydney Smith or the voluminous talk of Macaulay overwhelmed him and engrossed the company; he had a great friendship nevertheless for Sydney Smith, but he never liked Macaulay. . . . His voice was feeble, and it has been said that his bitterness and caustic remarks arose from the necessity of his attracting attention by the pungency of his conversation.

At breakfast, Greville met Southey and "young [John Stuart] Mill, a political economist":

November 12, 1830: . . . Southey is remarkably pleasing in his manner and appearance, unaffected, unassuming, and agreeable; at least, such was my impression for the hour or two I saw him. Young Mill is the son of Mill who wrote the *History of British India*, and said to be cleverer than his father. He has written many excellent articles, in reviews, pamphlets, &c., but though powerful with a pen in his hand, in conversation he has not the art of managing his ideas, and is consequently hesitating and slow, and has the appearance of being always working in his mind propositions or a syllogism.

Southey told an anecdote of Sir Massey Lopes, which is a good story of a miser. A man came to him and told him he was in great distress, and 200l would save him. He gave him a draft

for the money. "Now," says he, "what will you do with this?" "Go to the bankers and get it cashed." "Stop," said he; "I will cash it." So he gave him the money, but first calculated and deducted the discount, thus at once exercising his benevolence and his avarice.

To a poet of the Lake School like Southey, a peerage for Brougham meant a good Liberal lost:

February 12, 1831: . . . I saw the day before yesterday a curious letter from Southey to Brougham, which some day or other will probably appear. Taylor showed it me. Brougham had written to him to ask him what his opinion was as to the encouragement that could be given to literature, by rewarding or honouring literary men, and suggested (I did not see his letter) that the Guelphic Order should be bestowed upon them. Southey's reply was very courteous, but in a style of suppressed irony and forced politeness, and exhibited the marks of a chafed spirit, which was kept down by an effort. "You, my Lord, are *now* on the Conservative side," was one of his phrases, which implied that the Chancellor had not always been on that side. He suggested that it might be useful to establish a sort of lay fellowships; £10,000 would give 10 of £500 and 25 of £200; but he proposed them not to reward the meritorious, but as a means of silencing or hiring the mischievous. It was evident, however, that he laid no stress on this plan, or considered it practicable, and only proposed it because he thought he must suggest something. He said that honours might be desirable to scientific men, as they were so considered on the Continent, and Newton and Davy had been titled, but for himself, if a Guelphic distinction was adopted, "he should be a *Ghibelline*." He ended by saying that all he asked for was a repeal of the Copyright Act, which took from the families of literary men the only property they had to give them, and this "I ask for with the earnestness of one who is conscious that he has laboured for posterity." It is a remarkable letter.

September 18, 1834: . . . Henry Taylor brought me a parcel of letters to frank to Southey the other day; they are from Newton, Cowper's nephew (I think to W. Thornton), and they are to supply Southey with materials for Cowper's Life, which he is writing. There is one curious fact revealed in these letters,

which accounts for much of Cowper's morbid state of mind and fits of depression, as well as for the circumstances of his running away from his place in the House of Lords. He was a Hermaphrodite. It relates to some defect in his physical conformation; somebody found out his secret, and probably threatened its exposure.

February 27, 1831: I am just come home from breakfasting with Henry Taylor to meet Wordsworth; the same party as when he had Southey—Mill, Elliot, Charles Villiers. Wordsworth may be bordering on sixty; hard-featured, brown, wrinkled, with prominent teeth and a few scattered grey hairs, but nevertheless not a disagreeable countenance; and very cheerful, merry, courteous, and talkative, much more so than I should have expected from the grave and didactic character of his writings. He held forth on poetry, painting, politics, and metaphysics, and with a great deal of eloquence; he is more conversible and with a greater flow of animal spirits than Southey. He mentioned that he never wrote down as he composed, but composed walking, riding, or in bed, and wrote down after; that Southey always composes at his desk. He talked a great deal of Brougham, whose talents and domestic virtues he greatly admires; that he was very generous and affectionate in his disposition, full of duty and attention to his mother, and had adopted and provided for a whole family of his brother's children, and treats his wife's children as if they were his own. He insisted upon taking them both with him to the drawing room the other day when he went in state as Chancellor. They remonstrated with him, but in vain.

June 18, 1832: . . . Walter Scott arrived here, dying. A great mortality among great men; Goethe, Périer, Champollion, Cuvier, Scott, Grant, Macintosh, all died within a few weeks of each other.

The taste for fiction was already a problem in ethics:

July 14, 1820: . . . Read *Les Liaisons dangereuses*. Much has been said about the dangerous tendency of certain books, and probably this would be considered as one pregnant with mischief. I consider this a mere jargon, and although I would never recommend this book (because it is so grossly indecent) I should never apprehend the smallest danger to the most inex-

perienced mind or the warmest passions from its immoral tendency. The principle upon which books of this description are considered pernicious is the notion that they represent vice in such glowing and attractive colours as to make us lose sight of its deformity and fill our imagination with the ideas of its pleasures. No one who has any feeling or a spark of generosity or humanity in his breast can read this book without being moved with compassion for Madame de Tourval and with horror and disgust towards Valmont and Madame de Merteuil. It raised in my mind a detestation of such cold-blooded inhuman profligacy, and I felt that I would rather every pleasure that can flow from the intercourse of women were debarred me than run such a course. The moral effect upon my mind was stronger than any which ever resulted from the most didactic work.

December 16, 1835: . . . Luttrell was talking of Moore and Rogers—the poetry of the former so licentious, that of the latter so pure; much of its popularity owing to its being so carefully weeded of everything approaching to indelicacy; and the contrast between the *lives* and the *works* of the two men—the former a pattern of conjugal and domestic regularity, the latter of all the men he had ever known the greatest sensualist.

November 9, 1829: Moore told me that the editor of one of the annuals offered him £600 to write two articles for his work, but "that he loathed the task" and refused, though the money would have been very acceptable. The man said he did not care about the merit of the performance, and only wanted his name; when Moore refused, the editor raked out some old and forgotten lines of his to Perry, and inserted them with his name.

July 26, 1831: . . . I have just received a letter from Moore saying he has ordered his publisher to send me a copy of *Lord Edward Fitzgerald*, and that he only sends copies to the Duke of Leinster and me, but begs I will send him no opinion, for "opinions fidget him"—"*genus irritabile vatum*."

Moore "had lived in intimacy" with Robert Emmet, the Irish patriot:

November 21, 1829: . . . Moore gave an account this morning of his being examined in Trinity College, Dublin, when a boy, during the rebellion. Many of the youths . . . had taken the

oath of the United Irishmen (Emmett and some others who were in the College had absconded). The Chancellor [Lord Clare] came to the College, erected his tribunal, and examined all the students upon oath. He asked first if they had belonged to any society of United Irish, and if the answer was in the affirmative, he asked whom they had ever seen there and what had passed. Contumacy was punishable by expulsion and exclusion from every profession. At the end of the first day's examination Moore went home to his parents and told them he could not take an oath which might oblige him to criminate others (as he should be forced to answer any question they might choose to put), and though they were poor, and had conceived great hopes of him, they encouraged him in this resolution. The next day he was called forth, when he refused to be sworn, stating his reasons why. The Chancellor said he did not come there to dispute with him, but added that they should only ask him general questions, on which he took the oath, but reserved for himself the power of declining to answer particular questions. They only asked him such questions as he could conscientiously answer (they had got all the information they wanted, and were beginning to relax), but when they had done with him Lord Clare asked him why he had demurred to answer. He said he was afraid he might be called on to criminate others, and that he had never taken an oath before, and naturally felt some reluctance and dread on such an occasion.

March 8, 1836: . . . I met Moore at dinner a day or two ago, not having seen him for a long time. He told us some amusing anecdotes of his own reception in Ireland, which was very enthusiastic, in spite of his having quarrelled with O'Connell. Of this quarrel he likewise narrated the beginning and the end. He was indignant at O'Connell's *manner* of prosecuting his political objects, and resolved to put his feelings on record. This he did, and he afterwards wrote some letters to a mutual friend explanatory of his sentiments and motives, and these were shown (intentionally) to O'Connell. Moore declined to retract or qualify, and a rupture consequently took place. When they met at Brookes' O'Connell averted his face. So things remained till a short time ago, when the editor of a new quarterly review, which has been established for Catholic and Irish objects, wrote to Moore for his support, and O'Connell,

whom he told of it, said, "Oh, pray let me frank the letter to Mr. Moore." This was repeated, and when Moore met O'Connell the other day at Brookes', he went up to him and put out his hand. He said O'Connell was mightily moved, but accepted the proffered reconciliation, and they are again on good terms.

November 20, 1829: . . . Moore was very agreeable, told a story of Sir—— St. George in Ireland. He was to attend a meeting at which a great many Catholics were to be present (I forget where), got drunk, and lost his hat, when he went into the room where they were assembled and said, "Damnation to you all! I came to emancipate you, and you've stole my hat." In the evening Moore sang, but the pianoforte was horrid, and he was not in good voice; still his singing "*va dritto al cuore*," for it produces an exceeding sadness, and brings to mind a thousand melancholy recollections, and generates many melancholy anticipations. He told me as he came along that with him it required no thought to write, but that there was no end to it; so many fancies on every subject crowded on his brain; that he often read what he had written as if it had been the composition of another, and was amused; that it was the greatest pleasure to him to compose those light and trifling pieces, humorous and satirical, which had been so often successful. He holds Voltaire to have been the most extraordinary genius that ever lived, on account of his universality and fertility; talked of Scott and his wonderful labour and power of composition, as well as the extent to which he has carried the art of book-making; besides writing this history of Scotland for Dr. Lardner's "Encyclopædia," he is working at the prefaces for the republication of the Waverley Novels, the *Tales of a Grandfather*, and has still found time to review Tytler, which he has done out of the scraps and chips of his other works. A little while ago he had to correct some of the proofs of the History of Scotland, and being dissatisfied with what was done, he nearly wrote it over again, and sent it up to the editor. Some time after, finding another copy of the proofs, he forgot that he had corrected them before, and he rewrote these also and sent them up, and the editor is at this moment engaged in selecting from the two corrected copies the best parts of each.

December 18, 1833: Went with Moore yesterday morning to the State Paper Office, and introduced him to Lemon. It

was at the new office, where the documents are in course of arrangement, and for the future they will be accessible and useful. John Allen told Moore the other day that he considered that the history of England had never really been written, so much matter was there in public and private collection, illustrative of it, that had never been made use of. Lemon said he could in great measure confirm that assertion, as his researches had afforded him the means of throwing great light upon modern history from the time of Henry VIII. The fact is, that the whole thing is conventional; people take the best evidence that has been produced, and give their assent to a certain series of events, until more facts and better evidence supplant the old statements and establish others in their place. They are now printing Irish papers of the time of Henry VIII, but from the folly of Henry Hobhouse, who would not let the volume be indexed, it will be of little service. In the evening dined with Moore at the Poodle's. He told a good story of Sydney Smith and Leslie the Professor. Leslie had written upon the North Pole; something he had said had been attacked in the *Edinburgh Review* in a way that displeased him. He called on Jeffrey just as he was getting on horseback, and in a great hurry. Leslie began with a grave complaint on the subject, which Jeffrey interrupted with "O damn the North Pole." Leslie went off in high dudgeon, and soon after met Sydney, who, seeing him disturbed, asked what was the matter. He told him what he had been to Jeffrey about, and that he had in a very unpleasant way said, "Damn the North Pole." "It was very bad," said Sydney; "but, do you know, I am not surprised at it, for I have heard him speak very disrespectfully of *the Equator*."

Moore told a genuine story of justice that miscarried. A soldier was passing a house:

November 12, 1829: . . . Attracted by a light which gleamed through the lower part of the window, he approached it, and through an opening between the shutter and the frame was able to look into the room. There he saw a man in the act of lifting a dead body from the floor, while his hands and clothes were stained all over with blood. He hastened to give information of what he had seen; MacLoughlin and his mother were appre-

hended, and the former, having been identified by the soldier, was found guilty. There was no evidence against the woman, and she was consequently acquitted. MacLoughlin conducted himself throughout the trial with determined calmness, and never could be induced to acknowledge his guilt. The morning of his execution he had an interview with his mother; none knew what passed between them, but when they parted he was heard to say, "Mother, may God forgive you!"

At a later date, a priest "in moments of agony and doubt produced by horrible recollections," had revealed MacLoughlin's "dying confession":

November 12, 1829: . . . [He] had died to save the life and honour of his mother, by whom the crime had been really committed. She was a woman of violent passions; she had quarrelled with her husband in the middle of the night and after throwing him from the bed had dispatched him by repeated blows. When she found he was dead she was seized with terror, and hastening to the apartment of her son, called him to witness the shocking spectacle and to save her from the consequences of her crime. It was at this moment, when he was lifting the body and preparing to remove the bloody evidence of his mother's guilt, that the soldier passed by and saw him in the performance of his dreadful task. To the priest alone he acknowledged the truth, but his last words to his mother were now explained.

November 22, 1829: Moore told a story of an Irishman who saw from the pit a friend of his acting Othello, and he called out, "Larry, Larry, Larry, there's the least taste in life of your linen hanging out!"

At Strawberry Hill:

November 21, 1829: . . . Moore sang in the evening and was very agreeable the whole day. He said that Byron thought that Crabbe and Coleridge had the most genius and feeling of any living poets. Nobody reads Crabbe now. How dangerous it is to be a story-teller, how agreeable the manner or amusing the budget, for Moore to-day told a story which he told here last week. However they all laughed just the same, except me, and I moralized upon it thus.

Campbell, as poet, had a sense of his dignity:

February 28, 1830: Dined yesterday with Lord Stanhope, Murray the bookseller (who published *Belisarius*), Wilkie the painter, and Lord Strangford; nobody else of note. Wilkie appears stern, and might pass for mad; he said very little. Murray chatted incessantly; talked to me a great deal about Moore, who would have been mightily provoked if he had heard him. . . . Murray told me that Moore is going to write a Life of Petrarch. Croker would have written Lawrence's Life if Campbell [the poet] had not seized the task before anybody else thought of laying hold of it. He has circulated a command that all persons who have anything to communicate will send their letters to *his secretary*, and not to him.

Campbell (February 26, 1830) "published a silly letter to Moore; he is half mad."

In literary criticism, there were wheels within wheels:

February 12, 1831: Got a letter from Moore this morning, whose mother is dying and he is gone off to Ireland. He is in a fury at the attack on Byron's life in the *Times*, but has discovered that Barnes did it to revenge upon Murray the attack upon his paper in Southey's last article in the *Quarterly*, which is odd enough, for Moore is whipped for what Southey had done.

For a Life of Byron (November 21), Moore was to receive £4,000 "and whatever he can make at Paris and in America." France apparently was not very lucrative:

December 1, 1829: . . . Met Murray in the street who told me he could only get 100l. for Moore from Paris for the life of Byron. He is very angry because nobody would have Moore's picture painted by Lawrence till he did, and now everybody wants to have his copied.

Greville overheard Moore say, when dining at "Poodle" Byng's one night, that he was nervous about his forthcoming biography:

November 9, 1829: . . . Moore said he wrote with extraordinary rapidity but his corrections were frequent and laborious. When he wrote the address for the opening of Drury Lane Theatre, he corrected it repeatedly.

February 3, 1830: . . . I have just finished the first volume of Moore's *Life of Byron*. I don't think I like this style of biography, halfway between ordinary narrative and self-delineation in the shape of letters, diary, etc. Moore's part is agreeably and feelingly written, and in a very different style from the *Life of Sheridan*—no turgid diction and brilliant antitheses. It is, however, very amusing; the letters are exceedingly clever, full of wit, humour, and point, abounding in illustration, imagination and information, but not the most agreeable sort of letters. They are joined together by a succession of little essays upon his character. But as to life, it is no life at all; it merely tells you that the details of his life are not tellable, that they would be like those of Tilly or Casanova, and so indecent, and compromise so many people, that we must be content to look at his life through an impenetrable veil. Then in the letters and diary the perpetual hiatus, and asterisks, and initials are exceedingly tantalizing; but altogether it is very amusing. As to Byron, I have never had but one opinion about his poetry, which I think of first-rate excellence; an enormous heresy, of course, more particularly with those whose poetical taste rests upon having been taught what to admire in the one case as they have been enjoined what to believe in the other. With regard to his character, I think Moore has succeeded in proving that he was far from deficient in amiable qualities; he was high-minded, liberal, generous, and good-natured, and, if he does not exaggerate his own feelings, a warm-hearted and sincere friend. But what a wretch he was! how thoroughly miserable with such splendid talents! how little philosophy!—wretched on account of his lame foot; not even his successes with women could reconcile him to a little personal deformity, though this is too hard a word for it; then tormenting himself to death nobody knows why or wherefore. There never was so ill-regulated a mind, and he had not even the talent of making his pleasures subservient to his happiness—not any notion of *enjoyment;* all with him was riot, and debauchery, and rage, and despair. That he very sincerely entertained a bad opinion of mankind may be easily believed; but so far from his pride and haughtiness raising him above the influence of the opinion of those whom he so despised, he was the veriest slave to it that ever breathed, as he confesses when he says that he was almost more annoyed at the censure

of the meanest than pleased with the praises of the highest of mankind; and when he deals around his fierce vituperation or bitter sarcasms, he is only clanking the chains which, with all his pride, and defiance, and contempt, he is unable to throw off. Then he despises pretenders and charlatans of all sorts, while he is himself a pretender, as all men are who assume a character which does not belong to them, and affect to be something which they are all the time conscious they are not in reality. But to "assume a virtue if you have it not" is more allowable than to assume a vice which you have not. To wish to appear better or wiser than we really are is excusable in itself, and it is only the manner of doing it that may become ridiculous; but to endeavour to appear worse than we are is a species of perverted vanity the most disgusting, and a very bad compliment to the judgment, the morals, or the taste of our acquaintance. Yet, with all his splendid genius, this sort of vanity certainly distinguished Lord Byron, and that among many other things proves how deeply a man may be read in human nature, what an insight he may acquire into the springs of action and feeling, and yet how incapable he may be of making any practical application of the knowledge he has acquired and the result of which he can faithfully delineate. He gives a list of the books he had read at eighteen, which appears incredible, particularly as he says that he was always idle, and eight years after Scott says he did not appear well read either in poetry or history. Swift says "some men know books as others do Lords—learn their titles, and then boast of their acquaintance with them."

November 9, 1829: . . . Byron's exploits with women, especially at Venice, seem to have been marvellous. He used to go to the Ridotto every night, and afterwards take home with him five or six women of the commonest sort with whom he had an orgy. Henry de Ros heard of him at Venice and says he left a great name there in that line.

It was at "Poodle" Byng's (so called from his dog) and at "Kangaroo" Cooke's that Greville met men like Moore:

November 9, 1829: [He] is employed in conjunction with Scott and Macintosh to write a history of England for one of the new publications like the Family Library. Scott is to write Scotland, Macintosh England, and Moore Ireland; and they get 1,000l.

apiece; but Scott could not compress his share into one volume, so he is to have 1,500l. The republication of Scott's works will produce him an enormous fortune; he has already paid off 30,000l. of the Constable bankruptcy debt, and he is to pay the remaining 30,000l. very soon. A new class of readers is produced by the Bell and Lancaster schools, and this is the cause of the prodigious and extensive sale of cheap publications.

October 23, 1842: . . . He [Thomas Grenville] told a story of Porson [the Greek scholar], which I will put in his own words: "When I was a young man, which is now about seventy years ago, I used to live with Cracherode and other literary men of that day, who were good enough to allow me to come among them, and listen to their conversation, which I used to take great delight in doing, and I remember one day going into the room, and finding Cracherode and another person disputing about language, and whether a certain English word had ever been used by any good authority. In the middle of the dispute, one of them said, 'But why do we go on talking here, when that little fellow in the corner can tell us in a moment which of us us in the right?' The little fellow was Porson, who was on his knees poring over a book. They called him up, told him what they were disputing about, and asked if he knew of the word having been used, and by whom. He at once replied, 'I only know of one instance, and that is in Fisher's funeral sermon on the death of Margaret of Richmond, the mother of Henry VII, and you will find it about the third or fourth page on the right-hand side'; and there accordingly they did find it."

November 12, 1829: At Roehampton at Lord Clifden's from Tuesday, the 10th, till to-day; Sir James Macintosh, Moore, Poodle Byng, and the Master of the Rolls. It was uncommonly agreeable. I never was in Macintosh's society for so long before, and never was more filled with admiration. His prodigious memory and the variety and extent of his information remind me of all I have heard and read of Burke and Johnson, but his amiable, modest, and unassuming character makes him far more agreeable than they could either of them (particularly Johnson) have been, while he is probably equally instructive and amusing. Not a subject could be mentioned of which he did not treat with equal facility and abundance, from the Council of

Trent to Voltaire's epistles; every subject, every character, every work, all were familiar to him, and I do not know a greater treat than to hear him talk. . . .

Two more delightful days I never passed. I could not help reflecting what an extraordinary thing success is in this world, when a man so gifted as Macintosh has failed completely in public life, never having attained honours, reputation, or wealth, whilst so many ordinary men have reaped an abundant harvest of all. What a consolation this affords to mediocrity. None can approach Macintosh without admiring his extraordinary powers, and at the same time wondering why they have not produced greater effects in the world either of literature or politics. His virtues are obstacles to his success; he has not the art of pushing or of making himself feared; he is too *doucereux* and complimentary, and from some accident or defect in the composition of his character, and in the course of events which have influenced his circumstances, he has always been civilly neglected.

They "talked of the old novelists—Fielding little read now, Smollett less."

Even in Greville's dealings with publishers, there is usually a point of human interest. Few people to-day recollect Matthew Gregory (or "Monk") Lewis and his brother-in-law, Sir Henry Lushington. Yet it was "Monk" who evolved the method of what may be called the intermittent feud:

June 29, 1833: . . . Lord Melbourne told me the other day a queer trait of Lewis. He had a long-standing quarrel with Lushington. Having occasion to go to Naples, he wrote beforehand to him, to say that their quarrel had better be *suspended*, and he went and lived with him and his sister (Lady L.) in perfect cordiality during his stay. When he departed he wrote to Lushington to say that now they should resume their quarrel, and put matters in the *status quo ante pacem*, and accordingly he did resume it, with rather more *acharnement* than before.

Lewis, like Greville, was addicted to "gurnalising." And he left two diaries, one of the West Indies and the other of Italy. It is interesting to observe that, in 1833, Greville had no difficulty in selling the West Indian material to John Murray

for 400 guineas, "the MSS. to be returned to Lushington, and fifteen copies for him, and five for me, gratis." But when, in 1838, the Italian journal was marketed, there was trouble. Bentley bought it for 100 guineas, but "sadly annoyed" Greville by declining to publish. However, "the scrape" proved to be one in which, despite Byron, the publisher was not Barabbas. Strange to say, "Bentley behaved very well and gave up the manuscript." And we are left with evidence that in that year of grace the land of Mussolini had become "hackneyed."

Then there was Sydney Smith (September 27, 1835), "laughing and chuckling and shaking his great belly," as becomes a Dean of St. Paul's:

December 1, 1834: Went to St. Paul's yesterday evening, to hear Sydney Smith preach. He is very good; manner impressive, voice sonorous and agreeable, rather familiar, but not offensively so, language simple and unadorned, sermon clever and illustrative. The service is exceedingly grand, performed with all the pomp of a cathedral and chanted with beautiful voices; the lamps scattered few and far between throughout the vast space under the dome, making darkness visible, and dimly revealing the immensity of the building, were exceedingly striking. The cathedral service thus chanted and performed is my *beau idéal* of religious worship—simple, intelligible, and grand, appealing at the same time to the reason and the imagination. I prefer it infinitely to the Catholic service, for though I am fond of the bursts of music and clouds of incense, I can't endure the undistinguishable sounds with which the priest mumbles over the prayers.

February 22, 1844: . . . The other day (*ut misceam dulcia utilibus*) Bobus Smith [Sydney's brother] gave us at dinner at Lady Holland's a good pun of Jekyll's (I so regret never having met him). He was asked to dine at Lansdowne House, but was engaged to the Chief Justice. It happened that the ceiling of the dining room at Lansdowne House fell in, which when Jekyll heard, he said he had been invited to "*ruat cœlum*," but was engaged to "*fiat Justitia.*"

Hatchford, February 25, 1845: . . . Yesterday we heard of the death of Sydney Smith, which took place on Sunday. His case had for some time been hopeless, and it was merely a question how long he could be kept alive by the remedies applied to stop

the water on his chest. It is the extinction of a great luminary, such as we shall hardly see the like of again, and who has reigned without a rival in wit and humour for a great length of time. It is almost impossible to overrate his wit, humour, and drollery, or their effect in society. Innumerable comical sayings and jokes of his are or have been current, but their repetition gives but an imperfect idea of the flavour and zest of the original. His appearance, voice, and manner added immensely to the effect, and the bursting and uproarious merriment with which he poured forth his good things never failed to communicate itself to his audience, who were always in fits of laughter. If there was a fault in it, it was that it was too amusing. People so entirely expected to be made to die of laughing, and he was so aware of this, that there never seemed to be any question of conversation when he was of the party, or at least no more than just to afford Sydney pegs to hang his jokes on. This is the misfortune of all great professed wits, and I have very little doubt that Sydney often felt oppressed with the weight of his comical obligations, and came on the stage like a great actor, forced to exert himself, but not always in the vein to play his part. It is well known that he was subject at home to frequent fits of depression, but I believe in his own house in the country he could often be a very agreeable companion, on a lower and less ambitious level, for his talk never could be otherwise than seasoned with his rich vein of humour and wit, as the current, though it did not always flow with the same force, was never dry. He was full of varied information, and a liberal, kind-hearted, charitable man. The favourite objects of his jokes were the men of his own cloth, especially the bishops, among whom he once probably aspired to sit. I do not suppose he had any dogmatic and doctrinal opinions in respect to religion, and that in his heart of hearts he despised and derided all that the world wrangles and squabbles about; but he had the true religion of benevolence and charity, of peace and goodwill to mankind, which, let us hope (as I firmly believe) to be all-sufficient, be the truth of the great mystery what it may.

February 27, 1830: Dined at Lord Lansdowne's; Moore, Rogers, J. Russell, Spring Rice, Charles Kemble, Auckland, and Doherty; very agreeable, but Rogers was overpowered by numbers and loud voices. . . . Very odd nervousness of Moore;

he could not tell that story (of Crampton's), which I begged him to do, and which would not have been lugged in neck and shoulders, because everybody was telling just such stories; he is delighted with my note of it.

June 10, 1831: Breakfasted the day before yesterday with Rogers, Sydney Smith, Luttrell, John Russell, and Moore; excessively agreeable. I never heard anything more entertaining than Sydney Smith; such bursts of merriment and so dramatic. Breakfasts are the meals for poets. I met Wordsworth and Southey at breakfast. Rogers' are always agreeable.

CHAPTER XIII

SUICIDE AND SAGACITY

The reign of King George IV included a momentous change in foreign policy. Castlereagh, the high priest of the old diplomacy, put an end to his own life. And Canning, who faced the dawn, took his place.

With Castlereagh, Greville "had hardly any acquaintance." Still he "did not deny that his talents were great" and (February 12, 1842) even described him as "reckoned the best leader any party ever had":

August 13, 1822: . . . His appearance was dignified and imposing; he was affable in his manners and agreeable in society. The great feature of his character was a cool and determined courage, which gave an appearance of resolution and confidence to all his actions, and inspired his friends with admiration and excessive devotion to him, and caused him to be respected by his most violent opponents. As a speaker he was prolix, monotonous, and never eloquent, except, perhaps, for a few minutes when provoked into a passion by something which had fallen out in debate. But, notwithstanding these defects, and still more the ridicule which his extraordinary phraseology had drawn upon him, he was always heard with attention. He never spoke ill; his speeches were continually replete with good sense and strong argument, and though they seldom offered much to admire, they generally contained a great deal to be answered. I believe he was considered one of the best managers of the House of Commons who ever sat in it, and he was eminently possessed of the good taste, good humour, and agreeable manners which are more requisite to make a good leader than eloquence, however brilliant. With these qualities, it may be asked why he was not a better Minister, and who can answer that question? . . . I believe that he was seduced by his vanity, that his head was turned by emperors, kings, and congresses, and that he was resolved that the country which he represented

should play as conspicuous a part as any other in the political dramas which were acted on the Continent. The result of his policy is this, that we are mixed up in the affairs of the Continent in a manner we have never been before, which entails upon us endless negotiations and enormous expenses. We have associated ourselves with the members of the Holy Alliance, and countenanced the acts of ambition and despotism in such a manner as to have drawn upon us the detestation of the nations of the Continent; and our conduct toward them at the close of the war has brought a stain upon our character for bad faith and desertion which no time will wipe away, and the recollection of which will never be effaced from their minds.

Hence, when Castlereagh died, Greville's verdict was:

August 13, 1833: . . . As a Minister he is a great loss to his party, and still greater to his friends and dependents, to whom he was the best of patrons; to the country I think he is none.

The death itself was shocking. For years, Castlereagh had been telling his friends, Sir Walter Scott among them, of the bloody ghost that would leap at him from the fire. And in the summer of 1822, he "gave several indications of a perturbed mind," was "dejected," "haunted with various apprehensions, particularly with a notion that he was in great personal danger."

August 19, 1822: . . . On the day [the 3d of August] he gave a great dinner at Cray to his political friends, some of them, finding the wine very good, wished to compliment him upon it, and Arbuthnot called out, "Lord Londonderry!" He instantly jumped up with great vivacity, and stood as if in expectation of something serious that was to follow. When he was told that it was about the wine they wished to speak to him, he sat down; but his manner was so extraordinary that Huskisson remarked it to Wilmot as they came home. In the last interview which the Duke of Wellington had with him he said he never heard him converse upon affairs with more clearness and strength of mind than that day. In the middle of the conversation, however, he said, "To prove to you what danger I am in, my own servants think so, and that I ought to go off directly, that I have no time to lose, and they keep my horses saddled that I may get away quickly; they think that I should not have

time to go away in a carriage." Then ringing the bell violently, he said to the servant, "Tell me, sir, instantly, who ordered my horses here; who sent them up to town?" The man answered that the horses were at Cray, and had never been in town. The Duke desired the man to go, and in consequence of this strange behaviour wrote the letter to Bankhead which has been since published.

September 22, 1822: . . . It seems that the King was so struck with Lord Londonderry's manner (for he said to the King nearly what he said to the Duke of Wellington), and so persuaded that some fatal catastrophe would take place, that when Peel came to inform him of what had happened, he said to him before he spoke, "I know you are come to tell me that Londonderry is dead." Peel had just left him, and upon receiving the despatches immediately returned; and when Lady Conyngham was told by Lord Mount Charles that there was a report that he was dead, she said, "Good God! then he has destroyed himself." She knew what had passed with the King, and was the only person to whom he had told it.

August 13, 1822: . . . At Hounslow I heard of the death of Lord Londonderry. When I got to town I met several people who had all assumed an air of melancholy, a *visage de circonstance*, which provoked me inexpressibly, because it was certain that they did not care; indeed, if they felt at all, it was probably rather satisfaction at an event happening than sorrow for the death of the person. It seems Lord Londonderry had been unwell for some time, but not seriously, and a few days before this catastrophe he became much worse, and was very much dejected. He told Lord Granville some time ago that he was worn out with fatigue, and he told Count Münster the other day that he was very ill indeed. The Duke of Wellington saw him on Friday, and was so struck by the appearance of illness about him that he sent Bankhead to him. He was cupped on Saturday in London, got better, and went to Foot's Cray. On Sunday he was worse, and the state of dejection in which he appeared induced his attendants to take certain precautions, which unfortunately, however, proved fruitless. They removed his pistols and his razors, but he got hold of a penknife which was in the room next his, and on Sunday night or early on Monday morning he cut his throat with it.

August 19, 1822: . . . The Marquis of Londonderry is to be buried to-morrow in Westminster Abbey. It is thought injudicious to have anything like an ostentatious funeral, considering the circumstances under which he died, but it is the particular wish of his widow. She seems to consider the respect which is paid to his remains as a sort of testimony to his character, and nothing will pacify her feelings or satisfy her affection but seeing him interred with all imaginable honours.

Castlereagh and Canning were thus a contrast of the new and the old. Indeed, in 1909, they had fought a duel, and Canning's thigh had been hospitable to Castlereagh's bullet:

September 19, 1834: . . . [Lord] Holland then resumed that he had formerly been one of Canning's most intimate friends at College; that at that time—the beginning of the French Revolution—when a general excitement prevailed, Canning was a great Jacobin, much more so than he was himself; that Canning had always hated the aristocracy (a hatred which they certainly returned with interest).

The real question was whether, holding these opinions, Canning should have sat in a Cabinet that included Castlereagh. "There is something in his letters and in his conduct," wrote Greville, on February 11, 1830, "which gives me the impression of insincerity and underhand dealing."

After Canning's death, Greville (1830) was consulted by the statesman's widow over the biography by Stapleton, his secretary, which was, she thought, "feebly written, too diluted and diffuse" (January 17) though "some parts were good." In various interviews, Lady Canning poured forth "all her feelings," sometimes for two "mortal hours" at a time, until, writes Greville, "[I] thought I should have died of it." And, groans he, bilingually, "*Que diable avais-je faire dans cette galère?* She bores me to death."

The "long rambling detail" of "an infuriated woman" which "seemed never to finish" included an endeavour to vindicate Canning's consistency. Canning, she argued, only took office with Castlereagh (January 22) "for the sake of his friends."

To the oligarchy which then governed Britain, Canning, with his wit and genius, was, however, a suspect:

January 22, 1830: . . . It is impossible to believe that he was a high-minded man, that he spurned everything that was dishonest, uncandid, and ungentlemanlike; he was not above trick and intrigue, and this was the fault of his character, which was unequal to his genius and understanding. However, notwithstanding his failings, he was the greatest man we have had for a long time, and if life had been spared to him, and opposition had not been too much for him, he would have raised our character abroad, and perhaps found remedies for our difficulties at home. What a difference between his position and that of the Duke of Wellington! Everybody is disposed to support the latter and give him unlimited credit for good intentions. The former was obliged to carry men's approbation by storm, and the moment he had failed, or been caught tripping, he would have been lost.

You never knew how Canning would take a question. On the one hand, Lady Bathurst told Greville that his "conduct" as President of the Board of Control "had been so good towards" his colleagues that (January 31, 1819) "they were very anxious to put him in some more considerable office." Yet, over Queen Caroline, the unaccountable man actually resigned.

June 16, 1820: . . . No greater proof can be given of the low estimation in which his character is held than the refusal of all parties to give him any credit for a line of conduct which could not fail to be highly disagreeable to those whom it is evidently his interest to conciliate and please.

Canning would even intrigue with the press:

"She [Lady Canning] mentioned one thing, which I own gives me a bad opinion of Canning. I asked her about his resignation after the Queen's trial. She said that he had written a letter to Lord Liverpool explanatory of his motives, and that this letter had got into the newspapers, which had exasperated the King, who had retained his resentment for a long time. . . . He had shown it to Peregrine Courtenay at that time at the India Board, who asked him if he might show it to a Mr. Campbell, and that Canning had given him leave, not knowing at the time that Campbell was the conductor of some periodical publication; that Courtenay left the letter with Campbell who

took a copy of it and published it. A dreadfully lame story, and which satisfies me that it is either not true, or that it was published with Canning's connivance; he probably wished to see it in print."

When, therefore, Castlereagh died, Canning was not only out of the Cabinet but actually nominated to be Governor General of India. Lord Liverpool, however, could not get on without him. And his "proposal to him was simple and unclogged with conditions—the Foreign Office and the lead in the House of Commons."

Ministers were thus "greatly surprised" (September 22, 1822) when Canning's answer was delayed. The reason was that the King had not forgiven Canning for his attitude toward the Queen:

September 22, 1822: . . . The King's repugnance to his coming into office was extreme, and it required all the efforts of his Ministers to surmount it. . . . The danger in which the Duke of Wellington was, sensibly affected the King, because at this moment the Duke is in high favour with him; and when he heard he was so ill he sent Knighton to him to comfort him with a promise that he would consider the proposal of receiving Canning, and the next day he signified his consent. . . . In a conversation also Lady Conyngham said that she did hope, now the King had yielded his own inclination to the wishes and advice of his Ministers, that they would behave to him better than they had done. Canning was sworn in on Monday. His friends say that he was very well received. The King told Madame de Lieven that, having consented to receive him, he had behaved to him, *as he always did*, in the most gentlemanlike manner he could, and that on delivering to him the seals, he said to him that he had been advised by his Ministers that his abilities and eloquence rendered him the only fit man to succeed to the vacancy which Lord Londonderry's death had made, and that, in appointing him to the situation, he had only to desire that he would follow the steps of his predecessor.

Welbeck, November 6, 1822: . . . When the King had consented to receive him [Canning], he wrote a letter nearly in these words to Lord Liverpool: "The King thinks that the brightest jewel in the Crown is to extend his forgiveness" (I am not sure that this was the word) "to a subject who has offended him,

and he therefore informs Lord L. that he consents to Mr. Canning forming a part of the Cabinet." This letter was communicated by Lord Liverpool to Canning and upon reading it he was indignant, as were his wife and his daughter. The consequence was that he wrote a most violent and indignant reply, addressed to the same person to whom the other letter had been addressed, and which was intended in like manner to be shown to the King as the King's letter was to him. Upon hearing what had passed, however, down came Lord Granville and Mr. Ellis in a great hurry, and used every argument to dissuade him from sending the letter, urging that he had entirely misunderstood the purport of the letter which had offended him; that it was intended as an invitation to reconciliation, and contained nothing which could have been meant as offensive; that the country would be so dissatisfied (which ardently desired and expected that he should come into office) if he rejected this overture that he would not be justified in refusing his services to the public, who so anxiously wished for them. These arguments, vehemently urged and put in every possible shape, prevailed, and the angry reply was put in the fire, and another written full of gratitude, duty, and acquiescence.

The King's exact words were "extend his grace and favour to a subject who may have incurred his displeasure."

Not that this was quite the whole story. If, as Lady Conyngham put it, "the 'dear King' . . . was more composed," it was because Canning had chosen her son to be his secretary!

At Canning's influence in the Cabinet, George IV was (July 31, 1831) "offended." Why should Lord Liverpool allow himself to be made "a puppet"? The King added—

July 31, 1831: . . . that unless he [Liverpool] could shake off this influence he was determined not to let him continue at the head of the Government, and, moreover, he must find some means of getting rid of Canning altogether.

Lord Liverpool replied—

July 31, 1831: . . . that the King had better take care what he was about, and not, by producing disunion in the Government, incur the risk of making the end of his reign as disastrous as the beginning of it had been prosperous.

As Wellington's mouthpiece, Arbuthnot thought that "Liverpool's subjection to him [Canning] rose more from fear than affection":

July 31, 1831: . . . Canning worked with a twenty-horse power; . . . his sensitiveness was such that he felt every paragraph in a newspaper that reflected on him, and that the most trifling causes produced an irritation on his mind, which was always vented on him [Lord Liverpool], and that every time the door was opened he dreaded the arrival of a packet from Canning.

Thus it was that Canning, distrusted but dazzling, entered the Foreign Office. And among his secretaries, there happened to be Greville's cousin, Lord George Bentinck, of sporting fame. With Greville, Lord George left "some anecdotes":

August 9, 1827: . . . Canning concealed nothing from Mrs. Canning. . . . When absent from Mrs. C. he wrote everything to her in the greatest detail. Canning's industry was such that he never left a moment unemployed, and such was the clearness of his head that he could address himself almost at the same time to several different subjects with perfect precision and without the least embarrassment. He wrote very fast, but not fast enough for his mind, composing much quicker than he could commit his ideas to paper. He could not bear to dictate, because nobody could write fast enough for him; but on one occasion, when he had the gout in his hand and could not write, he stood by the fire and dictated at the same time a despatch on Greek affairs to George Bentinck and one on South American politics to Howard de Walden, each writing as fast as he could, while he turned from one to the other without hesitation or embarrassment.

August 10, 1827: . . . The Duke of Wellington talked of Canning the other day a great deal at my mother's. He said his talents were astonishing, his compositions admirable, that he possessed the art of saying exactly what was necessary and passing over those topics on which it was not advisable to touch, his fertility and resources inexhaustible. He thought him the finest speaker he had ever heard; though he prided himself extremely upon his compositions, he would patiently endure any criticisms upon such papers as he submitted for the con-

sideration of the Cabinet, and would allow them to be altered in any way that was suggested; he [the Duke] particularly had often "cut and hacked" his papers, and Canning never made the least objection, but was always ready to adopt the suggestions of his colleagues. It was not so, however, in conversation and discussion. Any difference of opinion or dissent from his views threw him into ungovernable rage, and on such occasions he flew out with a violence which, the Duke said, had often compelled him to be silent that he might not be involved in bitter personal altercation. He said that Canning was usually very silent in the Cabinet, seldom spoke at all, but when he did he maintained his opinions with extraordinary tenacity. He said that he was one of the idlest of men. This I do not believe, for I have always heard that he saw everything and did everything himself. Not a despatch was received that he did not read, nor one written that he did not dictate or correct.

How Canning startled an Ambassador with a rhymed despatch is now an old story, which, however, was heard by Greville. The despatch was in cipher and contained these lines:

> In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch
> Is giving too little and asking too much;
> With equal protection the French are content:
> So we'll lay on Dutch bottoms just twenty per cent.
> *Chorus of Officers.*—We'll lay, &c.
> *Chorus of Douaniers.*—Nous frapperons Falck avec
> Twenty per cent.

He [Bagot] received the despatch at dinner, and sent it to be deciphered. After some hours they brought him word they did not know what to make of it, for it seemed to be in verse, when he at once saw there was a joke.

With the change from Castlereagh to Canning, we emerge on to the broad stage of world affairs. The Europe of 1820 was overshadowed by a Holy Alliance of Autocrats. The Holy Alliance stood for the right to intervene in any country where there might be a danger of revolution, and a test case was Spain, where King Ferdinand VII had revived the Inquisition.

At home, the Duke of Wellington was reckoned a reactionary. But even he, when contrasted with Europe, was a Liberal.

Castlereagh sent the Duke to the Council of Verona, where he discussed the situation with that mystic of the Romanoffs, the Czar Alexander I.

January 25, 1823: . . . The Duke said that the Emperor of Russia once talked to him of the practicability of marching an army into Spain, and seemed to think he might do so. The Duke said that the French Government would never allow it, when he said he could send them by sea. The Duke told him it would take 2,000 ships. One of the arguments of the Emperor of Russia was this: that constituted as their governments were (military governments) it was impossible for them to tolerate consistently with their own security any revolution which originated in military insubordination.

The Duke told the Czar that the army would have to be 150,000 men.

It was, in fact, Louis XVIII of France, a Bourbon, who intervened by force in what was then the Mexico of Europe.

Diplomacy was not only secret but tortuous. When Canning took over Castlereagh's duties as Foreign Secretary, he and Lord George Bentinck made an interesting discovery:

August 9, 1827: . . . Some time after they had been in office [after Lord Londonderry's death] they found in a drawer, which apparently had been forgotten or overlooked, some papers, which were despatches and copies of correspondence between Lord Castlereagh and Lord Stewart. These despatches were very curious, and more particularly so after his attack last year on Canning for misappropriating the secret service money, for they gave an account of his own employment of the secret service money in getting Italian witnesses for the Queen's trial. There was likewise an account of the discovery Stewart had made of the treachery of an office messenger, who had for a long time carried all his despatches to Metternich before he took them to England, and Lord Stewart says, "I tremble when I think of the risk which my despatches have incurred of coming before the House of Commons, as there were letters of Lord Londonderry's written expressly 'to throw dust in the eyes of the Parliament.'" These were his own expressions, and he said, "You will understand this and know what to say to Metternich." In fact, while Lord Castlereagh was

obliged to pretend to disapprove of the Continental system of the Holy Alliance, he secretly gave Metternich every assurance of his private concurrence, and it was not till long after Mr. Canning's accession that Metternich could be persuaded of his sincerity in opposing their views, always fancying that he was obliged to act a part as his predecessor had done to keep the House of Commons quiet.

Not only had Castlereagh spent the funds which he had accused Canning of misappropriating, but he had deliberately favoured the Holy Alliance which he had pretended to oppose. Lady Canning herself (January 17, 1830) talked to Greville "about the double-dealing of Lord Londonderry who always pretended to his colleagues that he was opposed to Metternich and his views while secretly he was encouraging him."

Canning also had his secret agents:

June 18, 1828: About the time of Canning's death Howard got hold of a large box full of confidential papers, which he took away and has not restored. They appear to be many of them very curious, but I have only as yet seen one or two. There is a long report from a secret agent (though I could not make out whether he was a secret agent of ours, or an agent of Metternich who had sold his secrets to us) in which all Metternich's proceedings about Don Miguel and Portugal are developed and by which it is clear that the Prince acted by his advice throughout, and that M. has been all along at the bottom of everything that the Queen and her partisans have been doing in that country. It is very curious. There are likewise two Police reports, one an account of Lord Londonderry's conduct and conversation in Paris in which he is severely handled, and the other a very amusing and well-written paper (but whether a report to our ambassador of the French police I could not make out) containing an account of Cradock and the Princess Bagration, of her disappointment at missing him as he went through Paris, and the other of the young Duc de Chartres' *premier amour* with Mlle. Leontine Fay.

Lord Liverpool was thus reduced to a figurehead at the stern of the ship of state. And in February, 1827, this excellent person "was seized with an apoplectic or paralytic fit," and, writes

Greville, "it was remarked how little anybody appeared to care about the *man;* whether this indifference reflects most upon the world or upon him, I do not pretend to say."

The King, however, was "in great agitation":

February 23, 1830: . . . After dinner Lady Bathurst began talking about the King, and told me one or two anecdotes. When the account of Lord Liverpool's seizure reached the King at Brighton, Peel was at the Pavilion; the King got into one of his nervous ways, and sent for him in the middle of the night, desiring he would not dress; so he went down in his bedgown and sat by the side of the King's bed. Peel has got an awkward way of thrusting out his hands while he talks, which at length provoked the King so much that he said, "Mr. Peel, it is no use going on so (taking him off) and thrusting out your hands, which is no answer to my question."

Canning was clearly the destined successor. He "does everything he can to gratify and please" his sovereign. Yet the King "does not much like Canning."

March 25, 1827: . . . He sent for Peel in the night, and told him he must see the Duke of Wellington. Peel endeavoured to dissuade him, but in vain. The Duke was sent for, but he refused to go. He sent the King word that he had nothing to say to him, and that it would not be fair to his colleagues that he should see the King at such a moment. Consequently he saw none of his Ministers till he saw Canning, who was taken to the Pavilion in a chair one day.

The Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel refused to serve under Canning. Ostensibly, their reason (January 4, 1831) was the fact that Canning believed in Catholic Emancipation. Actually, they accused him of political treachery. The story needs careful reading but it is essential to history:

Oatlands, July 31, 1831: The Arbuthnots and Mr. Loch here. I rode down after the opera last night; walked for an hour and a half with Arbuthnot under the shade of one of the great trees, talking of various old matters and some new, principally about Canning and his disputes and differences with the Duke of Wellington. He says that the Duke's principal objection to Canning was the knowledge of his having negotiated with the

Whigs previously to Lord Liverpool's illness, which was communicated to the Duke; he would not say by whom. . . . What they said was this: that finding his view so liberal, they were ready to support and join him, and in the event of his becoming Minister (on Lord Liverpool's death or resignation) that they would serve under him. Arbuthnot does not know what answer Canning sent to this, nor whether he *did* anything on it, but when on Lord Liverpool's illness Canning went to the King at Windsor, he told him that if the Tories would not consent to his being named Minister "he was sure of the Whigs," but this he entreated the King not to mention. Immediately after Canning the Duke went to the King, and to him the King directly repeated what Canning had said. The Duke told the King that he was already aware of Canning's intercourse with the Whigs, and with that knowledge that he could not consent to his being Prime Minister, as he could have no confidence in him. Shortly after this . . . Knighton . . . said he was afraid his Royal Master had done a great deal of mischief by repeating to the Duke what Canning had said.

September 23, 1834: . . . We [Greville and Lord Melbourne] afterwards talked of Canning and the Duke of Wellington, and the breaking up of the Tory Government. I told him that I believed the Duke and the Tories were aware of Canning's communications with Brougham. Brougham wrote to Canning and made him an unqualified offer of support. When the King asked Canning how he was to obtain support enough to carry on the Government, he pulled this letter out of his pocket, gave it to him, and said, "Sir, your father broke the domination of the Whigs; I hope your Majesty will not endure that of the Tories." "No," said the King; "I'll be damned if I do"; and he made him Minister. This Canning told Melbourne himself.

When, therefore, the Duke called on Canning, "they talked on a variety of matters but not a word passed about the formation of the new Ministry."

June 19, 1846: . . . The real reason why so many of Canning's colleagues refused to serve under him in 1827 was that they had a bad opinion of him, and would not trust him. They knew of his intriguing, underhand practices, and though for the sake of not breaking up the party they would have gone on with him,

some other person being head of the Government, they would not consent to his assuming that powerful and responsible post.

April 30, 1827: . . . It is not possible to imagine greater curiosity and more intense anxiety than have been exhibited during the interval. The violence and confusion of parties has been extreme—the new Ministers furious with their old colleagues, the ex-Ministers equally indignant with those they left behind them.

May 12, 1827: . . . With this arrangement Parliament met, and the rage which had been accumulating in the minds of the seceders soon burst forth in a furious attack in this provisional arrangement. The Whigs have nearly in a body joined Government, with the exception of Lord Grey in the House of Lords, who in a speech full of eloquence attacked Canning's political life and character and announced his intention of remaining neuter.

In fact, the Session of 1827 was "short and violent." And "the present state of parties" was "so extraordinary that it cannot last." Grey's onslaught against Canning "half killed him with vexation" and the new Prime Minister "meant to have moved into the House of Lords for the express purpose of attacking Earl Grey."

To the King's "ease and comfort," Canning was ready, as hitherto, to make his contribution. His Majesty, "desirous of living a quiet life and disposing of all patronage," to whom "public measures and public men are equally indifferent," must be kept "in very good health and excellent spirits." And at jobbery, Canning did not flinch. "His first measure" was "very judicious." Just as he had given an appointment to a Conyngham and so become Foreign Secretary, so did he, on entering Downing Street as Prime Minister, select as his Lord High Admiral none other than the Duke of Clarence, the King's brother, afterwards King William IV. "Nothing served so much to disconcert his opponents."

It was immediately after taking office that Canning was "swept away." On June 17, 1827, Greville saw him at the Pavilion in Brighton where he was very well received by his Majesty but "looked dreadfully ill." The trouble was "lumbago," and when the King noticed it Canning "replied that 'he

did not know what was the matter with him, but that he was ill all over.'"

August 9, 1827: . . . Nothing could exceed the consternation caused by the announcement of his danger and the despair of his colleagues. From the first there was no hope. He was aware of his danger, and said, "It is hard upon the King to have to fight the battle over again."

We read (January 7, 1830) that "in order to put an affront on the memory of Canning," Wellington sent Lord Stuart de Rothesay as Ambassador to Paris. By a most unfortunate mischance, "the Ambassador was found out smuggling again and the Government are very anxious to get him" home again.

As the tempest of Reform broke over England, Greville wrote:

August 11, 1831: . . . God knows how it will end. There has been one man for many years past able to arrest this torrent, and that was Canning; and him the Tories—idiots that they were and never discovering that he was their best friend—hunted to death with their besotted and ignorant hostility.

CHAPTER XIV

THE WHITE HORSE IN WHITEHALL

In Great Britain, there are three great families which history has never appreciated. They are the Browns, the Joneses, and the Robinsons.

September 7, 1834: . . . When Sir Thomas Robinson had been boring the House on some commercial question, and introduced the word "sugar" so often that there was at last a laugh as often as he did so, Chatham, then Mr. Pitt, who had put him up, grew very angry, and at last his wrath boiled over. When Robinson sat down Pitt rose, and with a tone and manner of the utmost indignation began, "Mr. Speaker, sir—sugar—I say sugar. Who laughs now?" and nobody did laugh.

Educated at Harrow and Cambridge, Frederick John Robinson—another of the dynasty—(February 12, 1826) was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and, on the Budget, "made a very bad speech." He was "a fair and candid man, and an excellent minister in days of calm and sunshine, but not endowed with either capacity or experience for these stormy times, besides being disqualified for vigorous measures by the remissness and timidity of his character." So he was sent to the House of Lords and made a Viscount. Robinson thus became Goderich, which sounded better.

When Canning died, it was to Goderich—"the transient and embarrassed phantom," as Disraeli described him—that the King turned for a Prime Minister. But there were worries. Over the solemnities of office, great and good men in those days were apt to be jealous.

On August 20, 1827, Greville tells us that the Council at Windsor Castle produced "a very curious scene." The King wanted the Chancellor of the Exchequer to be a certain John Charles Herries who "had ingratiated himself by transacting some of his pecuniary business, and getting odds and ends for

him out of *droits*, &c." "When the King named him, Goderich [the Prime Minister] made no objection," and the happy Herries "walked round the Castle," discussing whether £10,000 or £15,000 was to be spent on "the elevation of the Round Tower." But the Whigs "object to the King taking upon himself to nominate the members of the Government without consulting his Ministers"; and Herries, who "felt himself very ill-treated" and was "nettled by the attacks on him in the newspapers," had to be content with the Mastership of the Mint.

The Viscountess Goderich, formerly Robinson, was a little exacting:

February 23, 1830: The other [anecdote] was about Goderich, who in the midst of all the squabbles which preceded the breaking up of his administration went whining to the King and said "Your Majesty don't know what vexation I have at home, with my wife's ill health, etc." The King telling the story said, "G—— d—— the fellow, what did he bother me about his wife for? I didn't want to hear all his stories about her health."

Lady Goderich was a principal cause of all his follies, she never left him any repose, sent for him twenty times a day, even from the midst of the Cabinets, and he was weak and silly enough to give way to her fancies, for she had persuaded him that she should die if she was thwarted, which would have been the best thing that could have happened to him, for she is ridiculous, capricious and tiresome, though she does not want for cleverness and was a sort of fortune.

Goderich and his Cabinet thus collapsed. But in various offices, he was still conspicuous:

June 28, 1833: Poor Goderich broke down in a lamentable way on the Slavery question. He was treated with great tenderness and kindness by the opposition, much more than by his own friends, who gave him no comfort and support. Nobody seemed so much astonished as himself, but he was in a false position and not riding his own horse.

This most dispensable of Ministers had been asked to surrender the Colonial Secretaryship to somebody else. However, it all worked out for the best:

March 30, 1833: . . . I have heard to-night the Goderich version of his late translation. He had agreed to remain in the Cabinet without an office, but Lord Grey insisted on his taking the Privy Seal, and threatened to resign if he did not; he was at last *bullied* into acquiescence, and when he had his audience of the King his Majesty offered him anything he had to give. He said he had made the sacrifice to please and serve him, and would take nothing. An earldom—he refused; the Bath—ditto; *the Garter*—that he said he would take. It was then discovered that he was not of rank sufficient, when he said he would take the earldom in order to qualify himself for the Garter, and so it stands. There is no Garter vacant, and one supernumerary already, and Castlereagh and Lord North, viscounts, and Sir Robert Walpole (all Commoners) had blue ribbands!

Frederick John Robinson, Viscount Goderich, thus became Earl of Ripon and Knight of the Garter, which sounded better than ever. His son was created a marquis. And that was best of all. The titles are now alas extinct, and only the rest of the Robinson family is left.

With Goderich obliterated, the King appealed to the Duke of Wellington. "We have now got a Tory Government," wrote Greville, "and all that remained of Canning's party are gone."

Between Wellington as Prime Minister and Washington as President, there may be discerned an obvious parallel. Both men, trained as soldiers, came to be statesmen. Each could be described as "first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen."

February 13, 1830: . . . I was sitting by Robert Grant on the steps of the throne, and said to him, "That is a good speech of the Duke's," and he said, "He speaks like a great man"; and so he did; it was bold and manly, and a high tone, not like a practised debater, but a man with a vigorous mind and determined character.

The Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst (June 29, 1828) found the Duke to be "a good man to do business with, quick and intelligent."

September 18, 1852: . . . In spite of some foibles and faults, he was, beyond all doubt, a very great man—the only great man of the present time—and comparable, in point of greatness, to the most eminent of those who have lived before him. His greatness was the result of a few striking qualities—a perfect simplicity of character without a particle of vanity or conceit, but with a thorough and strenuous self-reliance, a severe truthfulness, never misled by fancy or exaggeration, and an ever-abiding sense of duty and obligation which made him the humblest of citizens and most obedient of subjects. The Crown never possessed a more faithful, devoted, and disinterested subject. Without personal attachment to any of the monarchs whom he served, and fully understanding and appreciating their individual merits and demerits, he alike reverenced their great office in the persons of each of them, and would at any time have sacrificed his ease, his fortune, or his life, to serve the Sovereign and the State. Passing almost his whole life in command and authority, and regarded with universal deference and submission, his head was never turned by the exalted position he occupied, and there was no duty, however humble, he would not have been ready to undertake at the bidding of his lawful superiors, whose behests he would never have hesitated to obey. Notwithstanding his age and his diminished strength, he would most assuredly have gone anywhere and have accepted any post in which his personal assistance might have been essential to the safety or advantage of the realm. He had more pride in obeying than in commanding, and he never for a moment considered that his great position and elevation above all other subjects released him from the same obligation which the humblest of them acknowledged. He was utterly devoid of personal and selfish ambition, and there never was a man whose greatness was so *thrust* upon him. It was in this dispassionate unselfishness, and sense of duty and moral obligation, that he was so superior to Napoleon Bonaparte, who, with more genius and fertility of invention, was the slave of his own passions, unacquainted with moral restraint, indifferent to the well-being and happiness of his fellow creatures; and who in pursuit of any objects at which his mind grasped trampled under foot without remorse or pity all divine and human laws, and bore down every obstacle and scorned every consideration which opposed them-

selves to his absolute and despotic will. The Duke was a good-natured, but not an amiable man; he had no tenderness in his disposition, and never evinced much affection for any of his relations. His nature was hard, and he does not appear to have had any real affection for anybody, man or woman, during the latter years of his life, since the death of Mrs. Arbuthnot, to whom he probably was attached, and in whom he certainly confided. Domestic enjoyment he never possessed, and, as his wife was intolerable to him, though he always kept on decent terms with her, at least, ostensibly, he sought the pleasure of women's society in a variety of capricious *liaisons*, from which his age took off all scandal: these he took up or laid aside and changed as fancy and inclination prompted him. His intimate friends and adherents used to smile at these senile *engouements*, but sometimes had to regret the ridicule to which they would have exposed him if a general reverence and regard had not made him a privileged person, and permitted him to do what no other man could have done with impunity. In his younger days he was extremely addicted to gallantry, and had great success with women, of whom one in Spain gained great influence over him, and his passion for whom very nearly involved him in serious difficulties. His other ladies did little more than amuse his idle hours and subserve his social habits, and with most of them his *liaisons* were certainly very innocent. He had been very fond of Grassini, and the successful lover of some women of fashion, whose weaknesses have never been known, though perhaps suspected. These habits of female intimacy and gossip led him to take a great interest in a thousand petty affairs, in which he delighted to be mixed up and consulted. He was always ready to enter into any personal matters, intrigues, or quarrels, political or social difficulties, and to give his advice, which generally (though not invariably) was very sound and good. His position was eminently singular and exceptional, something between the Royal Family and other subjects. He was treated with greater respect than any individual not of Royal birth, and the whole Royal Family admitted him to a peculiar and exclusive familiarity and intimacy in their intercourse with him, which, while he took it in the easiest manner, and as if naturally due to him, he never abused or presumed upon. No man was more respectful or deferential towards the Sovereign

and other Royal personages, but at the same time he always gave them his opinions and counsels with perfect frankness and sincerity, and never condescended to modify them to suit their prejudices or wishes. Upon every occasion of difficulty, public or private, he was always appealed to, and he was always ready to come forward and give his assistance and advice in his characteristic, plain, and straightforward manner. If he had written his own memoirs, he might have given to the world the most curious history of his own times that ever was composed, but he was the last man to deal in autobiography. One of his peculiarities was never to tell anybody where he was going, and when my brother [his secretary] or his own sons wished to be acquainted with his intentions, they were obliged to apply to the housekeeper, to whom he was in the habit of making them known, and nobody ever dared to ask him any questions on the subject. He was profuse but careless and indiscriminating in his charities, and consequently he was continually imposed upon, especially by people who pretended to have served under him, or to be the descendants or connexions of those who had, and it was very difficult to restrain his disposition to send money to every applicant who approached him under that pretence. Partly from a lofty feeling of independence and disinterestedness, and partly from indifference, he was a very bad patron to his relations and adherents, and never would make any applications for their benefit. The consequence was that he was not an object of affection, even to those who looked up to him with profound veneration and respect. He held popularity in great contempt, and never seemed touched or pleased at the manifestations of popular admiration and attachment of which he was the object. Whenever he appeared in public he was always surrounded by crowds of people, and when he walked abroad everybody who met him saluted him; but he never seemed to notice the curiosity or the civilities which his presence elicited.

Wellington was thus a great man who was good in parts:

March 19, 1829: . . . Lady Worcester told me to-day what adds to many proofs that the Duke is a very *hard* man; he takes no notice of any of his family; he never sees his mother, had only visited her two or three times in the last few years; and

has not now been to see Lady Anne, though she has been in such affliction for the death of her only son, and he passes her door every time he goes to Strathfieldsaye

The Right Hon. Charles Arbuthnot, known to his friends as "Gosh," was an entirely complacent husband.

Brighton, August 5, 1850: . . . The Duke told him, and talked to him, about everything, and on the other hand, all who wanted to approach the Duke for whatever purpose, communicated through Arbuthnot. . . . He had in fact a somewhat singular and exceptional position; much liked, much trusted, continually consulted and employed, with no enemies and innumerable friends. . . . After the death of his wife he lived at Apsley House when in London, and during a great part of the rest of the year with the Duke at Walmer and Strathfieldsaye, and he went hardly at all into the world.

He would discuss with Greville (October 25, 1830) "the success of the Duke of Wellington's administration" and declared that "*he* [Arbuthnot] never concealed from him [the Duke] disagreeable truths—on the contrary, told him everything." Arbuthnot was, indeed, the Duke's mouthpiece. Yet over Mrs. Arbuthnot there was no misunderstanding:

August 5, 1834: . . . On coming to town yesterday I heard of another death, Mrs. Arbuthnot, after a short illness. As the Duke of Wellington's mistress she was rather remarkable. The Duke of Wellington, with whom she had lived in the most intimate relations for many years, evinced a good deal of feeling, but he is accused of insensibility because he had the good taste and sense to smooth his brow and go to the House of Lords with a cheerful aspect. She was not a clever woman, but she was neither dull nor deficient, and very prudent and silent.

Still, the conventions had to be observed:

September 16, 1829: . . . The *Morning Journal* threatens to attack his [the Duke of Wellington's] character which if it does he will be put in a dilemma, for should his *history* be hinted at, he cannot repel this attack without making an affidavit, which it would be rather awkward for him to do.

September 23, 1829: . . . He [the Duke of Wellington] was with Chesterfield who was to have had a large party of women, Mrs.

Fox and Mrs. Arbuthnot of the number, the latter, however, and some others he had invited sent excuses a few days before the races, so Mrs. Fox could not go and they were furious, but I think the Duke very likely advised Mrs. A. not to go, and he evidently is very glad they were none of them there, for he said, "We should have been mobbed I believe if they had come, and it is very lucky for her [Fox] that she was not there." It would have been rather indecent, after all, to have exhibited these ladies, so notorious as they are, before the whole county of York.

When Chesterfield settled down to mere matrimony, there had to be explanations:

October 25, 1830: . . . All interest, however, was absorbed in the loves of Chesterfield and Anne Forester, and George Anson and Isabella. The last night the former proposed and at the same time asked me to go to London and break the intelligence to Mrs. Fox. Accordingly I travelled up all night, and in the morning went and told her. I was with her three hours, in the course of which she cried a good deal, laughed a little and talked incessantly, was full of rage, despair and wrath, partly tragical and partly comical. She must have had a shrewd idea that he had ceased to care about her, though she says not, but she certainly was not prepared for this sudden and irrevocable overthrow. George Forester was in an agony for fear she should be greatly vexed, and his feelings together with the whole story would make a romance.

Greville steadied his nerves by proceeding to Newmarket where there were "few people and bad sport" and he lost £400.

CHAPTER XV

DISPOSING OF DEITY

At first sight, you would hardly suppose that the England of George IV would have been interested greatly in religion. Even churchgoing was not yet universal.

February 13, 1829: . . . I read a curious thing in the newspapers to-day. In the Common Council a sum is asked for the maintenance of floating chapels on the Thames. Somebody asks why the Sailors don't go to some of the churches on shore. The reply was that nothing will induce them to go there, and that they will attend divine service on their own element or not at all.

Greville himself (March 14, 1847) did not "pretend to define the attributes nor to pass judgment on the counsels of God":

April 2, 1847: . . . I believe in God, who has given us in the wonders of creation irresistible—to my mind at least irresistible—evidence of His existence. All other evidences offered by men claiming to have divine legations and authority, are, to me, imperfect and inconclusive. To the will of God I submit myself with implicit resignation. I try to find out the truth, and the best conclusions at which my mind can arrive are really *truth* to me.

Lord Holland also was "an equable philosopher":

December 31, 1840: . . . The truth is social qualities—merely social and intellectual—are not those which inspire affection. A man may be steeped in faults and vices, nay, in odious qualities, and yet be the object of passionate attachment, if he is only what the Italians term "*simpatico.*"

Toward religion, Holland House was thus distantly polite:

April 14, 1843: . . . It was not . . . the custom . . . to discuss religious subjects, except rarely and incidentally. Everybody knew that the House was sceptical, none of them ever thought of going to church, and they went on as if there was no such thing

as religion. But there was no danger of the most devout person being shocked or offended by any unseemly controversy, by any mockery, or insult offered to their feelings and convictions. Amongst the innumerable friends and habitual guests of the House were many clergymen, very sincere and orthodox, and many persons of both sexes entertaining avowedly the strongest religious opinions, amongst them Miss Fox, Lord Holland's sister, and his daughter, Lady Lilford.

December 24, 1838: . . . Lord Holland gave me an account of Fox's death, with all the details of the operations (he was thrice tapped), and his behaviour; and till then I was not entirely aware that Fox was no believer in religion. Mrs. Fox was very anxious to have prayers read, to which he consented, but paid little attention to the ceremony, remaining quiescent merely, not liking, as Lord Holland said, to refuse any wish of hers, nor to pretend any sentiments he did not entertain.

An *habitué* of the House was John Allen, the "universal sceptic":

Good Friday, April 14, 1843: . . . He used for a long time in derision to be called "Lady Holland's Atheist," and in point of fact I do not know whether he believed in the existence of a First Cause, or whether, like Dupuis, he regarded the world as *l'univers Dieu*. Though not, I think, feeling quite certain on the point, he was inclined to believe that the history of Jesus Christ was altogether fabulous or mythical, and that no such man had ever existed. He told me he could not get over the total silence of Josephus as to the existence and history of Christ.

September 19, 1834: . . . After dinner we had much talk about religion, when Allen got into a fury; he thundered out his invectives against the *charlatanerie* of the Apostles and Fathers and the brutal ignorance of the early Christian converts, when Holland said, laughing, "Well, but you need not abuse them so violently."

But the mere fact that people were often sceptical did not prevent them devoting their time to theology. Melbourne himself, though a Prime Minister, was of an ecclesiastical temper:

December 16, 1835: . . . Being a very good Greek scholar, [he] has compared the Evidences and all modern theological works with the writings of the Fathers. He [Allen] did not believe that Melbourne entertained *any doubts*, or that his mind was at all distracted and perplexed with much thinking and much reading on the subject, but that his studies and reflections have led him to a perfect *conviction* of unbelief.

September 7, 1834: . . . After dinner there was much talk of the Church, and Allen spoke of the early reformers, the Catharists, and how the early Christians persecuted each other; Melbourne quoted Vigilantius's letter to Jerome, and then asked Allen about the 11th of Henry IV, an Act passed by the Commons against the Church, and referred to the dialogue between the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely at the beginning of Shakespeare's *Henry V*, which Lord Holland sent for and read, Melbourne knowing it all by heart and prompting all the time.

September 13, 1834: . . . Melbourne swore that Henry VIII was the greatest man who ever lived, and Allen declared if he had not married Ann Boleyn we should have continued Catholics to this day, both of which assertions I ventured to dispute. . . . Melbourne loves dashing opinions.

In the Eighteenth Century, the argument for a historic Christ had been simple:

September 5, 1829: . . . Windham [whose journals had been published] told Johnson that he regretted having omitted to talk to him of the most important of all subjects on which he had often doubted. Johnson said, "You mean natural and revealed religion," and added that the historical evidences of Christianity were so strong that it was not possible to doubt its truth, that we had not so much evidence that Cæsar died in the Capitol as that Christ died in the manner related in the Bible; that three out of four of the Evangelists died in attestation of their evidence, that the same evidence would be considered irresistible in any ordinary historical case.

November 21, 1829: . . . Clifden is a very odd man, shrewd and well informed, and somewhat sarcastic, but very gay and good-humoured, fond of society and the *Times* newspaper, a great enemy to the Church, and chuckles over its alarms and its

dangers, but I was amused with a comical contradiction. Somebody told a story about an erratum in an Irish paper, which said that such a one had abjured the errors of the Romish Church and embraced those of the Protestant, at which he was greatly diverted, and said, "That is just what I should have said myself"; and to-day after dinner, all of a sudden, he said grace (he says grace on Sunday only).

In others besides himself, Greville could appreciate a piety if evidently it was genuine. Of old Thomas Greville, he wrote:

December 19, 1846: . . . He was a philosopher, a gentleman, and a Christian, and he lived in constant social intercourse with the relations to whom he was attached, or the friends of his predilection, to all of whom he was an object of the deepest respect and affection. A life so tranquil and prosperous was terminated by a death no less easy and serene; his indisposition was not such as to interfere with his usual habits; he rose at his accustomed hour and dressed himself to the last, even on the day of his death. He had always a book, latterly the Prayer Book, before him, and his mind was undisturbed and unclouded. He dined and went to sleep in his chair, and from that sleep he never awoke.

Of religion, death beds were the test. About his aunt he wrote:

November 14, 1843: . . . For the last two years she was afflicted with a cancer, and under the exhaustion produced by this disease she at last sank. She died full of devout sentiments, and uttering that language, at once self-accusing, humble, and grateful, which the orthodox forms of religion indiscriminately prescribe. God only can judge how far they are sincere.

As specimens of humanity, clergy were interesting:

June 1, 1838: . . . I dined yesterday at Lambeth, at the Archbishop's public dinner, the handsomest entertainment I ever saw. There were nearly a hundred people present, all full dressed or in uniform. Nothing can be more dignified and splendid than the whole arrangement, and the dinner was well served and very good. The Archbishop is a very meek and quiet man, not dignified, but very civil and attentive. It is excessively well worth seeing.

March 31, 1847: . . . I met the Archbishop of Dublin, Whately, at dinner yesterday at Raikes Currie's. I don't think him at all agreeable; he has a skimble-skamble way of talking as if he was half tipsy, and the stories he tells are abominably long and greatly deficient in point.

December 9, 1833: Went yesterday with Frederic Elliott and Luttrell to hear Fox, a celebrated Unitarian preacher, at a chapel in South Place, Finsbury Square. He is very short and thick, dark hair, black eyes, and a countenance intelligent though by no means handsome; his voice is not strong, and his articulation imperfect, he cannot pronounce the s. His sermon was, however, admirable, and amply repaid us for the trouble of going so far. He read the whole of it, the language was beautiful, the argument clear and unembarrassed, the reasoning powerful, and there were occasionally passages of great eloquence. The conclusion, which was a sort of invocation to the Deity, was very fine. I like the simplicity of the service: hymns, a prayer, and the sermon, still I think a short liturgy preferable —our own, much abbreviated, would be the best.

CHAPTER XVI

CATHOLICS OR CITIZENS

CANNING was dead and buried, thank God. And the Die-Hards could damn him with impunity. Over the Duke, as Prime Minister, they displayed an "extravagant and unconcealed joy." The Duke was the Darling of the Die-Hards. He was not a man who stands any nonsense like religious equality.

The leading Die-Hard was "that hard-bitten old dog," Lord Eldon, who (January 23, 1838) "was still venerated by the dregs of that party to whom consistent bigotry and intolerance are dear":

January 23, 1838: . . . Like his more brilliant brother, Lord Stowell, he was the artificer of his own fortune, and few men ever ran a course of more unchequered prosperity. As a politician, he appears to have been consistent throughout, and to have offered a determined and uniform opposition to every measure of a Liberal description. He knew of no principles but those (if they merit the name of principles) of the narrowest Toryism and of High Church, and as soon as more enlarged and enlightened views began to obtain ascendency, he quitted (and for ever) public life. I suppose he was a very great lawyer, but he was certainly a contemptible statesman. He was a very cheerful good-natured old man, loving to talk, and telling anecdotes with considerable humour and point. I remember very often during the many tedious hours the Prince Regent kept the Lords of the Council waiting at Carlton House, that the Chancellor used to beguile the time with amusing stories of his early professional life, and anecdotes of celebrated lawyers which he told extremely well. He lived long enough to see the overthrow of the system of which he had been one of the most strenuous supporters, the triumph of all the principles which he dreaded and abhorred, and the elevation of all the men to whom, through life, he had been most adverse, both personally and politically. He little expected in 1820, when he was presiding at

Queen Caroline's trial, that he should live to see her Attorney General [Brougham] on the Woolsack, and her Solicitor General [Denman] Chief Justice of England.

Of Eldon's legal qualifications, there were various estimates:

January 18, 1845: . . . One, for example, which struck me was the concurrent opinion of Parke and Rolfe (both, it may be presumed, competent judges) of Eldon's value as a great lawyer and Chancellor. They rate it astonishingly low, and think that he did nothing for the law and for the establishment of great legal principles, which surprised me.

December 6, 1833: . . . The other day, in the action which Dicas brought against the Chancellor for false imprisonment, Lord Eldon was subpœnaed, and he appeared to give evidence; when he entered the Court, while he was examined, and when he departed, the whole Bar stood up, and the Solicitor General *harangued* him, expressed in the name of his brethren the satisfaction they felt at seeing him once more among them. There is something affecting in these reverential testimonials to a man from whom power has passed away, and who is just descending into the grave, and I doubt if at the close of his career of trickery and charlatanism, Brougham will ever obtain the same.

It was Eldon, then, who at the Pitt dinner (June 12, 1828) toasted the Duke as Prime Minister and "gave one more cheer for the Protestant Ascendancy."

"The Catholic question" (July 22, 1822) was simple. In 1800, William Pitt had forced on Ireland a definite bargain. She was to lose her Parliament. But she was to win the right of Romanists to be elected to the Parliament in London.

Never was a pledge from nation to nation stated in terms more explicit. But it was treated as a scrap of paper. Ireland submitted to Union; she was denied Emancipation. And the reason was King George III:

March 8, 1829: . . . He [Lord Harrowby] said that Lord Eldon had asserted that Mr. Pitt's opinions had been changed on this question, which was entirely false, for he had been much more intimate with Mr. Pitt than Lord Eldon ever was, and had

repeatedly discussed the question with him, and had never found the slightest alteration in his sentiments. He had deprecated bringing it on because at that moment he was convinced that it would have driven the King mad and raised a prodigious ferment in England.

In Mrs. Fitzherbert, King George IV, though himself a Protestant of Protestants, had married a Catholic. And Mount Charles said that his mother Lady Conyngham also had "strong opinions in favour of the Catholics." But "she never talks to the King on the subject, nor indeed upon politics at all." After all, Lady Conyngham's politics were simple. She got whatever she wanted for herself. And (January 4, 1831) the King's "great anxiety was not to be annoyed with the discussion of the question."

Canning, though a Tory, had favoured Catholic Emancipation—that was his iniquity. And even after he had been appointed Prime Minister, King George "saw his Ministers *seriatim*"—"wavered and doubted, and to his confidants, with whom he could bluster and talk big, . . . expressed in no measured terms his detestation of Liberal principles and"—note the emphasis—"especially of Catholic Emancipation." Canning had thus to decide whether he is to be only "nominally Prime Minister" or hold an appointment that will be "unconditional and unfettered." Over Canning, the King (April 13, 1827) was "irresolute and uncertain" and it was "the advice and influence of his physician (Sir William Knighton)" that "induced" him "to nominate a man whose principles and opinions he dislikes."

There was, indeed, a rumour that Canning only took office on condition that he left the Catholic question alone. Greville denies this:

Roehampton, January 4, 1831: . . . I read the long minute of Canning's conversation with the King ten days before his Majesty put the formation of the Administration in his hands. They both appear to have been explicit enough. The King went through his whole life, and talked for two hours and a half particularly about the Catholic Question, on which he said he had always entertained the same opinions—the same as those of George III and the Duke of York—and that with the speech of the latter he entirely concurred, except in the "so

help me God" at the end, which he thought unnecessary. He said *he* had wished the Coronation Oath to be altered, and had proposed it to Lord Liverpool. In the course of the discussion Canning . . . thought the King would better consult his own ease by retaining him in office without any pledge, relying on his desire above all things to consult his Majesty's ease and comfort. He said among other things that, though leader of the House of Commons, he had never had any patronage placed at his disposal, nor a single place to give away.

About Wellington's Toryism, there could be no question. He had always supported the Georges and their Protestant Ascendancy. And assurance was made doubly sure because, in the House of Commons, the Duke's Home Secretary was Sir Robert Peel. So firm a Protestant was he that, as recently as 1827, he had refused to enter Canning's Cabinet. "There was a letter from Peel," wrote Greville on January 2, 1831, "declining entirely on the ground of objecting to a pro-Catholic Premier."

As a follower of Canning, Greville was himself convinced that the wrong to Ireland must be put right. "The march of time," he wrote on June 18, 1828, "and the state of Ireland will effect it in spite of everything, and its slow but continual advance can neither be retarded by its enemies nor accelerated by its friends."

Even with the Tories in office, there began to be, therefore, a certain misgiving among good men over the Protestant Ascendancy.

On July 18, 1828, the Duke himself discussed the Catholic Question in a speech which "was considered by many to have been so moderate as to indicate a disposition on his part to concede Emancipation, and bets have been laid that Catholics will sit in Parliament next year." A Canning-ite like Frankland Lewis, father of Sir George Cornewall Lewis, who, believing in Emancipation had "refused the Irish Secretaryship, said that after that speech he regretted his refusal and would be glad to take it, and now he wants to join the Government again." Indeed, the "scruples" of other men were "removed" by such interpretation of the speech. And they also would like to join the Government.

It was (August 16) "strongly reported that Peel will resign,

that the Duke means to concede the Catholic Question and to negotiate a *concordat* with the Pope." Yet as a matter of history, Peel already had written a confidential letter to the Duke "stating his reluctant conviction that it was indispensably necessary for the Government to change its policy on the Catholic Question." Alas for political consistency, the Pillar of Protestantism had fallen prostrate and without a sound Peel had surrendered.

July 6, 1850: . . . To change the whole mind of Peel and bring about an abandonment of his long-continued policy, something more was required than the accustomed signs of agitation, parliamentary debates chequered by alternate victory and defeat, and the accumulated power of eloquent speeches and able writings. At length the crash came by which the moral revolution was affected. The Clare election [returning O'Connell] did what reason, and eloquence, and authority had failed to do. The Duke of Wellington and Peel simultaneously determined to strike their colours, to abandon a cause which they had sustained at great risks and by enormous sacrifices, and to carry out the measure which their whole lives had been spent in opposing, and which they had denounced as incompatible with the safety of the country. Historical justice demands that a large deduction should be made from Peel's reputation as a statesman and a patriot on account of his conduct through the last twelve years of the Catholic contest.

Various kites were flown. On August 18th, there happened to be the "Prentice Boy" Commemoration at Derry in Ireland. The orator whose only importance was and is that he happened to be Peel's brother-in-law, was a politician called Dawson. Yet he flirted with the forbidden thing:

August 22, 1828: . . . The rage and fury of the Orangemen there and of the Orange press here are boundless, and the violence and scurrility of their abuse are the more absurd because Dawson only described in glowing colours, and certainly without reserve, the actual state of Ireland, but did not argue the question at all further than leaving on his hearers the inevitable inference that he thought the time for granting emancipation was come. The truth is that the conversion of one of the most violent anti-Catholics must strike everybody as a strong argument in favour of the measure, and they know not by how

many and by whom his example may be followed. The Orangemen are moving heaven and earth to create disturbances, and their impotent fury shows how low their cause is sunk. The Catholics, on the contrary, are temperate and calm, from confidence in their strength and the progressive advance of their course.

The Duke wrote, "Dawson's speech is too bad. Surely a man who does such things should be put in a strait waistcoat."

After all, great generals are not always so simple as they seem. Lady Cowper (afterward Palmerston) often told Greville about "the insincerity and want of truth of the Duke." There was, for instance, a correspondence over Portugal by which the Duke "had been repeatedly warned of everything that would take place." Yet:

November 29, 1828: . . . When Canning came over in conversation with him one day he alluded to something and said, "Cadaval has already informed you of this." The other was extremely angry and said, "What do you mean? I have never had any communication with him, direct or indirect." For some time after there was a coolness between them.

Over the decision to emancipate the Catholics (March 19, 1829), the Duke "did nothing but keep the secret." Silence was his statesmanship to "throw dust in the eyes."

Even on August 25th, Greville had no inkling of what had really happened but only wrote that the King "gave the Chancellor a long audience, and another to Peel, probably to talk over Dawson's speech and Orange politics."

November 25, 1828: . . . Yesterday I went to the Council at Windsor. The Duke of Wellington did not arrive until late, and before he was come the King sent for Peel and gave him an audience of two hours at least. I thought there must be something in the wind, and was struck with Peel's taking the Duke into one of the window recesses and talking to him very earnestly as soon as he came out. . . . The former [Henry de Ros] made me go with him in his carriage, when he told me what fully explained the cause of Peel's long audience—that the Duke has at last made up his mind to carry the Catholic Question.

And even then Greville jumped to the wrong conclusion that "Peel and the rest of the anti-Catholics are going out." His betrayal of the Protestants was incredible:

February 5, 1829: Went to Brookes' yesterday and found all the Whigs very merry at the Catholic news. Most of them were just come to town and had heard nothing till they arrived. The old Tories dreadfully dejected, but obliged to own it was all true; intense curiosity to hear what Peel will say for himself. The general opinion seems to be that the Duke has managed the matter extremely well, which I am disposed to think too, but there is always a disposition to heap praise upon him whenever it is possible. Nobody yet knows who are converted and who are not; they talk of nine bishops; I think he will have them all, and I expect a very great majority in the House of Lords, many people expect that Wilmot's plan will be adopted, restraining the Catholics from voting in matters concerning the Church, which I do not believe, for Wilmot is at a discount and his plan is absurd and impracticable.

February 22, 1829: . . . The English of this is (what everybody knew), that he [the Duke] dictates to his Cabinet. . . . Extraordinary circumstances . . . have raised him to a situation higher than any subject has attained in modern times. That his great influence is indispensable to carry this question, and therefore most useful at this time, cannot be doubted, for he can address the King in a style which no other Minister could adopt. He treats with him as with an equal, and the King stands completely in awe of him. . . . The greatest Ministers have been obliged to bend to the King,or the aristocracy, or the Commons, but he commands them all.

The Duke was, in fact, accused of seeking the supreme sovereignty:

September 23, 1829: . . . The whole press has risen up in arms against the Duke's prosecution of the *Morning Journal*, which appears to me, though many people think he is right, a great act of weakness and passion. How can such a man suffer by the attacks of such a paper, and by such attacks, the sublime of the ridiculous?—"that he is aiming at the Crown, but *we* shall take care that he does not succeed in this." The idea of the Duke of Wellington seeking to make himself King, and his ambition

successfully resisted by the editor of a newspaper, "flogs" any scene in the "Rehearsal."

December 23, 1829: . . . The result of the trials proves the egregious folly of having ever brought them on, especially the Duke's. One of the verdicts is, as far as he is concerned, an acquittal; the author showed himself to be so contemptible that he had better have been treated with indifference. He has been converted into a sort of martyr.

As a member for Oxford, Peel felt it to be his duty to submit his name for reëlection. In those academic groves, we might expect that erudition would have risen superior to the passions of a half-mad monarch and an illiterate mob. But, writes Greville, "the Convocation presents a most disgraceful scene of riot and uproar." Of sanity as a result of scholarship, the only symptom was Dr. Russell, Headmaster of the Charterhouse, who, in one of the Committee rooms, was quietly "correcting his boy's exercises." "An immense number of parsons came to vote" who "behaved so abominably" that Peel was defeated by a nonentity. Another seat was found for Peel and, writes Greville, "the University of Oxford should have been there [the House of Commons] in a body to hear the member they have rejected and him whom they have chosen in his place."

Greville adds that "the Duke of Newcastle gave £4,000 and Lord Eldon £1,000, to defray the expenses of the election," which money, he adds, was not, apparently, spent.

March 4, 1829: . . . They all seem to think that the Oxford election has been attended with most prejudicial effects to the cause. It has served for an argument to the Cumberland faction with the King, and has influenced his Majesty very much.

In the House of Commons, the battle, however fierce, could only end in victory. Peel's speech on the bill was four hours long and "said to be by far the best he has ever made. It is full of his never-failing fault, egotism, but certainly very able, plain, clear, and statesmanlike, and the peroration very eloquent. . . . The House was crammed to suffocation and the lobby likewise. The cheering was loud and frequent, and often burst upon the listener outside."

In the House of Commons, however, there is always to be

found a champion of lost causes. Over Emancipation and over Reform, it was Sir Charles Wetherell who played this part:

March 21, 1829, at night: . . . The anti-Catholic papers and men lavish the most extravagant encomiums on Wetherell's speech, and call it "the finest oration ever delivered in the House of Commons," "the best since the second Philippic." He was drunk, they say. The Speaker said, "the only lucid interval he had was that between his waistcoat and his breeches." When he speaks he unbuttons his braces, and in his vehement action his breeches fall down and his waistcoat runs up, so that there is a great interregnum. He is half mad, eccentric, ingenious, with great and varied information and a coarse, vulgar mind, delighting in ribaldry and abuse, besides being an enthusiast.

Even in the Lords, the Duke was carrying the day. "Every day the majority" of peers "promises to be greater" and "it is very ridiculous to see the faces many of these Tory Lords make at swallowing the bitter pill. . . . If Canning had lived, God knows what would have happened, for they never would have turned round for him as they are now about to do for the Duke. . . . All this has given a blow to the aristocracy, which men only laugh at now, but of which the effects will be felt some day or other. Who will have any dependence hereafter on the steadiness and consistency of public men, and what credit will be given to professions and declarations? I am glad to see them dragged through the mire, as far as the individuals are concerned, but I am sorry for the effect that such conduct is likely to produce."

The excitement grew, hour by hour:

March 5, 1829: . . . The Duke of Cumberland was there [at Lieven's], but did not stay long. I sat next to Matuscewitz (the Russian who is come over on a special mission to assist Lieven), and asked him if he did not think we were a most extraordinary people, and seeing all that goes on, as he must do, without any prejudices about persons or things, if it was not marvellous to behold the violence which prevailed in the Catholic discussion. He owned that it was inconceivable, and, notwithstanding all he had heard and read of our history for some years past, he had no idea that so much rage and animosity could have been manifested and that the anti-Popery spirit was still so vigorous.

The Church was thoroughly militant:

March 6, 1829: Last night Lord Wharncliffe in one House and Murray in the other commented on the general conduct of Churchmen at this crisis with a severity which was by no means displeasing except to the bishops. I am convinced that very few years will elapse before the Church will really be in danger. People will grow tired of paying so dearly for so bad an article.

March 11, 1829: . . . Fourteen Irish bishops are coming over in a body to petition the King against this Bill, and most foolish they. The English bishops may by possibility be sincere and disinterested in their opposition (not that I believe they are), but nobody will ever believe that the Irish [Bishops] think of anything but their scandalous revenues. The thing must go; the question is when and how.

April 4, 1829: . . . The House of Lords was very full, particularly of women; every fool in London thinks it necessary to be there. It is only since last year that the steps of the throne have been crowded with ladies; formerly one or two got in, who skulked behind the throne, or were hid in Tyrwhitt's box, but now they fill the whole space, and put themselves in front with their large bonnets without either fear or shame.

April 8, 1829: . . . Lady Jersey is in a fury with Lord Anglesey, and goes about saying he insulted her in the House of Lords the other night. She was sitting on one of the steps of the throne, and the Duchess of Richmond on the step above. After Lord Anglesey had spoken he came to talk to the Duchess, who said, "How well you did speak"; on which he said, "Hush! you must take care what you say, for here is Lady Jersey, and she reports for the newspapers"; on which Lady Jersey said very angrily, "Lady Jersey is here for her own amusement; what do you mean by reporting for newspapers?" to which he replied with a profound bow, "I beg your Ladyship's pardon; I did not mean to offend you, and if I did I beg to make the most ample apology." This is his version; hers of course, is different. He says that he meant the whole thing as a joke. It was a very bad joke if it was one.

The leader of the Die-Hards was Lord Winchelsea, who "makes an ass of himself and would like to be sent to the Tower, but nobody will mind anything such a blockhead says." While

speaking for Protestantism in the House of Lords, he "was in the habit of flourishing a white pocket handkerchief," whence this incident:

March 29, 1829, at night: . . . Lord Holland came home one night from the House of Lords, and as soon as he had occasion to blow his nose pulled his handkerchief out of his pocket; upon which my Lady exclaimed (she hates perfumes), "Good God, Lord H., where did you get that handkerchief? Send it away directly." He said he did not know, when it was inspected, and the letter W found on it. Lord H. said, "I was sitting near Lord Winchelsea, and it must be his, which I took up by mistake and have brought home." Accordingly the next day he sent it to Lord Winchelsea with his compliments. Lord Winchelsea receiving the handkerchief and the message, and finding it marked W, fancied it was the Duke's, and that it was sent to him by way of affronting him; on which he went to the Duke of Newcastle and imparted to him the circumstances, and desired him to wait on Lord Holland for an explanation. This his Grace did, when the matter was cleared up and the handkerchief was found to be the property of Lord Wellesley. The next day Lord Winchelsea came up laughing to Lord Holland in the House of Lords, and said he had many apologies to make for what had passed, but that he really was in such a state of excitement he did not know what he said and did.

August 19, 1834: . . . There has been what is called "a great Protestant meeting" at Dublin, at which Winchelsea was introduced to the Irish Orangemen and made one of them. It was great in one way, for there were a great many fools, who talked a great deal of nonsense and evinced a disposition to do a great deal of mischief if they can. Winchelsea's description of himself was undoubtedly true, only it is true always and of all of them, "that his feelings were so excited that he was deprived of what little intellect he possessed."

When a petition from Kent against the Bill was to be presented, Lords Winchelsea and Bexley "would not entrust it to Peel" but "wanted to march down to Windsor at the head of 25,000 men." And what Lord Winchelsea really thought about the Duke of Wellington was so admirably expressed in a letter that the Duke decided to call him out:

March 21, 1829, at night: This morning the Duke fought a duel with Lord Winchelsea. Nothing could equal the astonishment caused by this event. Everybody of course sees the matter in a different light; all blame Lord W., but they are divided as to whether the Duke ought to have fought or not. . . . They met at Wimbledon at eight o'clock. There were many people about, who saw what passed. They stood at a distance of fifteen paces. Before they began Hardinge went up to Lords Winchelsea and Falmouth, and said he must protest against the proceeding, and declare that their conduct in refusing an apology when Lord Winchelsea was so much in the wrong filled him with disgust. The Duke fired and missed, and then Winchelsea fired in the air. He immediately pulled out of his pocket the paper which has since appeared, but in which the word "apology" was omitted. The Duke read it and said it would not do. Lord Falmouth said he was not come there to quibble about words, and that he was ready to make the apology in whatever terms would be satisfactory, and the word "apology" was inserted on the ground. The Duke then touched his hat, said, "Good morning, my Lords," mounted his horse, and rode off. Hume was there, without knowing on whose behalf till he got to the ground. Hardinge asked him to attend, and told him where he would find a chaise, into which he got. He found there pistols, which told him the errand he was on, but he had still no notion the Duke was concerned; when he saw him he was ready to drop.

"Very juvenile" is Greville's comment; but the Duke said, "I could not do otherwise, could I?" and "talked over the whole matter with his usual simplicity":

March 26, 1829: . . . The King, it seems, was highly pleased with the Winchelsea affair, and he said, "I did not see the letter" (which is probably a lie); "if I had, I certainly should have thought it my duty to call your attention to it." Somebody added that "he would be wanting to fight a duel himself." Sefton said, "He will be sure to think he has fought one."

Nor was this an idle jest. The hallucinations of King George IV were common knowledge:

November 9, 1829: . . . I hear he thinks that he rode Fleur de Lis for the cup at Goodwood, which he may as well do as think (which he does) that he led the heavy dragoons at Salamanca.

The King was an uncertain quantity. According to Arbuthnot, who had just come from the Duke, the Fourth George—

January 26, 1830: . . . is never to be depended upon, as his father was. He remembers upon some occasion, when Perceval was Minister and thought the difficulties of his situation great, he represented to George III his sense of them in a letter; Perceval showed him the King's answer, which was in these words: "Do you stand by me as I will stand by you, and while we stand by each other we have nothing to fear."

Of his Majesty's sentiments on Catholic Emancipation, the Duke liked to take a hopeful view:

July 5, 1827: . . . As to the King, he seems desirous of living a quiet life and disposing of all patronage; public measures and public men are equally indifferent to him. The Duke of Wellington, who knows him well, says he does not care a farthing about the Catholic question, but he does not like to depart from the example of his father and the Duke of York, to which they owed so much of their popularity. His conduct is entirely influenced by selfish considerations, and he neither knows nor cares what measures the exigencies of the country demand.

Not that the King would tolerate interference even from the Duke of York:

Roehampton, January 4, 1831: . . . There was likewise a curious correspondence relative to a paper written by the Duke of York during his last illness, and not very long before his death, to Lord Liverpool on the dangers of the country from the progress of the Catholic question, the object of which (though it was vaguely expressed) was to turn out the Catholic members and form a Protestant Government for the purpose of crushing the Catholic interest. This Lord Liverpool communicated (privately) to Canning, and it was afterwards communicated to the King, who appears (the answer was not there) to have given the Duke of York a rap on the knuckles, for there is a reply of the Duke's to the King, full of devotion, zeal, and affection to his person, and disclaiming any intention of breaking up the Government, an idea which could have arisen only from misconception of the meaning of his letter by Lord Liverpool. It is very clear, however, that he did mean that, for

his letter could have meant nothing else. The whole thing is curious, for he was aware that he was dying, and he says so.

"Nobody can manage him but me," was the Duke's boast (December 5, 1829). Yet there were difficulties:

January 5, 1830: . . . The King is preparing for a new battle with him (stimulated, I presume, by the Duke of Cumberland) about the appointment of sheriffs. He has taken it into his head that he will not appoint any Roman Catholic sheriff, and as several have been named, and these generally first on the list, according to the usual practice they must be chosen. The King will be obliged to give way, but it is an additional proof of his bad disposition and his pleasure in thwarting his Ministers on every possible occasion.

It was "childish and ridiculous" and only after delays was a compromise effected in which "the principle is admitted."

January 12, 1829: . . . He [Mount Charles] told me that he verily believed the King would go mad on the Catholic question, his violence was so great about it. He is very angry with him and his father [Lord Conyngham] for voting as they do, but they have agreed never to discuss the matter at all, and his mother never talks to the King about it. Whenever he does get on it there is no stopping him. Mount Charles attributes the King's obstinacy to his recollections of his father and the Duke of York and to the influence of the Duke of Cumberland. He says that "his father would have laid his head on the block rather than yield, and that he is equally ready to lay his head there in the same cause."

Mount Charles went so far as to say (March 26, 1829) "that the King had repeatedly offered him a peerage on condition of his voting against the Catholics (not however since the Bill has been in agitation). He gave Clan William the peerage on that express condition (which sufficiently explains his politics). I [Greville] said, 'But Clan William is going to vote for the Bill,' to which he [Mount Charles] said, 'Then the King will never forgive him.'"

July 10, 1829: . . . I asked him [the Duke] whether, with all the cleverness he thought belonged to the King, he evinced

great acuteness in discussing matters of business, to which he replied, "Oh, no, not at all, the worst judgment that can be." This was not the first time I had heard the Duke's opinion of the King. I remember him saying something to the Duke of Portland about him during the Queen's trial indicative of his contempt for him.

The Duke of Richmond—"ignorant, obstinate, prejudiced and narrow-minded"—offered, as an opponent of Emancipation, "to give up his garter but the Duke would not take it back."

Lord Eldon "shows capital fight," yet with Wellington "all powerful," was merely "violent but impotent."

It was the Duke of Cumberland who was the real danger. Everybody had believed (February 22d) that he would support the Government. But suddenly "he went to the King, who desired him to call on the Duke and when he got to town he went uninvited to dine with him." Cumberland had placed himself at the head of the Die-Hards, henceforth to be known as "Brunswickers." Nor did he do things by halves:

July 10, 1829: . . . The Duke then talked of the letter which the Duke of Cumberland had just written (as Grand Master of the Orange Lodges) to Enniskillen, which he thought was published with the most mischievous intentions. However, he said, "I know not what he is at, but while I am conscious of going on in a straightforward manner I am not afraid of him, or of anything he can do," which I was surprised to hear, because it looked as if he was afraid of him. . . .

In the meantime the Duke of Cumberland, instead of returning to Berlin, has sent for the Duchess and his son, and means to take up his abode in this country, in hopes of prevailing upon the King to dismiss his Ministers and make a Government under his own auspices; but however weak the Government may be, he will not succeed.

December 1, 1829: . . . No Council yet; the King is employed in altering the uniforms of the Guards, and has pattern coats with various collars submitted to him every day. The Duke of Cumberland assists him, and this is his principal occupation; he sees much more of his tailor than he does of his Minister.

The Duke of Cumberland's boy, who is at Kew, diverts himself with making the guard turn out several times in the course of the day to salute him.

May 14, 1829: . . . There was an odd circumstance the day of the drawing room. The Duke of Cumberland, as Gold Stick, gave orders at the Horse Guards that no carriages should be admitted into the Park, and Peel and the Duke of Wellington, when they presented themselves on their way to Court, were refused admission. The officer on guard came to the Duke's carriage and said that such were his orders, but that he was sure they were not meant to extend to his Grace, and if he would authorize him he would order the gates to be opened. The Duke said, "By no means," and then desired his carriage to go round the other way. Many people thought that this was a piece of impertinence of the Duke of Cumberland's, but the Duke says that the whole thing was a mistake. Be this as it may, the Duke of Cumberland and the Duke of Wellington do not speak, and whenever they meet, which often happens in society, the former moves off.

Nor was it merely playing at soldiers:

August 2, 1830: . . . When the Duke of Cumberland wanted to be continually about the King, he got him to give him the command of the Household troops; this was at the period of the death of the Duke of York and the Duke of Wellington's becoming Commander in Chief. The Duke of Cumberland told the Duke of Wellington that he had received the King's verbal commands to that effect, and from that time he alone kept the Gold Stick, and the Blues were withdrawn from the authority of the Commander in Chief. The Duke of Wellington made no opposition; but last year during the uproar on the Catholic question, he perceived the inconvenience of the arrangement, and intended to speak to the King about it, for the Duke of Cumberland was concerned in organizing mobs to go down to Windsor to frighten Lady Conyngham and the King, and the Horse Guards, who would naturally have been called out to suppress any tumult, would not have been disposable without the Duke of Cumberland's concurrence, so much so that on one particular occasion, when the Kentish men were to have gone to Windsor 20,000 strong, the Duke of Wellington detained a

regiment of light cavalry who were marching elsewhere, that he might not be destitute of military aid. Before, however, he did anything about this with the King ("I always," he said, "do one thing at a time"), his Majesty was taken ill and died.

Under King William IV, the Duke lost no time in putting an end to Cumberland's military "pretensions."

The royal brothers sometimes differed:

February 26, 1829: The debate on Monday night in the House of Lords was very amusing. It was understood the Duke of Clarence [afterward King William IV] was to speak, and there was a good deal of curiosity to hear him. Lord Bathurst was in a great fright lest he should be violent and foolish. He made a very tolerable speech, of course with a good deal of stuff in it, but such as it was it has exceedingly disconcerted the other party. The three royal Dukes Clarence, Cumberland, and Sussex got up one after another, and attacked each other (that is, Clarence and Sussex attacked Cumberland, and he them) very vehemently, and they used towards each other language that nobody else could have ventured to employ; so it was a very droll scene. The Duke of Clarence said the attacks on the Duke [of Wellington] had been *infamous;* the Duke of Cumberland took this to himself, but when he began to answer it could not recollect the expression, which the Duke of Clarence directly supplied. "I said 'infamous.'" The Duke of Sussex said that the Duke of Clarence had not intended to apply the word to the Duke of Cumberland, but if he chose to take it to himself he might. Then the Duke of Clarence said that the Duke of Cumberland had lived so long abroad that he had forgotten there was such a thing as freedom of debate.

With the Duke of Cumberland, Lady Georgiana Bathurst "had a great scene. . . . She told him not to be factious and to go back to Germany; he was very angry, and after much argument and many reproaches they made it up, embraced, and he shed a flood of tears."

Between the Duke of Wellington as Prime Minister and the Duke of Cumberland, playing with the Household Guards for a *coup d'état*, there was thus a deadly struggle. Cumberland had been "tampering with" the King, which caused "uneasiness."

He worked his Majesty into "a state of frenzy" in which "the King's violence was quite alarming." Wellington "was with him six hours, and spoke to his Majesty so seriously and so firmly that he will now be quiet."

March 11, 1829: . . . Last night in his speech, when he said he had the cordial support of his Majesty, the Duke turned around with energy to the Duke of Cumberland.

For that gesture, however, the King actually called on a Wellington to apologize to a Cumberland!

July 10, 1829: . . . I remember asking him [Wellington] why the Duke of Cumberland was so unpopular, and he said, "Because there never was a father well with his son, or husband with his wife, or lover with his mistress, or friend with his friend, that he did not try to make mischief between them." And yet he [the King] suffers this man to have constant access to him, to say what he will to him, and often acts under his influence. I said, "You and the Duke of Cumberland speak now, don't you?" "Yes, we speak. The King spoke to me about it, and wanted me to make him an apology. I told him it was quite impossible. 'Why,' said he, 'you did not mean to offend the Duke of Cumberland, I am sure.' 'No, sir,' said I; 'I did not wish to offend him, but I did not say a word that I did not mean. When we meet the Royal Family in society, they are our superiors, and we owe them all respect, and I should readily apologize for anything I might have said offensive to the Duke; but in the House of Lords we are their peers, and for what I say there I am responsible to the House alone.' 'But,' said the King, 'he said you turned on him as if you meant to address yourself to him personally.' 'I did mean it, sir,' said I, 'and I did so because I knew that he had been here, that he had heard things from your Majesty which he had gone and misrepresented and misstated in other quarters, and knowing that, I meant to show him that I was aware of it. I am sorry that the Duke is offended, but I cannot help it, and I cannot make him an apology.'"

The Duke went on, "I was so afraid he would tell the Duke that I was sorry for what I had said, that I repeated to him when I went away, 'Now, sir, remember that I will not apologize to the Duke, and I hope your Majesty will therefore not convey

any such idea to his mind.' However, he spoke to him, I suppose, for the next time I met the Duke he bowed to me. I immediately called on him, but he did not return my visit. On a subsequent occasion (I forget what he said it was) I called on him again, and he returned my visit the same day."

July 24, 1829: . . . The Duke of Cumberland is doing all he can to set the King against the Duke; he always calls him "King Arthur," which made the King very angry at first, and he desired he would not, but he calls him so still, and the King submits. He never lets any of the Royal Family see the King alone; the Duchess of Gloucester complains bitterly of his conduct, and the way in which he thrusts himself in when she is with his Majesty. The other day Count Münster came to the King, and the Duke of Cumberland was determined he should not have a private audience, and stayed in the room the whole time. He hates Lady Conyngham, and she him. They put about that he has been pressed to stay here by the King, which is not true; the King would much rather he went away. The Duke of Wellington told me that he one day asked the King when the Duke was going, and he said, "I am sick to death of the subject. I have been told he was going fifty times, but when he goes, or whether he ever goes at all, I have not the least idea." He is now very much provoked because the King will not talk politics with him. His Majesty wants to be quiet, and is tired of all the Duke's violence and his constant attacks.

March 2, 1829: . . . Why the Duke does not insist upon his not seeing the Duke of Cumberland I cannot imagine. There never was such a man, or behaviour so atrocious as his—a mixture of narrow-mindedness, selfishness, truckling, blustering, and duplicity, with no object but self, his own ease, and the gratification of his own fancies and prejudices, without regard to the advice and opinion of the wisest and best-informed men or to the interests and tranquillity of the country.

March 4, 1829: . . . The correspondence between the Duke of Wellington and the Duke of Cumberland was pretty violent, I believe, but the Duke of Cumberland misrepresents what passed both in it and at their interview. He declared to the Duke that he would not interfere in any manner, but refused to leave the country; to Madame de Lieven he said that the Duke had tried everything—entreaties, threats, and bribes—

but that he had told him he would not go away, and would do all he could to defeat his measures, and that if he were to offer him £100,000 to go to Calais he would not take it.

For Wellington, such politics meant war, if not to the knife, at least to the knife and fork. "I have undertaken this business," said he, "and I am determined to go through with it. Nobody knows the difficulties I have in dealing with my royal master and nobody knows him as well as I do. I will succeed, but I am as in a field of battle, and I must fight it out my own way." The Duke continued:

July 10, 1829: . . . "I make it a rule never to interrupt him [the King], and when in this way he tries to get rid of a subject in the way of business which he does not like, I let him talk himself out, and then quietly put before him the matter in question, so that he cannot escape from it. I remember when the Duke of Newcastle was going to Windsor with a mob at his heels to present a petition (during the late discussions) I went down to him and showed him the petition, and told him that they ought to be prevented from coming. He went off and talked upon every subject but that which I had come about, for an hour and a half. I let him go on till he was tired, and then I said, 'But the petition, sir; here it is, and an answer must be sent. I had better write to the Duke of Newcastle and tell him your Majesty will receive it through the Secretary of State; and, if you please, I will write the letter before I leave the house.' This I did, finished my business in five minutes, and went away with the letter in my pocket."

Still the King was "in a state of excitement which alarms them [the Cabinet] lest he should go mad." Cumberland "assured the King that great alarm prevailed in London, that the people were very violent, and that the Duke had been hissed by the mob, all of which of course he believes." And on March 3d, matters came to a crisis. In a note, Henry Reeve, basing himself on Sir Robert Peel's Memoirs, puts the case thus:

". . . The King asked his Ministers to explain the details of the measures they proposed to bring in. They informed his Majesty that it would be necessary to modify in the case of the Roman Catholics that part of the oath of supremacy which re-

lates to the ecclesiastical jurisdiction and supremacy of the Pope. To this the King said he could not possibly consent. Upon this Mr. Peel and his colleagues informed his Majesty that they must resign. His Majesty accepted the resignations, and the Ministers returned to London (after an audience of five hours) under the full persuasion that the Government was dissolved. In the interval some attempt was made to form a Protestant Cabinet but on the evening of the following day, the 4th of March, the King wrote a letter to the Duke of Wellington, informing him that his Majesty anticipated so much difficulty in the attempt to form another Administration that he could not dispense with his Ministers' services, and that they were at liberty to proceed with the measures of which notice had been given Parliament.

What it looked like to the outsider is told by Greville:

March 4, 1829: Nothing could exceed the consternation which prevailed yesterday about this Catholic business. The advocates of the Bill and friends of Government were in indescribable alarm, and not without good cause. All yesterday it was thought quite uncertain whether the Duke's resignation would not take place, and the Chancellor himself said that nothing was more likely than that they should all go out. On Sunday the King sent for the Chancellor; he went and had an audience in which the King pretended that he had not been made aware of all the provisions of the Bill, that the securities did not satisfy him, and that he could not consent to it. The Chancellor could do nothing with him; so instead of returning to town he went on to Strathfieldsaye where the Duke was gone to receive the Judges. There he arrived at three in the morning, had a conference of two hours with the Duke, and returned to town quite exhausted, to be in the House of Lords at ten in the morning. The Duke called at Windsor on his way to town on Monday, and had a conversation with the King, in which he told him it was now impossible for him to recede, and that if his Majesty made any more difficulties he must instantly resign. The King said he thought he would not desert him under any circumstances, and tried in vain to move him, which not being able to do, he said that he must take a day to consider his final determination, and would communicate it. This he did yester-

day afternoon, Mount Charles told me, and he consented to let the Bill go.

The King had "sent to Eldon and asked him if he would undertake to form a government."

April 8, 1829: . . . On his refusal the King yielded, and the Bill went on; but if Eldon had accepted, the Duke and his colleagues would have been out, and God knows what would have happened. It was, of course, of all these matters that the King talked to Eldon in the long interview they had the other day. He is very sulky at the great majority in the House of Lords, as I knew he would be.

The battle was won. And England had again survived the much ado about nothing.

CHAPTER XVII

THE GRAND TOUR

In the year 1830, a trip to Europe was described as the Grand Tour. There were no railways in common use, and even in England, to travel was quite an affair:

Newark, September 18, 1830: . . . Lord Holland was very agreeable, as he always is, and told many anecdotes of George Selwyn, Lafayette, and others. I saw them arrive in a coach and four and chaise and pair—two footmen, a page, and two maids. He said (what is true) that there is hardly such a thing in the world as a good house or a good epitaph, and yet mankind have been employed in building the former and writing the latter since the beginning almost.

Hence, it was only "after many years of anxiety to go there" that, on March 3d, Greville set out for the remote land of Italy. And *en route*, he could not but comment on the irregularity of the mail:

Naples, April 18, 1830: . . . Sir Henry Lushington said at dinner yesterday he had seen at Naples a *Courier* newspaper of that day week, produced by Rothschild and brought by one of his couriers. I came very fast, but was 236 hours on the road, including 20 hours' stoppage. This is 168 hours, which appears incredible, but "gold imp'd by Jews can compass hardest things."

Rome, May 10, 1830: . . . I found a parcel of letters with the London news; but the post is enough to drive one mad, for I got one of the 23d of April and another of the 19th of March on the same day.

June 17, 1830: . . . This morning I asked for the newspapers which came by the post yesterday, and found that they had not yet returned from the police, and would not be till to-morrow. Before anybody is allowed to read their newspapers they

must undergo examination, and if they contain anything which the censor deems objectionable they detain them altogether.

The Rothschilds were thus their own post office, and the rise of that remarkable family was an economic sensation.

Mannheim, June 29, 1843: I went to Frankfort yesterday; went to see the Jews' street, the most curious part of the town. It is very narrow, the houses all of great antiquity, and not one new or modern in the whole street. This street exhibits a perfect specimen of a town of the Fifteenth or Sixteenth Century. The houses are very lofty, a good deal ornamented, but they look dark and dirty, and as if their interior had undergone as little alteration as the exterior. Strange figures were loitering about the street, standing in the doorways or looking out of the windows. There was a man who might have presented himself on the stage in the character of Shylock, with the gaberdine and the beard; and old crones of the most miserable and squalid but strange aspect. We had the good luck to see the old mother of the Rothschilds, and a curious contrast she presented. The house she inhabits appears not a bit better than any of the others; it is the same dark and decayed mansion. In this narrow gloomy street, and before this wretched tenement, a smart *calèche* was standing, fitted up with blue silk, and a footman in blue livery was at the door. Presently the door opened, and the old woman was seen descending a dark, narrow staircase, supported by her granddaughter, the Baroness Charles Rothschild, whose carriage was also in waiting at the end of the street. Two footmen and some maids were in attendance to help the old lady into the carriage, and a number of the inhabitants collected opposite to see her get in. A more curious and striking contrast I never saw than the dress of the ladies, both the old and the young one, and their equipages and liveries, with the dilapidated locality in which the old woman persists in remaining. The family allow her £4,000 a year, and they say she never in her life has been out of Frankfort, and never inhabited any other house than this, in which she is resolved to die. The street was formerly closed at both ends and the Jews were confined to that quarter. The French took away the gates and they have never been replaced. The Jews now live in any part of the town they please. The Rothschilds, of whom there are several

residing at Frankfort, are said to do a great deal of good both to Christians and Jews. There was very near being an *émeute* the other day, in consequence of the high price of corn; the poor people are starving, and can't buy bread at the price it now fetches. The Government is obliged to assist them; to buy wheat or bread, and sell it to the people at half price.

Ministers of the Crown themselves received the great financier:

February 7, 1832: . . . We then parted. Downstairs was Rothschild the Jew waiting for him, and the *valet de chambre* sweeping away a *bonnet* and a *shawl!*

Knowledge was wealth:

Roehampton, January 9, 1830: . . . Charles Mills told me yesterday that a proposal was lately made by Government to the East India Company to reduce their dividends, and that at the very time this was done Rothschild, who had 40,000l. East India stock, sold it all out, and all his friends who held any did the same. The matter was eventually dropped, but he says nobody doubts that Herries gave notice to Rothschild of the proposed measure.

February 23, 1830: . . . Went to Esterhazy's ball; talked to old Rothschild, who was there with his wife and a dandy little Jew son. He says that Polignac's Government will stand by the King's support and Polignac's own courage; offered to give me a letter to his brother, who would give me any information I wanted, squeezed my hand, and looked like what he is.

To ride by coach from London to Dover—a distance of about seventy miles—took nine hours. "The packet" to Calais navigated the Channel in four hours. And at Calais, passengers were "landed with difficulty in boats." The roads to Paris were "horrid," but in Paris Greville was "in great danger of dawdling on," for instance, at Madame Appony's at whose house "we had plenty of bowing and smirking and civilities about my family."

French scenery did not impress him. There were some "new houses and barns building near Abbéville and Beauvais, and the cottages near Monsieur de Clermont-Tonnerre's mansion had a very English look." Otherwise:

Susa, March 15, 1830, 9 o'clock: . . . The country presents the same sterile, uninteresting appearance as that between Calais and Paris—no hedges, no trees, except tall, stupid-looking poplars, and no châteaux or farmhouses. I am at a loss to know why a country should look so ill which I do not believe is either barren or ill cultivated. Lyons is a magnificent town.

But over the grandeurs of the pass over Mont Cenis—Napoleon's route to Italy—he waxed eloquent:

Susa, March 15, 1830, 9 o'clock: . . . After crossing the Pont de Beauvoisin we began to mount the Échelles, which I did on foot, and I never shall forget the first impression made upon me by the mountain scenery. It first burst upon me at a turn of the road—one huge perpendicular rock above me, a deep ravine with a torrent rushing down and a mountain covered with pines and ilexes on the other side, and in front another vast rock which was shining in the reflected light of the setting sun. I never shall forget it. . . .

. . . Not far from Lans-le-Bourg (at the foot of Mont Cenis) is a very strong fort, built by the King of Sardinia, which commands the road. It has a fine effect perched upon a rock, and apparently unapproachable. A soldier was pacing the battlement, and his figure gave life to the scene and exhibited the immensity of the surrounding objects, so minute did he appear. . . . The guide told me he had often seen Napoleon when he was crossing the mountain, and that he remembered his being caught in a *tormento* [that is, a tempest of wind, sleet, and snow], when his life was saved by two young Savoyards, who took him on their backs and carried him to a *rifugio* [or mountain cabin]. He asked them if they were married, and finding they were not, enquired how much was enough to marry upon in that country, and then gave them the requisite sum, and settled pensions of 600 francs on each of them. One is dead, the other still receives it. As I got near the top of the mountain the road, which had hitherto been excellent, became execrable, and the cold intense. I had left summer below and found winter above. I looked in vain for the chamois, hares, wolves, and bears, all of which I was told are found there. At last I arrived at the summit, and found at the inn a friar, the only inhabitant of the Hospice, who hearing me say I would go there (as my

carriage was not yet come), offered to go with me; he was young, fat, rosy, jolly, and dirty, dressed in a black robe with a travelling-cap on his head, appeared quick and intelligent, and spoke French and Italian. He took me over the Hospice, which is now quite empty, and showed me two very decently furnished rooms which the Emperor Napoleon used to occupy, and two inferior apartments which had been appropriated to the Empress Maria Louisa. The N.'s on the *grille* of the door had been changed for V. E.'s (Victor Emmanuel) and M. T.'s (Maria Theresa), and frightful pictures of the Sardinian King and Queen have replaced the Imperial portraits. All sorts of distinguished people have slept there *en passant*, and do still when compelled to spend the night on Mont Cenis. He offered to lodge and feed me, but I declined. I told him I was glad to see Napoleon's bedroom, as I took an interest in everything which related to that great man, at which he seemed extremely pleased, and said, "*Ah, monsieur, vous êtes donc comme moi.*" I dined at the inn (a very bad one) on some trout which they got for me from the Hospice—very fine fish, but very ill dressed.

At Susa, Greville "found a tolerable room and a good fire, but the *cameriere* stinking so abominably of garlic that he impregnated the whole apartment."

Italy was still to be liberated and united. The House of Savoy ruled only over Sardinia of which the capital was Turin—to Greville as to Cavour, then in his youth, "the dullest town in Europe." Eager as a schoolboy, Greville tried "to get into the Egyptian museum, said to be the finest in the world. It was collected by Drovetti, the French Consul, and offered to us for £16,000, which we declined to give, and the King of Sardinia bought it."

The field of Marengo revealed a Christendom plunged in reprisals. In 1757, Frederick the Great defeated France and Austria at Rosbach and erected a column of victory. In 1806, Napoleon beat the Prussians at Jena and pulled down the column at Rosbach. Hence, the Austrians or Sardinians, on the field of Marengo, had demolished the French monument to General Desaix who there lost his life! "I strained the eyes of my imagination," wrote Greville, "to see all the tumult of this

famous battle, in which Bonaparte had been actually defeated, yet (one can hardly now tell how) was in the end completely victorious."

At the Isola Bella, on Lake Maggiore:

Varese, June 26, 1830, evening. Top of the Simplon: . . . There is a laurel in the garden, the largest in Europe, two trees growing from one stem, one nine and the other ten feet round and eighty high; under this tree Bonaparte dined, as he came into Italy, before the battle of Marengo, and with a knife he cut the word *Battaglia* on the bark, which has since been stripped off, or has grown out—so the gardeners said at least.

Genoa, birthplace of Columbus, suggested perennial energy. And here Greville stumbled across what must have been among the earliest of elevators:

Genoa, March 18, 1830: . . . You are met at every turn by vestiges of the old Republic; in fact, the town has undergone very little alteration for hundreds of years, and there is an air of gaiety and bustling activity which, with the graceful costume of the men and women, make it a most delightful picture. Genoa appears to be a city of palaces, and although many of the largest are now converted to humbler uses, and many fallen to decay, there are ample remains to show the former grandeur of the princely merchants, who were once the lords of the ocean. Everything bespeaks solidity, durability, and magnificence. There are stupendous works which were done at the expense of individuals. In every part of the town are paintings and frescoes, which, in spite of constant exposure to the atmosphere, have retained much of their brilliancy and freshness. . . . The walls are covered with inscriptions, and I stopped to read two on stone slabs on the spot where the houses of malefactors had formerly stood, monuments of the vindictive laws of the Republic, which not only punished the criminal himself, but consigned his children to infamy and his habitation to destruction.

Evening: . . . Went to the King's palace, formerly a Durazzo palace. Like the others, a fine house, full of painting and gilding, and with a terrace of black and white marble commanding a view of the sea. The finest picture is a Paul Veronese of a Magdalen with our Saviour. The King and Queen sleep together, and on each side of the royal bed there is an assortment

of ivory palms, crucifixes, boxes for holy water, and other spiritual guards for their souls. For the comfort of their bodies he has had a machine made like a car, which is drawn up by a chain from the bottom to the top of the house; it holds about six people, who can be at pleasure elevated to any storey, and at each landing place there is a contrivance to let them in and out.

Crossing the river to Pisa "by candlelight" was "picturesque enough, the scanty light gleaming upon the rough figures who escorted me and plied the enormous poles by which they move the ferry boat." One "leaning edifice" had been "pulled down" by the Grand Duke, because "it was thought dangerous," but Greville ascended the Tower that still exists; and on the Grand Duke's restoration of the Cathedral, has but one criticism to offer:

Florence, March 21, 1830: . . . He has taken away the old confessionals of carved wood, and substituted others of marble, fixed in the wall, which are exactly like modern chimneypieces, and have the worst effect amidst the surrounding antiquities.

This "very bad taste" would have aroused the wrath of Ruskin, then eleven years old. Finally, at Pisa:

Florence, March 21, 1830: . . . I went to look at the celebrated house "Alla Giornata," a white marble palace on the Arno; the chains still hang over the door, and there is an inscription above them which looks modern. My *laquais de place* told me what I suppose is the tradition of the place—that the son of the family was taken by the Turks, and that they had captured a Turk, who was put in chains; that an exchange was agreed upon, and the prisoners on either side released, and that the chains were hung up and the inscription added, signifying that the Turk was at liberty to go again into the light of day. But it was a lame and improbable story, and I prefer the mystery to the explanation.

Greville, "charmed with the mountains" but "not sorry for a change," next traversed—

Florence, March 21, 1830: . . . the rich, broad plain of Tuscany, full of vineyards and habitations along the banks of the

Arno. The voice and aspect of cheerfulness is refreshing after a course of rugged and barren grandeur; the road is excellent and the travelling rapid. . . . Thorwaldsen, the sculptor, is in this inn, and the King of Bavaria left it this morning.

On Thorwaldsen, Greville called—"to tell him Lord Gower likes his Ganymede." The Icelandic celebrity "was mighty polite, squeezed my hand and reconducted me to my own door."

At Rome, Greville was to see another such celebrity:

May 29, 1830: . . . In the afternoon went to Gibson's, the sculptor. He is very simple and intelligent, and appears to be devoted to his art. There is a magnificent Venus, composed from various models, like Zeuxis's statue of Juno at Crotona.

The Book of Strangers at the inn in Florence contained the names of "La Duchesse de Saint Leu and le Prince Louis-Napoléon" and "Miss Caroline Grinwell of New York." Tuscany seemed to be "flourishing and contented"—"the Government is absolute but mild, the Grand Duke enormously rich." To this personage Greville was presented. He was "vulgar looking and has bad manners but the whole thing is rather handsome."

A mansion at Florence was cheap:

March 23, 1830: Yesterday morning breakfasted with Lord Normanby, who has got a house extending 200 feet in front, court, garden, and stables for about £280 a year, everything else cheap in proportion, and upon £2,000 a year a man may live luxuriously. His house was originally fitted up for the Pretender, and C. R.'s are still to be seen all over the place.

For £600 a year, Lord Normanby rented a villa at Sesto, five miles from Florence, with "a large and agreeable house, gardens full of fountains, statues, busts, orange and lemon trees, shrubs and flowers." This was "exclusive of the race ground."

Of Rome, Greville said:

May 22, 1830: . . . I don't know one palace or villa which is lived in as we should live in England; the Borghese Villa is the only one which is really well kept, but Prince Borghese has £70,000 a year; he lives at Florence and never comes here, but keeps collecting and filling his villa.

Greville was "more sensible to painting than to sculpture." On the Venus at the Gallery in Florence, he devoted a half hour to adoration, but "I could not," so he says, "work myself into a proper enthusiasm." The lady's "head is too small and ankles too thick, but they say the more I see her the more I shall like her"—which is what happened! Next day, he liked her "better, best of all the statues."

At Rome he was to see Michael Angelo's Moses:

April 3, 1830: . . . It may be very fine, but to my eye is merely a colossal statue; the two horns are meant to represent rays of light, but how can rays of light be represented in marble, any more than the breath? It is impossible to make marble imitate that which is impalpable. The beard is ropy and unnatural; it is, however, an imposing sort of figure.

With Madame Tussaud's burned down in London and photography universal, we do not realize, perhaps, how important was her craft in Greville's day:

March 23, 1830: . . . To the Gabinetto Fisico, and saw all the waxworks, the progress of gestation, and the representation of the plague, incomparably clever and well executed. I saw nothing disgusting in the waxworks in the museum, which many people are so squeamish about.

From the days of Shakespeare to the days of the Brownings, Italy has been a playground of the English. Greville went to "a child's ball at Lady Williamson's." And there are jottings of this kind:

March 25, 1830: . . . In the evening to Burghersh's opera, which was very well performed; pretty theatre, crowded to suffocation. All the actors amateurs; chorus composed of divers ladies and gentlemen of Florence, principally English. Here all the society of Florence was assembled in nearly equal proportions of Italians, English, and other foreigners. Nothing can be worse than it is, for there is no foundation of natives, and the rest are generally the refuse of Europe, people who come here from want of money or want of character. Everybody is received without reference to their conduct, past or present, with the exception, perhaps, of Englishwomen who have been divorced, whose case is too notorious to allow the English Minister's wife to present them at Court.

March 26, 1830: . . . Then rode to Lord Cochrane's villa, where we found them under a matted tent in the garden, going to dinner. He talks of going to Algiers to see the French attack it. He has made £100,000 by the Greek bonds. It is a pity he ever got into a scrape; he is such a fine fellow, and so shrewd and good-humoured.

"The women throughout Italy," says our diarist, "appeared very handsome, one quite beautiful at Siena." Opera was a feature of cities, small as well as large:

March 23, 1830: . . . At night went to the Opera and heard David and Grisi in *Ricciardo e Zoraida*. She is like Pasta in face and figure, but much handsomer, though with less expression. She is only eighteen. He has lost much of his voice, and embroiders to make up for it, but every now and then he appears to find it again, and his taste and expression are exquisite.

So much for mere secularities. In this tour, what really fascinated the sceptical Greville was that astounding phenomenon, the Roman Catholic Church. For the first time, he faced Romanism, not as a political controversy but as a religion. He was, at once, disgusted, hypnotized, forced into admiration, repelled, and mystified—yet always interested. At Paris, he caught a glimpse of what was to come:

Paris, March 6, 1830: . . . It is Lent, and very little going on here. During the Carnival they had a ball for the benefit of the poor, which was attended by 5,000 people, and produced 116,000 francs. Immense sums were given in charity, and well appropriated during the severe weather. There are also nuns (*sœurs de charité*), who visit and tend the sick, whose institution is far more practically useful than anything of which our Protestant country can boast.

At Turin, "Forster" told him that the country "is rich, not ill governed but plunged in bigotry." In Sardinia, there were "near 400 convents."

Genoa, March 18, 1830, evening: . . . The churches [at Turin] have a profusion of marble, and gilding, and frescoes; the Duomo is of black and white marble, of mixed architecture, and highly ornamented—all stinking to a degree that was per-

fectly intolerable, and the same thing whether empty or full; it is the smell of stale incense mixed with garlic and human odour, horrible combination of poisonous exhalations. I must say, as everybody has before remarked, that there is something highly edifying in the appearance of devotion which belongs to the Catholic religion; the churches are always open, and, go into them when you will, you see men and women kneeling and praying before this or that altar, absorbed in their occupation, and who must have been led there by some devotional feeling. This seems more accordant with the spirit and essence of religion than to have the churches, as ours are, opened like theatres at stated hours and days for the performance of a long service, at the end of which the audience is turned out and the doors are locked till the next representation. Then the Catholic religion makes no distinctions between poverty and wealth—no pews for the aristocracy well warmed and furnished, or seats set apart for the rich and well dressed; here the church is open to all, and the beggar in rags comes and takes his place by the side of the lady in silks, and both kneel on the same pavement, for the moment at least and in that place reduced to the same level.

At Florence, Greville confesses to "a hankering" after churches, and "a childish liking for Catholic pomp." In the churches, there is, however, a "great sameness."

March 23, 1830: . . . The fine things are lost amidst a heap of rubbish, but there is no lack of marble, and painting, and gilding in most of them. They are going on with the Medici Chapel, on which millions have been wasted and more is going after, for the Grand Duke is gradually finishing the work. The profusion of marble is immense, and very fine and curious if examined in detail; the precious stones are hardly seen, and when they are, not to be recognized as such.

March 26, 1830: Yesterday morning to a Mass at the Annunziata, to which the Grand Duke came in state, with his family and Court. The piazza was lined with guards; seven coaches and six with his *Guardia Nobile* and running footmen; the Mass beautifully performed by his band, Tacchinardi (father of Madame Persiani, I believe) singing and Manielli directing.

At Easter, amid "a fine glowing sunset," Greville reached Rome.

March 30, 1830: . . . They only who have seen Rome can have an idea of the grandeur of it and of the wonders it contains, the treasures of art and the records of antiquity. . . . The Vatican alone would require years to be examined as it deserves. It is remarkable, however, how the pleasure of the imagination arising from antiquities depends upon their accidents. The busts, statues, columns, tombs, and fragments of all sorts are heaped together in such profusion at the Vatican that the eyes ache at them, the senses are bewildered, and we regard them (with some exceptions) almost exclusively as objects of art, and do not feel the interest which, separately, they might inspire by their connection with remote ages.

Of St. Peter's, Greville says that he was "surprised to find how very little longer it is than St. Paul's."

March 30, 1830: . . . My first feeling was disappointment, but as I advanced towards the obelisk, with the fountains on each side, and found myself in that ocean of space with all the grand objects around, delight and admiration succeeded. As I walked along the piazza and then entered the church, I felt that sort of breathless bewilderment which was produced in some degree by the first sight of the Alps. Much as I expected I was not disappointed. St. Peter's sets criticism at defiance. . . . I have but one fault to find, and that is with the Glory, a miserable transparency in the great window opposite the entrance, throwing a yellow light upon the Dove, which has the most paltry effect, and is utterly unworthy of the grandeur of such a place.

May 12, 1830: . . . To St. Peter's, and went up to the roof and to the ball, through the aperture of which I could just squeeze, though there is plenty of room when once in it. The ball holds above thirty people, stuffed close, of course. Three other men were going up at the same time, who filled the narrow ascent with garlicky effluvia. It is impossible to have an idea of the size and grandeur of St. Peter's without going over the roof, and examining all the details, and looking down from the galleries. The ascent is very easy; there are slabs at the bottom taken from the holy gates, as they were successively opened

and closed by the different Popes at the Jubilees. At the top were recorded the ascents of various kings and princes and princesses, who had clambered up.

April 10, 1830, Sunday: . . . The numbers who come to the benediction are taken as a test of the popularity of the Pope, though I suppose the weather has a good deal to do with it. Leo XII was very unpopular from his austerity, and particularly his shutting up the wine shops. The first time he gave the benediction after that measure hardly anybody came to be blessed.

The Pope was then no "prisoner of the Vatican" but in full enjoyment of his temperalities:

June 1, 1830: . . . We met the Pope taking a drive—two coaches and four, with guards and outriders. We got out of the carriage and took off our hats, and our *laquais de place* dropped on his knees. The Pope was in white, two people sitting opposite to him, and as he passed he scattered a blessing. All persons kneel when he appears—that is, all Catholics.

June 2, 1830: . . . The Duc de Dalberg told me that at the Congress of Vienna he was deputed to speak to Consalvi about ceding the March of Ancona to the Austrians. He answered, "My dear Duke, the Congress can treat us as it pleases. If we are pressed, we must retreat to the walls; further we cannot go, and we are there already." The Cardinal afterwards spoke to the Emperor, and the next day Metternich said he had orders from the Emperor to declare that he would take nothing from the Pontifical States without the free concurrence of the Pope; so there ended that question.

In those days, it was not the King of Italy who occupied the Quirinal. "All the summer," it was the Pope who occupied this "delightful house" which "commands a charming view of Rome." Hence the Pope gave his blessing, not within St. Peter's only, but from the Balcony above the Piazza, a custom restored for the first time since 1870 by the present Pope Pius XI:

April 9, 1830: . . . The people below were not numerous or full of reverence. Till the Pope appears the bands play and the bells ring, when suddenly there is a profound silence; the feathers are seen waving in the balcony, and he is borne in on his

throne; he rises, stretches out his hands, blesses the people—*Urbi et orbi*—and is borne out again. A couple of indulgences were tossed out, for which there is a scramble, and so it ends.

April 10, 1830, Sunday: High Mass in St. Peter's, which was crowded. I walked about the church to see the groups and the extraordinary and picturesque figures moving through the vast space. They are to the last degree interesting: in one place hundreds prostrate before an altar—pilgrims, soldiers, beggars, ladies, gentlemen, old and young in every variety of attitude, costume, and occupation. The benediction was much finer than on Thursday, the day magnificent, the whole piazza filled with a countless multitude, all in their holiday dresses, and carriages in the background, to the very end. The troops forming a brilliant square in the middle, the immense population and variety of costume, the weather, and the glorious locality certainly made as fine a spectacle as can possibly be seen. The Pope is dressed in white, with the triple crown on his head; two great fans of feathers, exactly like those of the Great Mogul, are carried on each side of him. He sits aloft on his throne, and is slowly borne to the front of the balcony. The moment he appears there is a dead silence, and every head is bared. When he rises, the soldiers all fall on their knees, and some, but only a few, of the spectators. The distance is so great that he looks like a puppet, and you just see him move his hands and make some signs. When he gives the blessing—the sign of the cross—the cannon fires. He blesses the people twice, remains perhaps five minutes in the balcony, and is carried out as he came in.

Another ceremony, revived by the present Pope, is the illumination of St. Peter's at night. Greville saw it from the Villa Medici, on the Pincian Hill, where Horace Vernet, the painter, "a very lively little fellow" with a "very pretty" daughter, was "making a great deal of money" as director of the French Academy. The illumination was "as fine as I was told it was, which is saying everything," and it quite outclassed the fireworks at Torlonia's where Greville attended the girandola, being "most effective at a distance."

April, 10, 1830, Sunday, at night: . . . I think it looks best from the entrance to the piazza and the bridge of St. Angelo; the

blaze of light, the crowd, and the fountains, covered with a red glare, made altogether a most splendid sight in the world. (One poor devil was killed, and there is almost always some accident.) Eight hundred men are employed in illuminating St. Peter's; the first pale and subdued light, which covers the whole church, is brought out by the darkness of night, the little lamps being lit in the daytime. The blazing lights which succeed are made by large pots of grease with wicks in them; there is one man to every two lamps. On a given signal, each man touches his two lamps as quick as possible, so that the whole building bursts into light at once by a process the effect of which is quite magical—literally, as the Rejected Addresses say, "starts into light, and makes the lighter start."

June 1, evening, 8:30: . . . From St. Peter's to the Vatican, to see the statues by torchlight. The effect is wonderful, and totally unlike that which is produced by day. The finest statues unquestionably gain the most, and it is easy, after seeing this, to understand why most of the best are found in the baths; a better notion, too, may be formed of their magnificence. It would seem as if some statues had been formed expressly to be thus exhibited. There is a mutilated statue they call a Niobe (God knows why), with drapery blown back by the wind and appearing quite transparent. This effect cannot be produced by daylight.

Of feet-washings, Greville witnessed more than one:

April 9, 1830: . . . The Pope could not attend, so the Cardinal Deacon officiated. No ceremony can be less imposing, but none more clean. Thirteen men are ranged on a bench—the thirteenth represents the angel who once joined the party—dressed in new white caps, gowns, and shoes; each holds out his foot in succession; an attendant pours a few drops of water on it from a golden jug which another receives in a golden basin; the Cardinal wipes it with a towel, kisses the foot, and then gives the towel, a nosegay, and a piece of money to the pilgrim—the whole thing takes up about five minutes—certain prayers are said, and it is over. Then off we scampered again through the long galleries of the Vatican to another hall where the pilgrims dine. The arrangements for the accommodation of the Ambassadors and strangers were so bad that all these passages were successive scenes of

uproar, scrambling, screaming, confusion, and danger, and, considering that the ceremonies were all religious, really disgraceful. We got with infinite difficulty to another box, raised aloft in the hall, and saw a long table at which the thirteen pilgrims seated themselves; a cardinal in the corner read some prayers, which nobody listened to, and another handed the dishes to the pilgrims, who looked neither to the right nor the left, but applied themselves with becoming gravity to the enjoyment of a very substantial dinner. The whole hall was filled with people, all with their hats on, chattering and jostling, and more like a ring of blacklegs and blackguards at Tattersall's than respectable company at a religious ceremony in the palace of the Pope. There remained the cardinals' dinner, but I had had more than enough, and came away hot, jaded, and disgusted with the whole affair.

Many pilgrims were in Rome. And the Princess Orsini, "one of the greatest ladies," presided over "a real washing of dirty feet":

April 9, 1830, at night: . . . At night I went to the Trinità dei Pellegrini to see the pilgrims at supper. The washing of the feet was over; a cardinal performs it with the men, and ladies with the women, but it is no mere ceremony as at the Vatican; they really do wash and scrub the dirty feet perhaps of about a dozen of them each night. I saw the room in which they were just clearing away the apparatus and collecting piles of dirty towels. The pilgrims sit on benches; under their feet are a number of small wooden tubs, with cocks to turn the water into them, and there they are washed. Afterwards they go to supper, and then to bed. The men sup in a very long hall—most curious figures, and natives of half the world. The Cardinal Camerlengo says grace and cuts the meat. They are waited upon by gentlemen and priests, and have a very substantial meal. The women are treated in the same way. No men are admitted to their hall, but we contrived to get to the door and saw it all. The Princess Orsini and a number of Roman ladies were there (who had been washing feet) with aprons on, waiting upon them at supper. Their dormitories were spacious, clean, and sweet, though the beds were crowded together. The pilgrims are kept there from Palm Sunday to Easter Sunday, when they are dis-

missed. Their numbers are generally about 250 or 300. The funds of the establishment are supplied by private subscriptions, legacies, and donations, the names of the benefactors, with the amount of their contributions, being recorded on boards hung up in the hall. . . . I met Lady ——, a very tiresome woman, a day or two after, who had been to see this ceremony, and was most devoutly edified by the humility and charity of the ladies. She told me a very old woman put out her foot to her, thinking she was one of them, and begged her to be very careful, as she had got some sores produced by the itch; but as it formed no part of her Protestant duty, she turned her over to the Princess Orsini, who handled this horrid old leg with great tenderness; and afterwards, when the same Princess was handed into the other apartment to see the male pilgrims at supper, by an attendant in the livery which they all wore, this attendant turned out to be Prince Corsini. It sounds very fine, but after all I don't think there is much in it. It is ostentatious charity and humility, and though rather disgusting and disagreeable, it is the fashion, and those who do it are set up in a capital stock of piety and virtue. It *may be* both cause and effect of great moral excellence, but I think it questionable.

April 9, 1830: . . . In the evening I went to St. Peter's when I was amply recompensed for the disappointment and bore of the morning. The church was crowded; there was a Miserere in the chapel, which was divine, far more beautiful than anything I have heard in the Sistine, and it was the more effective because at the close it really was night. The lamps were extinguished at the shrine of the Apostle, but one altar—the altar of the Holy Sepulchre—was brilliantly illuminated. Presently the Grand Penitentiary, Cardinal Gregorio, with his train entered, went and paid his devotions at this shrine, and then seated himself on the chair of the Great Confessional, took a golden wand, and touched all those who knelt before him. Then came a procession of pilgrims bearing muffled crosses; penitents with faces covered, in white, with tapers and crosses; and one long procession of men headed by these muffled figures, and another of women accompanied by ladies, a lady walking between every two pilgrims. . . . Both the men and the women seemed of the lowest class, but their appearance and dresses were very picturesque. These processions entered St. Peter's, walked

all round the church, knelt at the altars, and retired in the same order, filing along the piazza till they were lost behind the arches of the colonnades. As the shades of night fell upon the vast expanse of this wonderful building it became really sublime; "the dim religious light" glimmering from a distant altar, or cast by the passing torches of the procession, the voices of the choir as they sang the Miserere swelling from the chapel, which was veiled in dusk, and with no light but that of the high taper half hid behind the altar, with the crowds of figures assembled round the chapel moving about in the obscurity of the aisles and columns, produced the most striking effect I ever beheld. It was curious, interesting, and inspiring—little of mummery and much of solemnity. The night here brings out fresh beauties, but of the most majestic character. There is a colour in an Italian twilight that I have never seen in England, so soft, and beautiful, and grey, and the moon rises "not as in northern climes obscurely bright," but with far-spreading rays around her. The figures, costumes, and attitudes that you see in the churches are wonderfully picturesque.

April 9, 1830, at night: . . . The Grand Penitentiary, Cardinal Gregorio, again took his seat [for the Miserere] in the chair of the Great Confessional. All those who have been absolved after confession by their priest, and who present themselves before him, are touched with his golden wand, in token of confirmation of the absolution, and here again that quality which I have so often remarked as one of the peculiar characteristics of the Catholic religion is very striking. Men and women, beggars and princesses, present themselves indiscriminately; they all kneel in a row, and he touches them in succession. . . . There are some crimes of such enormity that absolution for them can only be granted by the Pope himself, who delegates his power to the Grand Penitentiary, and he receives such confessions in the chair in which he was seated to-day. They are, however, very rare; but this evening, after he had finished touching the people, a man, dressed like a peasant in a loose brown frock, worsted stockings, and brogues, apparently of the lowest order, dark, ill-looking, and squalid, approached the Confessional to reveal some great crime. The confession was very long, so was the admonition of the Cardinal which followed it. The appearance of the Cardinal is particularly dignified and

noble, and, as he bent down his head, joining it to that of this ruffian-like figure, listening with extreme patience and attention, and occasionally speaking to him with excessive earnestness, while the whole surrounding multitude stood silently gazing at the scene, all conscious that some great criminal was before them, but none knowing the nature of the crime, it was impossible not to be deeply interested and impressed with such a spectacle. Nothing could exceed the patience of the Cardinal and the intensity with which he seemed absorbed in the tale of the penitent. When it was over he wiped his face, as if he had been agitated by what he heard. It was impossible not to feel that be the balance for or against confession (which is a difficult question to decide, though I am inclined to think the balance is against) it is productive of some good effects, and, though susceptible of enormous abuses, is a powerful instrument of good when properly used. I have no doubt it is largely abused, but it is the most powerful weapon of the Romish Church, the one, I believe, by which it principally lives, moves, and has its being. That penitence must be real, and of a nature to be worked upon, which can induce a man to come forward in the face of multitudes and exhibit himself as the perpetrator of some atrocious though unknown crime.

So we leave St. Peter's—"where there were many devout Catholics praying around the figures."

April 4, 1830: To the Sistine Chapel for the ceremonies of Palm Sunday. . . . It was only on a third attempt I could get there, for twice the Papal halberdiers thrust me back, and I find since it is lucky they did not do worse; for upon some occasion one of them knocked a cardinal's eye out, and when he found who he was, begged his pardon, and said he had taken him for a bishop. . . . The music (all vocal) beautiful, the service harmoniously chanted, and the responsive bursts of the chorus sublime. The cardinals appeared a wretched set of old twaddlers, all but about three in extreme decrepitude—Odescalchi, who is young and a good preacher, Gregorio, Capellari [afterward Pope Gregory XVI]. On seeing them, and knowing that the sovereign is elected by and from them, nobody can wonder that the country is so miserably governed. These old creatures, on the demise of a Pope, are as full of ambition and intrigue as

in the high and palmy days of the Papal power. Rome and its territory are certainly worth possessing, though the Pontifical authority is so shorn of its beams; but the fact is that the man who is elected does not always govern the country, and he is condemned to a life of privation and seclusion. An able or influential cardinal is seldom elected. The parties in the Conclave usually end by a compromise, and agree to elect some cardinal without weight or influence, and there are not now any Sixtus the Fifths [the great reformer of the Holy See] to make such an arrangement hazardous. . . . As we were going to this [the Farnese] palace we drove by the Cancelleria (which was likewise built out of the Coliseum), and heard by accident that a dead cardinal (Somaglia) was lying in state there. Somaglia was Secretary of State in Leo's time. Having seen all the living cardinals, we thought we might as well complete our view of the Sacred College with the dead one, and went up. After a great deal of knocking we were admitted to a private view half an hour before the public was let in. He had been embalmed, and lay on a bed under a canopy on an inclined plane, full dressed in cardinal's robes, new shoes on, his face and hands uncovered, the former looking very fresh (I believe he was rouged), his fingers black, but on one of them was an emerald ring, candles burning before the bed, and the window curtains drawn. He was eighty-seven years old, but did not look so much, and had a healthier appearance in death than half the old walking mummies we had seen with palms in their hands in the morning. . . .

To the Farnesina: . . . Here Raphael painted the Transfiguration, and here the Fornarina was shut up with him that he might not run away from his work. It might be thought that to shut up his mistress with him was not the way to keep him to his work. Be that as it may, the plan was a good one which produced these frescoes and the Transfiguration.

It will be remembered that, in August, 1914, Austria exercised her "veto" at Rome against the election of Cardinal Rampolla to succeed Pope Pius X. The reason alleged has been that Cardinal Rampolla had raised difficulties over the burial of the Crown Prince Rudolph, whose death, no longer a mystery, was by suicide. According to Greville, not only did Austria

exercise a veto when he was in Italy, but also Spain and France, while "Portugal claims and exercises one when she can," to which "degradation," says he, "Rome is now obliged to submit."

April 4, 1830: . . . [It] produces all sorts of trickery, for when the Conclave want to elect a man who is obnoxious to Austria, for example, they choose another whom they think is equally so (but whom they do not really wish to elect), that the veto may be expended upon him, for each government has one veto only. The last veto absolutely put was on Cardinal ——, who was elected on the death of Pius VII. He had behaved very rudely to the Empress Maria Louisa when she took refuge in the north of Italy after the downfall of Napoleon, thinking it was a good moment to bully the abdicated Emperor's wife. She complained to her father, who promised her the Cardinal never should be Pope. He was a young and ambitious man, and the veto killed him with vexation and disappointment.

Of the Pope himself, Pius VIII, Greville writes:

April 4, 1830: . . . Nothing can be more melancholy than his life as described by the *custode* [of the Quirinal]; he gets up very early, lives entirely alone and with the greatest simplicity. In short, it shows what a strange thing ambition is, which will sacrifice the substantial pleasures of life for the miserable shadow of grandeur.

An audience was secured:

May 29, 1830: . . . We went to the Pope. His Court is by no means despicable. A splendid suite of apartments at the Quirinal with a very decent attendance of Swiss Guards, Guardie Nobili, Chamberlains—generally ecclesiastics—dressed in purple, valets in red from top to toe, of Spanish cut, and in the midst of all a barefooted Capuchin. After waiting a few minutes, we were introduced to the presence of the Pope by the Chamberlain, who knelt as he showed us in. The Pope was alone at the end of a very long and handsome apartment, sitting under a canopy of state in an armchair, with a table before him covered with books and papers, a crucifix, and a snuffbox. He received us most graciously, half rising and extending his hand, which we all kissed. His dress was white silk, and very dirty, a white silk

skullcap, red silk shoes with an embroidered cross, which the faithful kiss. He is a very nice, squinting old twaddler, and we liked him. He asked us if we spoke Italian, and when we modestly answered, a little, he began in the most desperately unintelligible French I ever heard, so that, though no doubt he said many excellent things, it was nearly impossible to comprehend any of them; but he talked with interest of our King's health, of the antiquities, and Vescovali, of Lucien Bonaparte and his extortion (for his curiosities), said when he was Cardinal he used to go often to Vescovali. He is, in fact, a connoisseur. Talked of quieting religious dissensions in England and the Catholic question; and when I said, "*Très-Saint Père, le Roi mon maître n'a pas de meilleurs sujets que ses sujets catholiques,*" his eyes whirled round in their sockets like teetotums, and he grinned from ear to ear. After about a quarter of an hour he bade us farewell; we kissed his hand and backed out again. . . . It is the etiquette in the Court of the Quirinal for the servants to descend from behind the carriage, and the horses to go a foot pace.

Greville also saw the Pope at the Procession of the Corpus Christi:

June 11, 1830: . . . The magnificence of ceremonies and processions here depends upon the locality, and the awnings and flowers round the piazza spoilt it all. It was long and rather tiresome—all the monks and religious orders in Rome, the cardinals and the Pope, plenty of waxlights, banners, and crosses, the crosses of Constantine and Charlemagne. The former is not genuine, that of Charlemagne is really the one he gave to the See. The Pope looks as if he was huddled into a short bed, and his throne, or whatever it is called, is ill managed. He is supposed to be in the act of adoration of the Host, which is raised before him, but as he cannot kneel for such a length of time, he sits covered with drapery, and with a pair of false legs stuck out behind to give his figure the appearance of kneeling. Before him are borne the triple crown and other Pontifical ornaments. The Guardia Nobile, commanded by Prince Barberini, looked very handsome, and all the troops *en très-belle tenue.* All the Ambassadors and foreigners were in this palace, and from it we flocked to St. Peter's, which is always a curious

sight on these occasions from the multitudes in it and the variety of their appearance and occupation—cardinals, princes, princesses, mixed up with footmen, pilgrims, and peasants. Here, Mass going on at an altar, and crowds kneeling round it; there, the Host deposited amidst a peal of music at another; in several corners, cardinals dressing or undressing, for they all take off the costume they wore in the procession and resume their scarlet robes in the church; men hurrying about with feathers, banners, and other paraphernalia of the day, the peasantry in their holiday attire, and crowds of curious idlers staring about.

The Vatican Library was "most beautiful, vast and magnificent":

Rome, May 12, 1830: . . . Amongst the most curious of the literary treasures we saw are a manuscript of some of St. Augustine's works, written upon a palimpsest of Cicero's *De Republicâ;* this treatise was brought to light by Maii; the old Latin was as nearly erased as possible, but by the application of gall it has been brought out faintly, but enough to be made out, and completely read: Henry VIII's love-letters to Anne Boleyn, in French and English: Henry's reply to Luther, the presentation copy to the Pope [Clement VII], signed by him twice at the end, in English at the end of the book, in Latin at the dedication, which is also written by his own hand, only a line.

At the Capuchins, Greville visited the catacombs, "the most curious place I ever saw." In fact, he dropped into poetry:

April 4, 1830: . . . There are a series of chapels in the cloisters, or rather compartments of one chapel, entirely fitted up with human bones arranged symmetrically and with all sorts of devices. They are laid out in niches, and each niche is occupied by the skeleton of a friar in the robes of his order; a label is attached to it with the name of the skeleton and the date of his death. Beneath are mounds of earth, each tenanted by a dead friar with similar labels. When a friar dies, the oldest buried friar, or rather his skeleton, is taken up and promoted to a niche, and the newly defunct takes possession of his grave; and so they go on in succession. I was so struck by this strange

sight that, when I came home at night, I ventured on the following description of it:

THE CATACOMBS IN THE CAPUCHIN CONVENT

In yonder chapel's melancholy shade,
Through which no wandering rays of daylight peep,
In strange and awful cemetery laid,
The ancient Fathers of the convent sleep.

No storied marble with monastic pride
Records the actions of their tranquil life,
Or tells how, fighting for their faith, they died
Unconquer'd martyrs of religious strife.

They are not laid in decent shroud and pall,
To wait, commingling with their kindred earth,
Th' Archangel's trumpet, whose dread blast shall call
The whole creation to a second birth.

But midst the mouldering relics of the dead
In shapes fantastic, which the brethren rear,
Profaned by heretic's unhallowed tread,
The monkish skeletons erect appear.

The cowl is drawn each ghastly skull around,
Each fleshless form's arrayed in sable vest,
About their hollow loins the cord is bound,
Like living Fathers of the Order drest.

And as the monk around this scene of gloom,
The flick'ring lustre of his taper throws,
He says, "Such, stranger, is my destined tomb;
Here, and with these, shall be my last repose."

April 9, 1830: . . . To the Mamertine Prisons, probably not a stone of which has been changed from the time that Jugurtha was starved in them. The tradition about St. Peter and the well of course is not to be believed; but it is very odd there should be a well there when there are so few in Rome.

April 10, 1830: In the morning to St. John Lateran, where, as my *laquais de place* said, "converted Jews, or Turks, or *Lutherans*" were baptized; got too late for the baptism, which I believe is a farce regularly got up. . . . Went into the cloisters, and was shown by the monk or priest (whichever he was) some

very remarkable articles that they possess—a bit of the column on which the cock stood when he crowed after Peter's three denials; a slab showing the exact height of Jesus Christ, as he could just stand under it (He must have been just six feet high), and two halves which had once been a whole column, but which was broken when the veil of the Temple was rent on the death of Christ. The column is adorned with sculpture which they say is Jewish, and was brought to Rome with the Holy Stairs.

May 31, 1830: . . . To-day there was a grand ceremony of the transportation of the standard of a new saint (that is, one made about fifty years ago) from St. Peter's to San Lorenzo in Lucina, his own church. This saint is San Francisco Carraccioli, a Neapolitan. All the peasantry came in, covered with religious gewgaws, and the streets were crowded. . . . First came the guards; then the footmen of the cardinals in State liveries, four for each, carrying torches; the clergy of various orders with chandeliers, crucifixes, immense crosses, standards, and all with torches; a long file of Jesuits, whose appearance was remarkable, so humble and absorbed did they look; bands of music and soldiers, the whole reaching from the door of St. Peter's to the other side of the Castle of St. Angelo. This procession made the *giro* of the city, for we fell in with it again in the Piazza della Colonna two hours afterwards. The Church of San Lorenzo and the adjoining houses were illuminated, and there was a picture, inscription, etc., stuck up over the door. The Cardinal Galetti, who is the patron of this order, asked the General of the Jesuits to send some of his flock to swell the procession, which he was desirous of making as brilliant as possible. The General excused himself on the ground that the Jesuits were not in the habit of attending processions. The Cardinal complained to the Pope of the General's refusal. The next time the Pope saw him (he goes once a week to the Quirinal to make his report), after discussing all their matters of business and giving him the benediction, just as he was leaving the room, the Pope called after him, "O reverend Father, I hope you will not send less than a hundred of your Jesuits to the procession to-morrow." The General was thunderstruck, but obliged to obey. This ecclesiastical anecdote makes a noise here. The present General is a Belgian and a man of great ability. The Jesuits have a college here, and

a seminary; a hundred in the one, and three hundred in the other.

The process of saint-making is extremely curious. There are three grades of saintship: the first, for which I forget the name, requires irreproachable moral conduct; the second (beatification), two well-proved miracles; the third (sanctification), three. It costs an immense sum of money to effect the whole, in some cases as much as 100,000 piastres. The process begins by an application to the Pope, on the part of the relatives of the candidate, or on that of the confraternity, if they belong to a religious order. The Pope refers the question to a tribunal, and the claimants are obliged to appear with their proofs, which are severely scrutinized, and the miracles are only admitted upon the production of the most satisfactory evidence. Individuals continually subscribe for this purpose, particularly for members of religious orders, in order to increase the honour or glory of the society. These trials last many years, sometimes for centuries. There is a Princess of Sardinia, sister of the late King, who died lately, and they want to make a saint of her. The money (estimated at 100,000 piastres) is ready, but they cannot rout out a miracle by any means, so that they are at a dead standstill before the second step. Nobody can be sanctified till two hundred years after their death, but they may arrive at the previous grades before that, and the proofs may be adduced and registered.

June 1, 1830: . . . In the evening looked into the Church and Piazza of San Lorenzo in Lucina. The church is hung with drapery, adorned with statues, and illuminated by innumerable wax candles. The piazza is illuminated too, and drapery hung out from the windows. There were crowds of people, lines of chairs, and boys bawling to the people to come and sit upon them; others selling lemonade, others the life and exploits of the saint on penny papers; a band of military music on a scaffolding, and guards patrolling about. Between the intervals of the band the bells, in discordant chorus, regaled "the ears of the groundlings." This strange, discordant scene, the foundation of which is religious, but which has but little of the appearance of religion in it, lasts eight successive days, and costs a vast sum of money—they say 9,000 scudi—the greatest part of which is furnished by the Government. It probably answers

some end, for it is difficult to conceive that any government, even this, should spend money, of which they have so little to spare, on these fooleries while poverty overspreads the land. This ceremony has not taken place before for a hundred years. The sight was certainly very gay. Close by, in the Palazzo Fiani, is a theatre of marionettes, who play a comedy of Goldoni. The Duke Fiani lets part of his palace for this purpose. What an exhibition of wretchedness! He reserves a box which his servants let to anybody, whether on his account or their own I don't know.

Evening: . . . Went to a most extraordinary performance—that of the Flagellants. I had heard of it, and had long been curious to assist at it. The church was dimly lit by a few candles on the altar, the congregation not numerous. There was a service, the people making the responses, after which a priest, or one of the attendants of the church, went round with a bundle of whips of knotted cord, and gave one to each person who chose to take it. I took mine, but my companion laughed so at seeing me gravely accept the whip, that he was obliged to hide his face in his hands, and was passed over. In a few minutes the candles were extinguished, and we were left in total darkness. Then an invisible preacher began exhorting his hearers to whip themselves severely, and as he went on his vehemence and passion increased. Presently a loud smacking was heard all round the church, which continued a few minutes; then the preacher urged us to fresh exertions, and crack went the whips again louder and faster than before as he exhorted. The faithful flogged till a bell rang; the whips stopped, in a few minutes the candles were lit again, and the priest came round and collected his cords. I had squeezed mine in my hands, so that he did not see it, and I brought it away with me. As soon as the candles were extinguished the doors were locked, so that nobody could go out or come in till the discipline was over. I was rather nervous when we were locked up in total darkness, but nobody whipped me, and I certainly did not whip myself. A more extraordinary thing (for sight it can't be called) I never witnessed. I don't think the people stripped, nor, if they did, that the cords could have hurt them much.

Rome, May 11, 1830: . . . As we set out on our ride we passed a little church called "Domine, quo vadis?" which was built

on this occasion: St. Peter was escaping from Rome (he was a great coward, that Princeps Apostolorum), and at this spot he met Christ, and said to him, "*Domine, quo vadis?*" "Why," replied our Saviour, "I am going to be crucified over again, for you are running away, and won't stay to do my business here"; on which St. Peter returned to suffer in his own person, and the church was built in commemoration of the event. The saint has no reason to be flattered at the character which is given of him by the pious editors of his Epistles. . . . We returned through the Porta di San Giovanni, and by the Scala Santa. There are three flights of steps; those in the middle are covered with wood (that the marble may not be worn out), and these are the holy steps; the other two are for the pious to walk down. I had no idea anybody ever went up on their knees, though I was aware they were not allowed to go up on their feet, and with no small surprise saw several devout females in the performance of this ceremony. They walk up the vestibule, drop upon their knees, rise and walk over the landing place, carefully tuck up their gowns, drop again, and then up they toil in the most absurd and ridiculous postures imaginable.

> Weak in their limbs, but in devotion strong,
> On their bare hands and feet they crawl along.
>
> DRYDEN, *Juv.* 6.

I suppose there is some spiritual advantage derivable from the action, but I don't know what.

May 27, 1830: . . . —— is the merriest of saints, the jolliest of devotees, . . . for though rigorously obedient to the prescribed fasts of the Church, she devours flesh enough on other days to suffice for those on which it is forbidden; and on the meagre days she indemnifies herself by any quantity of fish, vegetables, and *sucreries* of all kinds. It is only like eating her first course on Thursday and her second on Friday.

June 11, 1830: . . . This morning went at eight to the Palazzo Accoramboni [at Rome], to see the procession of the Corpus Domini, and was disappointed. This Palazzo Accoramboni, in which we were accommodated, belonged to a very rich old man, who was married to a young and pretty wife. He died and left her all his fortune, but suspecting that she was attached to a young man who used to frequent the house, he made the

bequest conditional upon her not marrying again, and if she did the whole property was to go to some religious order. She was fool enough (and the man too) to marry, but clandestinely. She had two children, and this brought the marriage to light. They therefore lost the property, amounting to 10,000l. or 12,000l. a year; but the Pope, in his vast generosity, allows her out of it 300 piastres (about £65) a year, and gives a portion of 1,000 piastres (£200) to each of the little girls. It is supposed that she consulted some priest, who urged her to marry secretly, and then revealed the fact to the order interested. Otherwise it is difficult to account for their folly.

April 4, 1830: . . . I remember one of the best of his (Marphorius's) stories. Sixtus V made his sister a princess, and she had been a washerwoman. The next day Pasquin appeared with a dirty shirt on. Marphorius asks him "why he wears such foul linen," and he answers "that his washerwoman has been made a princess, and he can't get it washed."

Readers of Browning's "The Ring and the Book" will recall how important a factor in the story was Guido Franceschini's status as lay cleric. Once more, Greville supplies a sidelight:

April 12, 1830: . . . I had a long conversation with Monsignore Spada, who is a young layman with ecclesiastical rank and costume, and a judge. A Monsignore holds ecclesiastical rank at Rome, as a Lady of the Bedchamber at St. Petersburg holds military rank, where she is a major general; there is no other. He is free to marry, and I presume to do anything else, but he must preserve a certain orthodox gravity of dress and conduct; he is a curious nondescript, about an equal mixture of the cardinal and the dandy. This Monsignore is a very clever, agreeable man.

Of justice in Italy, Greville gives several illustrations. A young lady, called Miss Kelly, was trapped into a clandestine marriage. And when denying the validity of the rite, the nature of which, as a Protestant, she did not understand, found herself committed to the Inquisition. Greville took up the case, and saw Cardinal Albani who was "like a very ancient red-legged macaw, but . . . a dandy among the cardinals, for he wears two stars and two watches." The Cardinal—

May 27, 1830, at night: . . . said she was married. We said, not at all. Then he hummed and hawed, and stammered and slobbered, and talked of the "case being in the hands of the Saint Office (the Inquisition!!) under the eyes of his Holiness. What could he do?" We fired off a tirade against the infamy of the action, said . . . that the story (if they were detained here) would make a noise in England, and would be echoed back to France by the press of both countries, and that it was very desirable to avoid such a scandal. He seemed struck with this, and said it would be best to send them off to settle their disputes at home but that they must have patience, that time was necessary and the case must be examined. We were obliged to be contented with this, and saying we were sure the case was in good hands (which I doubt, for he would leave it there if he dared), with many scrapes and compliments we took our leave. The girl has never dared to show her face, for fear of being carried off by the lover or shut up in a convent by the Grand Inquisitor, so I tranquillized their minds and sent them out for an airing. . . .

Dined with M. de la Ferronarys. . . . He has been perfect in this affair, full of prompt kindness; but what a government! how imbecile, how superannuated!—a Minister of ninety almost, a sovereign of whom all that can be said is that he is a great canonist, and all that little bubbling and boiling of priestery and monkery, which is at once odious, mischievous, and contemptible, a sort of extinct volcano, all the stink of the sulphur without any of the splendour of the eruption. They want the French again sadly. English subjects detained by the Inquisition in 1830!!

In due course, the Kellys, "in a transport of gratitude and joy," were granted their passports and escaped to Florence. Ultimately, the Privy Council itself declared the marriage to be legal and the young people appear to have lived happily ever after.

June 8, 1830: . . . To-day the spiritual arms of the Church are to be fulminated against a sinner in a case which is rather curious. There are two brothers who live at a place called Genezzano, in two adjoining houses, which formerly formed but one, belonging to the Colonna family, of whom the progenitors of these men

bought it. A short time ago a man came to the brothers, and told them that in a particular spot on the premises there was a treasure concealed, the particulars of which he had learned from a memorandum in the papers of the Colonna family, to which he had got access, and he proposed to discover the same to them, if they would give him a part of it. They agreed, when he told them that under a little column built against a wall they would find a flat brick, covering a hole, in which was an earthen pot containing 2,000 ducats in gold. The column was there, so at night the brothers set to work to take it down, and beneath it they found the flat stone as described. When one of them (an apothecary) said to the other that, after all, it was probably an invention, that they should be laughed at for their pains, and he thought they had better give up the search, the other (who must be a great flat) said, "Very well," and they retired to bed. In the morning the apothecary told the other that in the night he could not help thinking of this business, and that his curiosity had induced him to get up and dig on, and that he had actually found the pot, but nothing in it. The other, flat as he was, could not stand this, and on examining the pot, he found marks which, on further investigation, turned out to be indication of coin having been in it. The thief stuck to his story, so the dupe complained, and, as the presumption is considered to be strongly against him, they are going to try what excommunication will do. It is remarkable that they asked this man if he would swear upon the Host that he had not found any money, and this he refused to do, though he continued to deny it and to decline restitution. He was accounted a very religious man, and these were religious scruples, which, however, were not incompatible with robbery and fraud. His refusal to swear was taken as a moral evidence of guilt, and he was to be excommunicated to-day.

Of the Matteis Case, which had lasted a month and was "likely to last two or three more," Greville took care to see something:

April 21, 1830: . . . The principal topic of conversation at dinner was the trial, which goes on every day, has already lasted a month, and is likely to last two or three more. The Code Napoléon is in force here, so that there may probably be some-

thing like a certain and equal administration of justice between man and man; but this is a government prosecution, and therefore exempted from ordinary rules. The history of this trial exemplifies the state of both the law and the Government of this country. The accused are five in number; the principal of them, Matteis, was an *intendente*, or governor, of a province; 2d, the advocate general of the province; 3d Matteis's secretary; and 4th and 5th, two spies. These men united in a conspiracy to destroy various persons who were obnoxious to them in the province, some of them actuated by political motives and others in order to get possession of the property of their victims. The bugbear of the Court is Carbonarism, and Matteis pretended that there was a Carbonari plot on foot, in which several persons were implicated. He employed the spies to seduce the victims into some imprudence of language or conduct, and then to inform against them; in this way he apprehended various individuals, some of whom were tortured, some imprisoned or sent to the galleys, and some put to death. These transactions took place eight or nine years ago, and such was the despotism of this man and the terror he inspired, that no resistance was made to his proceedings, or any appeal against them ever sent to Naples. At last one of his own secretaries made some disclosures to Government, and the case appeared so atrocious that it was thought necessary to institute an immediate inquiry. The *intendente* was ordered to Naples, and commissioners were sent to obtain evidence in the province and sift the matter to the bottom. After much delay they made a report confirming the first accusations and designating these five men as the criminals. As soon as the matter was thus taken up the public indignation burst forth, and a host of witnesses who had been deterred by fear from opening their lips came forward to depose against Matteis and his associates. They were arrested in the year 1825 and thrown into prison, but owing to the difficulties and delay which they contrived by their influence to interpose, and to the anomalous character of the prosecution, five years elapsed before the proceedings began. At length a royal order constituted a Court of Justice, composed of all the judges of the Court of Cassation (about twenty), the highest tribunal in the kingdom, and they have just been enjoined not to separate till the final adjudication of the case. Although the offences with

which the criminals are charged are very different in degree, they are all arraigned together; a host of witnesses are examined, each of whom tells a story or makes a speech, and the evidence is accordingly very confused, now affecting one and now another of them. They have counsel and the right of addressing the Court themselves, which the *intendente* avails himself of with such insolence that they are obliged to begin the proceedings of each day by reading an order to the prisoners to behave themselves decently to the Court. Their counsel are assigned by the Court, and it is not one of the least extraordinary parts of this case that the advocate of Matteis is his personal enemy, and a man whom he displaced from an office he once held in the province. They say, however, that he defends him very fairly and zealously. The day I was there the proceedings were uninteresting, but yesterday they were very important. An officer was examined who had been imprisoned and ill-treated in prison, and who deposed to various acts of cruelty. They on their part hardly deny the facts, but attempt to justify them by proving that the sufferers really were Carbonari, that other governors had done the same thing, and that they were doing a service to the Government by these pretended plots and consequent executions. Though their guilt is clear, it is by no means so clear that they will be condemned, or at least all of them.

April 22, 1830: . . . A woman was examined, who deposed that her husband was thrown into prison and ill-treated by Matteis because he would not give some false evidence that he required of him; that she went to Matteis and entreated him to release him, and that he told her he would if she would bring her daughter to him, which she refused, and he was put to death. On this evidence being given, the examining judge dropped the paper, and a murmur of horror ran through the audience.

As a tourist, Greville put together, as every tourist should do, his own guidebook. On the statue of Pompey, at whose base "great Cæsar fell," he confesses that it bears "no resemblance" to the busts which show Pompey "as a fat, vulgar-looking man with a great double chin."

The temple of Bacchus, now a Christian church, is "just the same as when it was devoted to the worship of the jolly god." In the Coliseum, he did not find a moon, wholly to his liking,

and he strongly disapproved of "a parcel of chattering girls who only 'flout the ruins grey.'" But, at last—

June 8, 1830: . . . It was a full moon and a clear night, so I went to the Coliseum, and passed an hour there. I never saw it so well; the moon rode above without a cloud, but with a brilliant planet close to her; there was not a breath of air, not a human being near but the soldiers at the gates below and the monk above with me; not a sound was heard but those occasional noises of the night, the bark of a dog, the chimes from churches and convents, the chirp of a bird, which only served to make silence audible. Though I have seen the Coliseum a dozen times before, I never was so delighted with its beauty and grandeur as to-night. No description in poetry or painting can do it justice; it is a "wreck of ruinous perfection," whose charm must be felt, and on such a night as this.

On the Campagna, the Emissarium, built 393 years before the Christian Era, suggested to him how the Romans were inspired by "an instinctive prescience of future greatness," creating architecture of "magnitude and grandeur" before the Republic "had acquired power, territory, or population." "The road to Aricia where Horace got such a bad dinner" was "beautiful."

With Baron Bunsen, representing Prussia at Rome, Greville had "conversation equally amusing and instructive." He was "really luminous." He had been a—

April 13, 1830: . . . German student destined for the Church; came to Rome, and got employed by Niebuhr, from whom he first got a taste for antiquities. The King of Prussia came to Rome and saw him; he was struck with his knowledge and the character he heard of him, and consulted him about a new Liturgy he wished to introduce into Prussia. Bunsen gave him so much satisfaction in that matter, as well as in some others which were entrusted to him, that on Niebuhr's return to Prussia he was appointed to succeed him, and has been at Rome ever since—thirteen years. Some say he is not a profound man, and that his speculations about the ruins are all wrong. He talks English, French, and Italian like his own language.

June 2, 1830: Called on Bunsen, . . . I had a long conversation with him about the expediency of appointing an English Minis-

ter or agent of some sort at Rome, which he thinks very desirable and very feasible, upon the same plan on which the diplomatic relations of Prussia with Rome are conducted, and which he says go on very smoothly, and without embarrassment or inconvenience. There is good faith on both sides. . . . He thinks there is much superstition among the lower classes, little religion among any, great immorality in all; the same desire of intriguing and extending its influence which the Romish Church has always had, but with very diminished means and resources. The Inquisition is still active in repressing heresy among Roman subjects, but not venturing to meddle with the opinions of foreigners. Its principles and its forms are the same as in former times. . . . It would be very desirable to establish a regular Protestant church in Rome, with an able and permanent minister; but there is only an occasional church, with anybody who will serve in it, and who is paid by the congregation, but such a man is totally unable to cope with the Catholic preachers, and consequently many converts are made to the Catholic religion.

Of that Rock, named after the traitress Tarpeia, from which all traitors were hurled to their death, Greville tells us that:

April 9, 1830: . . . The accumulation of earth has diminished its height—there is the Rock, but in a very obscure hole. It was probably twice as high as it is now. I think it is now about forty feet.

There was one and apparently only one occasion on which Greville sincerely conformed to the rites of the Church:

Rome, May 12, 1830: . . . Just before I went to the Vatican I read in *Galignani* the agreeable intelligence that my mare Lady Emily had beat Clotilde at Newmarket, which I attribute entirely to my *ex voto* of a silver horseshoe, which I vowed, before I went to Naples, to the Virgin of the Pantheon in case I won the match; and, as I am resolved to be as good as my word, I have ordered the horseshoe, which is to be sent on Monday, and as soon as it arrives it shall be suspended amongst all the arms, and legs, and broken gigs, and heads, and silver hearts, and locks of hair.

A fortnight later, Greville, as he says, remembered "my friend of the Pantheon, to whom I went, as in honour bound,

and hung up my horseshoe by a purple ribband (my racing colour) round one of the candlesticks on the altar, with this inscription—C. C. G., P. G. R. N. A. 27, 1830."

What the votive letters mean, passes the wit of successive editors. But "the Princess Aldobrandine was so delighted with the anecdote of my horseshoe that she is gone off to the Pantheon to look at it."

CHAPTER XVIII

BOMBA'S PARADISE

GREVILLE's peregrinations in Italy included Naples—a city which, so he was told, "does verv well for a short time, but you will soon grow tired of it."

It was in 1850 that Gladstone stirred Europe by his exposure of the Neapolitan prisons. Twenty years earlier, Greville wrote a description of the city which, for some reason, has been hitherto suppressed:

May 12, 1830: . . . Naples possesses a better climate and a worse government than any country in Europe. There is no Constitution of any sort, and the King is absolute, the laws are ill administered, the nobility are oppressed, there is no commerce, high taxation, and a large army. The French introduced the Code Napoléon, and a heavy land tax, both of which have been retained. The Revenue is 28 millions of ducats (about five millions of money), the debt 6 millions, the interest of which is 400,000 a year. The King takes 500,000 a year for his Civil List; the great expense is the army, which amounts to 50 or 60,000 men, well equipped. It is supposed that the Neapolitan Government is compelled by some treaty with Austria to keep up this enormous force, for placed as they are at the extreme point of Europe, and with no neighbour but the Pope, it is impossible for them to go to war with any person whatever, and they have not a pretext for maintaining this enormous force, but to suppress the discontent of their own subjects. Naples swarms with soldiers, and in no besieged town could there be more incessant drumming and marching than there.

The present King is obstinate, bigoted and narrow minded, always in terror of the Carbonari, and fancying himself a man of business, because he descends to minute details, and insists upon giving orders himself with regard to the most trivial as well as the most important things. Since he has been at Madrid, great inconvenience has arisen from the necessity of applying

to him for every trifle that his Ministers might just as well have settled in his absence. His eldest son, the Duke of Calabria, was left in the nominal administration of the Government, but without authority over anything except the army, with which he was allowed to amuse himself as he chose, he is therefore continually reviewing and exercising the troops, and in order to make them prompt and active, he sometimes orders them out of their beds in the middle of the night, and marches and countermarches them so as to rival the exploits of Major Sturgeon's Corps, but he tries to make himself familiar, and is said to be popular with the soldiers. They are superb-looking troops, and doubtless very brave in the Duke of Calabria's bloodless campaigns, but they always run away when opposed to the Austrians or the French. The Neapolitan Guards are just like our Grenadiers, perhaps finer looking, but when their martial qualities have been so well ascertained there seems to be something peculiarly ridiculous in their "pride, pomp and circumstance."

Sir Henry Lushington, our Consul, told me that nothing could be more miserable than the condition of the country, the commerce in a state of stagnation, the soil rich and productive to the highest degree, but not producing a tenth of what it might, from the oppression of the Land tax, and the want of any vent for their produce. By dint of a very heavy tariff amounting in many cases to total prohibition, they have managed to keep alive their manufactures of cloth and linens, which could not at all compete with British or even French goods, but in protecting this, other interests have suffered, and the general stock of luxuries and comforts have been diminished. The character of the Government is narrow minded and suspicious, they are aware of their unpopularity, and are always dreading plots against their authority, consequently the upper classes are subjected to the most vexatious interference in their personal comfort and freedom, they cannot leave the kingdom without special permission, and without a variety of previous formalities, testimony of good conduct from the priest of their parish, proving that they are not engaged to be married, and that they have not left any woman with child, and a variety of other restrictions and difficulties, so that sometimes weeks elapse before they can get all the necessary papers passed, and at

last, probably not without bribing the inferior agents. There is a constant system of espionage, and the prisons are crowded with people who are detained for political offences, and often only for political opinions. There is very little society among the Neapolitans, they are most of them too poor to open their houses, and the Government views with suspicion and dislike frequent reunions. The Duchess d'Eboli receives a few people every Monday, with dancing and pianoforte, whist and écarté, and she has been more than once admonished that her parties are too frequent.

The Neapolitan women of the upper classes are extremely handsome, those of the lower very plain, but the peasantry (the men) very fine looking. Upon going into another country, one is anxious to know whether it is better or worse off than our own. My view of Naples tends to confirm what I have long believed, that the rich in England are far better off than in any part of Europe. Here there are none of the prodigious contrasts that strike one so forcibly at home. The climate is a great leveller, for the sun shines, the wind blows, and the fruits and flowers grow alike for all, and these are the principal luxuries and delights of Naples. The Neapolitan peasant has few wants, and those are easily satisfied, the costly comforts of the English aristocracy are by no means necessary to the Neapolitan gentleman, and his gratifications consist rather in a little external vanity of dress and equipage, than in social luxury and a splendid hospitality. The Neapolitan peasant hardly wants a house, the thin and harmless wine of the country, or iced water and watermelons, fruits and vegetables are his sufficient diet, clothes he scarcely wears, his labour is not violent or unremitting, he throws himself down and sleeps through the midday heats under any shed he can find, he is always gay and merry, and he dances and sings and fiddles apparently without care or sorrow. Still there are winter months, and what they do then I have no idea; the winter is, however, neither severe nor long. The lazzaroni, who are a class apart, are greatly diminished in numbers. There are not above 6,000 of them, they are generally remarkably handsome, and their dress sets off their persons to great advantage, they live in and on the water, are all married and have heaps of children who follow the profession of their fathers; the women are generally coarse and dirty.

Every sort of trade at Naples is carried on *sub dio*, and tailors, shoemakers, artisans of all kinds sit working at their doors and enjoying the fresh air. Of course good orthodox John Bullish travellers are full of pity, mixed with indignation for a city where there is a miracle of San Gennaro and a half-naked population, and they at once pronounce the community to be plunged in ignorance, misery and vice. I don't believe there is throughout the community more vice than in England or so much misery, and the vice is of a far less disgusting character, for in England it is always based in drunkenness, which exhibits it in its most hideous form, whereas at Naples drunkenness is almost unknown. There is an abundance of superstition, but what effect their religious belief has upon the morals of the people it is difficult to ascertain, much depending on the way in which it is exercised. The King is as superstitious as any of his subjects, but all his devotion to the Church has not induced him to restore to it the wealth of which it was stripped by the French. I do not know much about the administration of the law at Naples, but it is easy to judge how it must be, when I found Acton one day (who is involved in a lawsuit) closeted with his counsel and ——, one of the judges who is to decide the case. These magistrates must always be courted by the parties, be put in possession of the merits of the case, and be engaged privately and previously to exert themselves for the success of their friend.

The King has a heap of children, and the rule of the palace is very severe; a whole code of domestic law was left for them, when he went to Madrid, the princes and princesses were to be kept apart, no amusements allowed to any of them but riding and driving out, the princes were to receive men, but no ladies. I met them all riding one day on the Strada Nova, five boys scampering away on horses like those at Astley's, cream-coloured spotted, with all sorts of caparisons, they were each adorned with four or five stars, the Duke of Calabria was galloping before the rest. A host of tutors, etc., followed, and seven or eight grooms with great cocked hats and Jack Boots. Medici, who died the other day, is said to have been a clever man, and (for a Neapolitan) to have governed the country tolerably well, but he fell a victim to the wretched system of Court favour and intrigue which prevails, for although past

seventy years old, and infirm, he would go to Spain with the King, for fear of being supplanted by some rival in his absence. Hill told him he would die and so he did.

April 22, 1830: . . . This morning we went to an Ursuline convent to see two girls take the veil. The ceremony was neither imposing, nor interesting, nor affecting, nor such as I expected. I believe all this would have been the case had it been the black veil, but it was the white unfortunately. I thought they would be dressed splendidly, have their hair cut off in the church, be divested (in the convent) of their finery, and reappear to take leave of their relations in the habit of the order. Not at all. I went with A. Hill and Legge, who had got tickets from the brother of one of the *sposine;* we were admitted to the grating, an apartment about ten feet long by five wide, with a very thick double grating, behind which some of the nuns appeared and chattered. A turning box supplied coffee and cakes to the company. I went to the door of the parlour (which was open), but they would not admit me. There the ladies were received, and the nuns and novices were laughing and talking and doing the honours. Their dress was not ugly—black, white, and a yellow veil. The chapel was adorned with gold brocade, and blue and silver hangings, flowers, tapers; a good orchestra, and two or three tolerable voices. It was as full as it could hold, and soldiers were distributed about to keep order; even by the altar four stood with fixed bayonets, who when the Host was raised presented arms—a military salute to the Real Presence! The brother of one of the girls did the honours of the chapel, placing the ladies and bustling about for chairs, which all the time the ceremony was going on were handed over heads and bonnets, to the great danger of the latter. It was impossible not to be struck with this man's gaiety and *sang-froid* on the occasion, but he is used to it, for this was the fourth sister he had buried here. When the chapel was well crammed the *sposine* appeared, each with two *marraines*. A table and six chairs were placed opposite the altar; on the table were two trays, each containing a Prayer Book, a pocket handkerchief, and a white veil. The girls (who were very young, and one of them rather pretty) were dressed in long black robes like dressing gowns, their hair curled, hanging down their backs and slightly powdered. On

the top of their heads were little crowns of blue, studded with silver or diamonds. The ladies attending them (one of whom was Princess Fondi and another Princess Bressano) were very smart, and all the people in the chapel were dressed as for a ball. There was a priest at the table to tell the girls what to do. High Mass was performed, then a long sermon was delivered by a priest who spoke very fluently, but with a strange twang and in a very odd style, continually apostrophizing the two girls by name, comparing them to olives and other fruit, to *candelabri*, and desiring them to keep themselves pure that "they might go as virgins into the chamber of their beloved." When the Sacrament was administered the ladies took the crowns off the girls, who were like automata all the time, threw the white veils over them, and led them to the altar, where the Sacrament was administered to them; then they were led back to their seats, the veils taken off, and the crowns replaced. After a short interval, they were again led to the altar, where, on their knees, their profession was read to them; in this they are made to renounce the world and their parents; but at this part, which is at the end, a murmuring noise is made by the four ladies who kneel with them at the altar, that the words may not be heard, being thought too heartrending to the parents; then they are led out and taken into the convent, and the ceremony ends. The girls did not seem the least affected, but very serious; the rest of the party appeared to consider it as a *fête*, and smirked and gossipped; only the father of one of them, an old man, looked as if he felt it. The brother told me his sister was eighteen; that she would be a nun, and that they had done all they could to dissuade her. It is a rigid order, but there is a still more rigid rule within the convent. Those nuns who embrace it are for ever cut off from any sort of communication with the world, and can never again see or correspond with their own family. They cannot enter into this last seclusion without the consent of their parents, which another of this man's four sisters is now soliciting.

Naples, April 26, 1830: . . . Met a christening this morning, and then a funeral. The wet nurse, full dressed, was carried in a Sedan chair down the middle of the street, and the child, dressed also, held out of the window in her arms, and so she was going to church. The funeral was a priest's—a long file of penitents

in white, carrying torches, a bier covered with crimson and gold, and the priest dressed in robes and exposed upon it, a ghastly sight, with a chalice in his hand and book at his feet, other priests following, the cross borne before him. When young girls are buried in this way, they are gaily dressed with chaplets of flowers, a flower in the mouth, and flowers at their feet.

May 2, 1830, Thursday: . . . The convent [at Camaldoli] was once very rich, but the French stripped all the convents of their property, which they have never since recovered. It is remarkably clean and spacious. Each monk has a house of his own containing two or three rooms, and a little garden, and they only eat together on particular days. The old man who took us about said he had been there since he was eighteen, had been turned out by the French, but came back as soon as he could, and had never regretted becoming a monk. He showed me a bust of the founder of their order (I think San Romualdo), and when I asked him how many years ago it was founded, he said, "Perhaps two thousand." I said when I became a monk I would go to that convent, when he asked very seriously if I was going to be a monk. I said, "Not just yet." "Very well," he said; "you must pay 120 ducats, and you can come here." We went down a road cut for miles in the mountain, very narrow and steep, through shady lanes, groves, and vineyards (with magnificent views).

On the 1st of May, Greville witnessed "the benediction of flowers":

May 3, 1830: . . . It was in the Archiepiscopal church, which was gaily adorned with hangings of various colours, gold and silver and flowers, full of people, all in their best attire. A priest in the pulpit opposite the Archbishop's throne called on the representatives of the different parishes (seven in number), who advanced in succession, each bearing a huge cross fifteen or twenty feet high, entirely made of flowers, and adorned with garlands and devices, all likewise of the most brilliant flowers, and, as each came up, a little cannon was fired off. They were blessed in succession, and then deposited around the throne of the Archbishop, who, after this ceremony was concluded, went up to the altar and celebrated High Mass. They told me that this festival had taken place at Sorrento from the remotest time.

It happened that Greville fell in with acquaintances called the Dalbergs:

May 24, 1830: . . . I looked into . . . Santa Susanna, and I stopped to look at the Moses Striking the Rock, which is certainly very fine, though there is too much of Moses and not enough of rock or water. . . . Went about with the Dalbergs to several places, to all of which I had been before. At every church the Duchess and her daughter dropped on their knees and sprinkled themselves with holy water, and prayed and curtsied, but nothing could get him [the Duke] down upon his marrow bones.

The talk included ecclesiastical miracles in which Madame de Dalberg believed:

Rome, May 11, 1830: . . . She belongs to a church which teaches that miracles have never ceased from the days of the Apostles till now. Those who believe that a Miracle ever was performed cannot doubt that another *may* be performed now; the only question is as to the fact. We believe that miracles ceased with the Apostles, and we pronounce all that are alleged to have happened since to be fictitious. Believing as she does that miracles have continually occurred it is more reasonable to believe in the reality of one she sees herself than in those which are reported in others. She sees this done; it is, then, a miracle, or it is an imposture; but it is declared to be a miracle by a whole body of men, who must know whether it be so or not, and to whom she has been accustomed to look up with respect and confidence, and who have always been deemed worthy of belief. What is it, then, she believes? The evidence of her own senses, and the testimony of a number of men, and a succession of them, who are competent witnesses, and whose characters are for the most part unblemished, in her opinion certainly. The objection that it is improbable, and that no sufficient reason is assigned for its performance, is quite inadmissible, as all considerations of reason are in matters of revelation.

The particular miracle under discussion was the liquefaction of the blood of San Gennaro. As an eyewitness, Greville wrote:

May 3, 1830: . . . [It] was performed, and of course successfully; it will be repeated every morning for eight days. I went

to-day to the Cathedral, where San Gennaro's silver bust was standing on one side of the altar, surrounded by lights, and the vessel containing the blood on the other. Round the altar were ranged silver heads of various saints, his particular friends, who had accompanied him there to do him honour, and who will be taken this evening with him in procession to his own chapel. Acton and I went together, and one of the people belonging to the church seeing us come in, and judging that we wanted to see the blood, summoned one of the canons, who was half asleep in a stall, who brought out the blood, which is contained in a glass vase mounted with silver. It liquefies in the morning, remains in that state all day, and congeals again at night. A great many people were waiting to kiss the vessel, which was handed to us first. We kissed it, and then it went round, each person kissing it and touching it with his head, as they do St. Peter's foot at Rome. San Gennaro and his silver companions were brought in procession from one of the other churches, all the nobility and an immense crowd attending. I had fancied that the French had exposed and put an end to this juggle, but not at all. They found the people so attached to the superstition that they patronized it; they adorned the Chapel of St. Januarius with a magnificent altar-piece and other presents. The first time (after they came to Naples) that the miracle was to be performed the blood would not liquefy, which produced a great ferment among the people. It was a trick of the priests' to throw odium on the French, and the French General Championnet thought it so serious that he sent word that if the blood did not liquefy forthwith the priests should go to the galleys. It liquefied immediately, and the people were satisfied. Acton told me that nobody believed it but the common people, but that they did not dare to leave it off.

May 7, 1830: In the morning to the Chapel of St. Januarius, to see the blood liquefy. The grand ceremony was last Saturday at the Cathedral, but the miracle is repeated every morning in the chapel for eight days. I never saw such a scene, at once so ludicrous and so disgusting, but more of the latter. There was the saint all bedizened with pearls on the altar, the other silver ladies and gentlemen all round the chapel, with an abundance of tapers burning before them. Certain people were admitted within the rails of the altar; the crowd, consisting chiefly of

women, and most of them old women, were without. There is no service, but the priests keep muttering and looking at the blood to see if it is melting. To-day it was unusually long, so these old Sybils kept clamouring, "Santa Trinità!" "Santa Vergine!" "Dio omnipotente!" "San Gennaro!" in loud and discordant chorus; still the blood was obstinate, so the priest ordered them to go down on their knees and to say the Athanasian Creed, which is one of the specifics resorted to in such a case. He drawled it out with his eyes shut, and the women screamed the responses. This would not do, so they fell to abuse and entreaties with a vehemence and volubility, and a shrill clamour, which was at once a proof of their sincerity and their folly. Such noise, such gesticulations. One woman I shall never forget, with outstretched arm, distorted visage, and voice of piercing sharpness. In the meantime the priest handed about the phial to be kissed, and talked the matter over with the bystanders. "*È sempre duro?*" "*Sempre duro, adesso v'è una piccola cosa.*" At last, after all the handling, praying, kissing, screaming, entreating, and abusing, the blood did melt, when the organ struck up, they all sang in chorus, and so it ended.

Greville adds that "there are other bloods that liquefy in various places besides San Gennaro's."

How the Museum of Naples deciphered its papyri may or may not please scholars to-day:

April 19, 1830: . . . The manuscript (which is like a piece of charcoal) is suspended by light strings in a sort of frame; gum and goldbeater's skin are applied to it as it is unrolled, and, by extreme delicacy of touch, they contrive to unravel without destroying a great deal of it, but probably they have been discouraged by the small reward which has attended their exertions; for there are several black-looking rolls which have never yet been touched, and very few men at work. The gentleman who explained to us the process said that Sir Humphry Davy had attended them constantly, and had taken great pains to contrive some better chemical process for the purpose, but without success.

Of Pompeii, about one fifth had been excavated:

April 22, 1830: . . . Far better worth seeing than anything else in Italy. Who can look at other ruins after this? At Rome

there are certain places consecrated by recollections, but the imagination must be stirred up to enjoy them; here you are actually in a Roman town. Shave off the upper storey of any town, take out the windows, doors, and furniture, and it will be as Pompeii now is: it is marvellous. . . . It is said 1,000 men would clear it in a year, and there are thirty at work. The road is a bed of dust, and infested with blind beggars, each led by a boy.

Salerno, April 24, 1830: . . . If Murat had continued on the throne two or three years longer, the whole town would have been excavated. He, and still more the Queen, took great interest in it, and they both went there frequently. She used to see the houses excavated, and one day they found a skeleton of a woman with gold bracelets and earrings, which were brought to her, and she put them on herself directly. In their time 800 men and 50 cars were at work; now there are 40 men and 6 cars. The expense of 800 men and 50 cars would be about £13,000 a year but these people will spend nothing. A car costs a scudo [80 cents], and a man four carlins [32 cents], a day. . . . The Royal Family seldom or never come here; the Duke of Calabria has been once. The Amphitheatre, though not to be compared in size and beauty with the Coliseum, is much more perfect. . . . We were obliged to write our names down [at Pæstum] for the police, who are very busy and inquisitive. One man, whose name was just before mine, had added this poetical encomium on the inn:

I mention by way of *guidanza*
For those who are going to Pæstum,
They'll find at this inn, the "Speranza,"
A good place to eat and to rest 'em.

I could not concur with the poet, so I added to my name this contradiction:

On the "Hope's" being such a good treat
We must both put our positive vetos;
We not only got nothing to eat,
But ourselves were eat up by mosquitoes.

April 20, 1830: . . . What is really curious is a surgical instrument which was lately found, exactly similar to one invented thirty years ago in France. The lava would not touch bronze;

the iron was always encrusted and spoilt, but the bronze things all look like new.

Salerno, April 24, 1830: . . . The Stygian Lake presented no horrors, nor the Elysian Fields any delights; the former is a great round piece of water, and the latter are very common-looking vineyards.

Naples, April 26, 1830: . . . The lazzaroni are very amusing. This morning four of them stripped stark naked under my window, put off in a boat, and thirty yards from the shore fished for cockle fish, which they do by diving like ducks, throwing their feet up in the air as the ducks do their tails. The creatures are perfectly amphibious; they don't care who sees them, and their forms are perfect. Then there are the little lazzaroni who ape the big ones.

Virgil's Tomb—Herculaneum (where seven or eight men only were excavating)—and Vesuvius (where "anybody may walk all about" the flat bottom of the quiescent crater), Greville did them all. On Rome, when he was there, "thin red powder" drifted from Etna or Stromboli—a distance of 300 or 400 miles. "Naples was covered with it, and the sun obscured."

May 4, 1830: To the Museum [at Naples], and saw the mummies which have been unrolled; they are like thin, black, shrivelled corpses; hair and shape of face perfect, even the eyelids. The canvas fold in which they are wrapped quite fresh-looking; the best preserved is 3,055 years old. Amongst the bronzes there is a bust of Livia with a wig. Dined with Toledo, the Spanish Minister. The women put their knives into their mouths, and he is always kissing his wife's hand—an ugly little old woman. Toledo was Romana's aide-de-camp.

There was, too, Craven's Villa "at which the amour between the present Queen of Naples and Captain Hess was carried on." At Astroni, "the King, with his usual good taste, is cutting down the finest trees." At Caserta, Greville "walked over the Palace":

Mola di Gaeta, May 9, 1830: . . . The theatre is very well contrived; it is at one end of the palace, and the back of it opens by large folding doors into the garden, so that they can have any depth of stage they please, and arrange any pageants or caval-

cades. This could, however, only be at a theatre in a country house. . . . The Italian postillions, it must be owned, are a comical set. They sometimes go faster than ever I went in England, then at others they creep like snails, and stop at the least inclined plane to put on the *scarpa*. The occasions they generally select for going fast are when they have six horses harnessed to the carriage, and so extend about ten yards, on slippery pavement, through very narrow streets, extremely crowded with women and children; then they will flog their horses to full speed, and clatter along without fear or shame. Nothing happens; I have remarked that nothing ever does anywhere in Italy.

May 27, 1830: Went to Tivoli. The journey hotter than flames over the Campagna. It is the most beastly town I ever saw, more like the Ghetto here than any other place, full of beggars and children.

The guide had "the magnificent name of Pietro Stupendo from his frequent use of that adjective in pointing out the views. His real name is Barbarossa which is nearly as fine." Unfortunately, an early visit to the falls was frustrated. "Women are never ready." Still:

May 27, 1830: . . . There are some curious remains of Mæcenas's Villa, particularly the places (if they are really so) where the slaves were kept, which are just like cellars. I cannot remember seeing any apartments destined for slaves at Pompeii, but from all one sees or hears and reads of the Roman slaves, they must have been treated in a manner that it is inconceivable they should have endured, considering their numbers, and of what they were generally composed—barbarian prisoners or free citizens reduced to servitude. . . .

We came back in a deliciously cool evening. The Duchess wanted us to keep with her carriage (she had a pair and we had four horses), for fear she should be robbed, for she had heard that somebody had been robbed somewhere a little while ago, which we promised; but our postillions set off in a gallop, we fell asleep, and they were left to their fate.

June 2, 1830, at night: . . . To the Villa Belvidere, belonging to Prince Aldobrandini, deserted and neglected, but very enjoyable, full of childish waterworks, but a good house, which

is to be hired for £150 a year, and might be made very comfortable. Here is Mount Parnassus, and the water turns an organ, and so makes Apollo and the Muses utter horrid sounds, and Triton has a horn which he is made to blow, producing a very discordant noise. I fell in with Lady Sandwich, and went back to tea with her at a villa which belonged to the Cardinal York [brother of the young Pretender]. There are the royal arms of England, a bust of the Cardinal, and a picture of his father or brother. We also went to the Rufinella, whence the view is extremely fine; this was Lucien Bonaparte's villa, and the scene of the capture of a painter and a steward by the banditti, who carried them off from the door of the villa and took them into the Abruzzi, which may be descried from the terrace.

The falls of Terni inspired Greville's responsive pen:

Florence, June 10, 1830: . . . At the different points of view are little cabins (which would be very picturesque if they were less rudely constructed) for the accommodation of artists and other travellers. This gentleman has got a house which he reserves for the use of artists, of which there are always several on the spot during the summer. They pay nothing for the accommodation, but each is obliged to leave a drawing when he goes away; and by this means he has got an interesting collection of the scenery of Terni. Nothing can be more accurate, as well as beautiful, than Byron's description of the cascade, and it is wonderful in his magnificent poetry how he has kept his imagination within the bounds of truth, and neither added a circumstance nor lavished an epithet to which it is not entitled. . . .

The rainbows are very various, seen from different points: from the middle, where the river rushes from the vortex of the great fall to plunge into another, the stream appears to be painted with a broad layer of divers colours, never broken or mixed till they are tossed up in a cloud of spray, and mingled with it in a thousand variegated sparkles. Above, an iris bestrides the moist green hill which rises by the side of the fall; and, as the spray is whirled up in greater or less abundance, it perpetually and rapidly changes its colours, now disappearing altogether, and now beaming with the utmost vividness. The man told me that at night the moon forms a white rainbow on the hill. There is a delicious but dangerous coolness all about the

cascade. All the scenery about is as beautiful as possible. Just above the great fall is the Velinus tearing along in the same channel, which was first made for him by the Roman Consul 2,200 years ago. . . .

Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice . . . and there, the guide told me, some years ago a man threw in a young and beautiful wife of whom he was jealous. He took her to see the cascade, and when he got to this part (which is at the end of a narrow path overhung with brushwood) he got rid of the boys who always follow visitors, and after some delay returned alone, and said the woman had fallen in. One scream had been heard, but there was nobody to witness the truth. The mangled body was found in the stream below. Jealousy is probably common here. As I was walking a man passed me, going in great haste to the mountain, but I paid no attention to him. When I got back I heard that he was escaping from justice (into the Abruzzi, which are the Neapolitan dominions), having stabbed his brother-in-law a few moments before out of jealousy of his wife. The wounded man was still alive, but badly hurt. The murderer was *un bravo mechanico*.

Bologna, June 14, 1830: . . . Myriads of fireflies sparkled in every bush; they are beautiful in a night journey, flitting about like meteors and glittering like shooting stars.

June 15, 1830, in the ferry, crossing the Po (*i. e., written in the ferry*): . . . Set off at half-past one, and in clouds of dust arrived at Ferrara. It is curious to see this town, so large, deserted, and melancholy. A pestilence might have swept over it, for there seems no life in it, and hardly a soul is to be seen in the streets. It is eight and a half miles round, and contains 24,000 inhabitants, of which 3,000 are Jews, and their quarter is the only part of the town which seems alive. They are, as usual, crammed into a corner, five streets being allotted to them, at each end of which is a gate that is closed at nine o'clock, when the Jews are shut in for the night. The houses are filthy, stinking, and out of repair. The Corso is like a street in an English town, broad, long, the houses low, and with a *trottoir* on both sides. The Castle, surrounded by a moat, stands in the middle of the town, a gloomy place. In it lives the Cardinal Legate. I went to see the dungeon in which Tasso was confined; and the library, where they show Ariosto's chair and inkstand, a medal found

upon his body when his tomb was opened, two books of manuscript poetry; also the manuscript of the *Gerusalemme*, with the alterations which Tasso made in it while in prison.

Venice, June 16, 1830: . . . The approach to the city is certainly as curious as possible, so totally unlike everything else, and on entering the Great Canal, and finding

> The death-like silence and the dread repose

of a place which was once the gayest and most brilliant in the world, a little pang shoots across the imagination, recollecting its strange and romantic history and its poetical associations.

Two o'clock: . . . The most striking thing in Venice (at least in such weather as this) is the unbroken silence. The gondolas glide along without noise or motion, and, except other gondolas, one may traverse the city without perceiving a sign of life. I went first to the Church of Santa Maria dei Frati, which is fine, old, and adorned with painting and sculpture. At Santa Maria dei Frati, Titian was buried. Canova intended a monument for him, but after his death his design was executed and put up in this church, but for him, and not for Titian, the reverse of *sic vos non vobis*. . . . To the Church of St. Mark and the Doge's Palace—all very interesting antique and splendid. But the Austrians have modernized some of the rooms, and consequently spoilt them. They have also blocked up the Bridge of Sighs, and the reason (they told me) is that all the foreigners who come here are so curious to walk over it, which seems an odd one for shutting it up. . . .

The Hall of the Council of Ten (the most powerful and the most abominable tribunal that ever existed) has been partly modernized. In the Chamber of the Inquisitors of State is still the hole in the wall which was called the "Lion's Mouth," through which written communications were made; and the box into which they fell, which the Inquisitors alone could open. There were "Bocche di Lioni" in several places at the head of the Giant's Staircase, and in others. The mouths are gone, but the holes remain. Though the interior of the Ponte di Sospiri is no longer visible, the prisons are horrible places, twenty-four in number, besides three others under water which the French had closed up. They are about fourteen feet long, seven wide,

and seven high, with one hole to admit air, a wooden bed, which was covered with straw, and a shelf. . . .

There are two places in which criminals, or prisoners, were secretly executed; they were strangled, and without seeing their executioner, for a cord was passed through an opening, which he twisted till the victim was dead. This was the mode pursued with the prisoners of the Inquisitors; those of the Council were often placed in a cell to which there was a thickly grated window through which the executioner did his office, and if they resisted he stabbed them in the throat. The wall is still covered with the blood of those who have thus suffered. From the time of their erection, 800 years ago, to the destruction of the Republic, nobody was ever allowed to see these prisons, till the French came and threw them open, when the people set fire to them and burnt all the woodwork, the stone was too solid to be destroyed. One or two escaped, and they remain as memorials of the horrors that were perpetrated in them.

June 17, 1830: . . . All around the piazza are coffee houses, which used to be open and crowded all night, and some of them are still open, but never crowded. They used to be illuminated with lamps all round, but most of these are gone. One sees a few Turks smoking and drinking their coffee here, but they are all obliged to dine and sleep in one house, which is on the Grand Canal, and called the Casa dei Turchi. I went this morning . . . to the Arsenal, which is three miles in circumference, and a prodigious establishment. In the time of the Republic there were nearly 6,000 men employed in it, in that of the French 4,000, now 800. The old armoury is very curious, full of ancient weapons, the armour of Henry IV of France and of several Doges, Turkish spoils, and instruments of torture. The Austrians have made the French much regretted here. It is since the last peace that the population of Venice has diminished a fourth, and the palaces of the nobles have been abandoned. There is no commerce; the Government spend no money, and do nothing to enliven or benefit the town (there has not yet been time to see the effect of making it a free port). The French employed the people, and spent money and embellished the place. They covered over a wide canal, and turned it into a fine street, and adjoining it they formed a large public garden, which is a delightful addition to the town. Till the French came the

bridges were dangerous; there was no balustrade on either side, and people often fell into the water. They built side walls to all of them, which was the most useful gift they could bestow upon the Venetians. . . . After dinner I went to the public gardens, and into a theatre which is in them; there is no roof to it, and the acting is all by daylight, and in the open air. I only arrived at the end, just in time to see the deliverance of a Christian heroine and a very truculent-looking Turk crammed down a trapdoor, but I could not understand the dialogue. . . . At night I went to a dirty, ill-lit theatre, to see the *Barbiere di Seviglia*, which was very ill performed. There was a ballet, but I did not stay for it.

June 18, 1830: To the Church of St. Mark, and examined it. It is not large, but very curious, so loaded with ornaments within and without, and so unlike any other church. The pavement, instead of being flat, is made to undulate like the waves of the sea. All the sides are marble, all the top mosaic, all the pavement coloured marble in exquisite patterns. There is not a single tomb in it, but it wants no ornament that the wealth and skill of ages could supply. Climbed up the tower to see Venice and the islands; a man is posted here day and night to strike the hours and quarters on a great bell, to ring the alarm in case of fire in any part of the city. It is a very curious panorama, and the only spot from which this strange place can be completely seen. . . .

In the hall of the Academy are preserved Canova's right hand in an urn, and underneath it his chisel, with these words inscribed: "*Quod amoris monumentum idem gloriæ instrumentum fuit.*"

Vicenza, June 19, 1830: . . . Padua is a large and rather gloomy town. They say it is beginning to flourish, having been ruined by the French, and that, since their downfall, the population has increased immensely. The University contains 1,400 scholars. It contained 52,500 in the time of the French, and in the great days of Padua 18,000. . . . The Cathedral has nothing to boast of, except that Petrarch was one of its canons, and in it is his bust, put up by a brother canon.

Milan, June 23, 1830: Milan is a very fine town, without much to see in it. . . . Leonardo da Vinci's fresco is entirely spoilt. . . . I like the Duomo, but I know my taste is execrable

in architecture. I don't however, like the mixture of Italian with the Gothic—balustrades over the door, for instance—but I admire its tracery and laborious magnificence. Bonaparte went on with it (for it was never finished), and this government are completing it by degrees; there will be 7,000 statues on different parts of the outside, and there are already 4,500. St. Charles Borromeo's tomb is very splendid, and for five francs they offered to uncover the glass case in which his much esteemed carcass reposes, and show me the venerable mummy, but I could not afford it.

So did Greville leave Italy behind. "I shall never come again" wrote he at Rome. But in hope that some day his pleasures would be renewed, he did "all that superstition dictates" and "drank in the morning a glass of water at the Fountain of Trevi."

In the meantime, there were other things to think about. "We heard of the King's death," wrote Greville from Paris, "in the middle of the night." The reign of Lady Conyngham was over.

So there was every reason for hurrying home:

London, August 14, 1830: . . . How much I prefer England to Italy. There we have mountains and sky; here, vegetation and verdure, fine trees and soft turf; and in the long run the latter are the most enjoyable.

CHAPTER XIX

HIS OWN QUARTERDECK

King George IV was succeeded by his brother, the Duke of Clarence, a prince trained to the Royal Navy. Of him, Greville's earliest note is dated February 20, 1820, and is now printed for the first time:

"The Duke of Clarence wrote to Lord John Townshend on some occasion and began 'My dear Jack.' His letter ended with 'Damn all the Bishops. I have the honour to be my dear Jack, your Lordship, very faithfully William.'"

As Duke of Clarence, the Prince had lived in blameless irregularity:

June 25, 1837: . . . King William IV, if he had been born in a private station, would have passed unobserved through life like millions of other men, looked upon as possessing a good-natured and affectionate disposition, but without either elevation of mind or brightness of intellect. During many years of his life the Duke of Clarence was an obscure individual, without consideration, moving in a limited circle, and altogether forgotten by the great world. He resided at Bushey with Mrs. Jordan, and brought up his numerous children with very tender affection: with them, and for them, he seemed entirely to live. The cause of his separation from Mrs. Jordan has not been explained but it probably arose from his desire to better his condition by a good marriage, and he wanted to marry Miss Wykeham, a half-crazy woman of large fortune, on whom he afterwards conferred a peerage. George IV, I believe, put a spoke in that wheel, fortunately for the Duke as well as for the country.

Of the future King's children, it is convenient, perhaps, to set out their names here at the outset:

1. George, a major general in the army, afterward Earl of Munster. 2. Frederick, also in the army. 3. Adolphus, a rear

admiral. 4. Augustus, in holy orders. 5. Sophia, married to Lord de L'Isle. 6. Mary, married to Colonel Fox. 7. Elizabeth, married to the Earl of Errol. 8. Augusta, married first to the Hon. John Kennedy Erskine, and secondly to Lord John Frederick Gordon. 9. Amelia, married to Viscount Falkland.

Colonel Fox was Lord Holland's eldest son, born like his wife out of wedlock. King William, we read (September 23, 1834) thus "treats Lord Holland with the familiarity of a connexion but doesn't like his politics."

"The death of the Princess Charlotte opened to him [the Duke of Clarence] a new prospect," writes Greville, adding that "the subsequent death of the Duke of York, which made him heir to the throne, at once exalted him into a personage of political importance."

London, July, 16, 1830: . . . Never was elevation like that of King William IV. His life has been hitherto passed in obscurity and neglect, in miserable poverty, surrounded by a numerous progeny of bastards, without consideration or friends, and he was ridiculous from his grotesque ways and little meddling curiosity. Nobody ever invited him into their house, or thought it necessary to honour him with any mark of attention or respect; and so he went on for above forty years. . . . The death of the Duke of York, which made him heir to the throne, his increased wealth and regular habits, had procured him more consideration, though not a great deal. Such was his position when George IV broke all at once, and after three months of expectation William finds himself King.

Thus "the present King and his proceedings occupy all attention, and nobody thinks any more of the late King than if he had been dead fifty years, unless it be to abuse him and rake up his vices. . . . King George had not been dead three days before everybody discovered that he was no loss, and King William a great gain. Certainly nobody ever was less regretted than the late King, and the breath was hardly out of his body before the press burst forth in full cry against him, and raked up all his vices, follies, and misdeeds, which were numerous and glaring enough."

Over the obsequies to his departed brother, the King's attitude aroused comment.

July 18, 1830: . . . He would not have his servants in mourning—that is, not those of his own family and household—but he sent the Duke of Sussex to Mrs. Fitzherbert to desire she would put hers in mourning, and consequently so they are. The King and she have always been friends, as she has, in fact, been with all the Royal Family, but it was very strange.

. . . . . .

At the late King's funeral he behaved with great indecency. That ceremony was very well managed, and a fine sight, the military part particularly, and the Guards were magnificent. The attendance was not very numerous, and when they had all got together in St. George's Hall a gayer company I never beheld; with the exception of Mount Charles, who was deeply affected, they were all as merry as grigs. The King was chief mourner, and, to my astonishment, as he entered the chapel directly behind the body, in a situation in which he should have been apparently, if not really, absorbed in the melancholy duty he was performing, he darted up to Strathaven, who was ranged on one side below the Dean's stall, shook him heartily by the hand, and then went on nodding to the right and left. He had previously gone as chief mourner to sit for an hour at the head of the body as it lay in state, and he walked in procession with his household to the apartment. I saw him pass from behind the screen. Lord Jersey had been in the morning to Bushey to kiss hands on being made Chamberlain, when he had received him very graciously, told him it was the Duke and not himself who had made him, but that he was delighted to have him. At Windsor, when he arrived, he gave Jersey the white wand, or rather took one from him he had provided for himself, and gave it him again with a little speech. When he went to sit in state, Jersey preceded him, and he said when all was ready, "Go on to the body, Jersey; you will get your dress coat as soon as you can." The morning after the funeral, having slept at Frogmore, he went all over the Castle, into every room in the house, which he had never seen before except when he came there as a guest; after which he received an address from the ecclesiastical bodies of Windsor and Eton, and returned an answer quite unpremeditated which they told me was excellent.

. . . . . .

The new King began very well. Everybody expected he would keep the Ministers in office, but he threw himself into the arms of the Duke of Wellington with the strongest expressions of confidence and esteem. He proposed to all the Household as well as to the members of Government to keep their places, which they all did except Lord Conyngham and the Duke of Montrose. He soon after, however, dismissed most of the equerries, that he might fill their places with the members of his own family. Of course such a King wanted not due praise, and plenty of anecdotes were raked up of his former generosities and kindnesses. His first speech to the Council was well enough given, but his burlesque character began even then to show itself. Nobody expected from him much real grief, and he does not seem to know how to act it consistently; he spoke of his brother with all the semblance of feeling, and in a tone of voice properly softened and subdued, but just afterwards, when they gave him the pen to sign the declaration, he said in his usual tone, "This is a damned bad pen you have given me." My worthy colleague Mr. James Buller began to swear Privy Councillors in the name of "King George IV—William, I mean," to the great diversion of the Council.

A few days after my return I was sworn in, all the Ministers and some others being present. His Majesty presided very decently, and looked like a respectable old admiral. The Duke [of Wellington] told me he was delighted with him—"If I had been able to deal with my late master as I do with my present, I should have got on much better"—that he was so reasonable and tractable, and that he had done more business with him in ten minutes than with the other in as many days.

. . . . . .

He began immediately to do good-natured things, to provide for old friends and professional adherents, and he bestowed a pension upon Tierney's widow. The great offices of Chamberlain and Steward he abandoned to the Duke of Wellington. There never was anything like the enthusiasm with which he was greeted by all ranks; though he has trotted about both town and country for sixty-four years, and nobody ever turned round to look at him, he cannot stir now without a mob, patrician as well as plebeian, at his heels. All the Park congregated round the

gate to see him drive into town the day before yesterday. But in the midst of all this success and good conduct certain indications of strangeness and oddness peep out which are not a little alarming, and he promises to realize the fears of his Ministers that he will do and say too much, though they flatter themselves that they have muzzled him in his approaching progress by reminding him that his words will be taken as his Ministers', and he must, therefore, be chary of them.

. . . . . .

The King's good-nature, simplicity, and affability to all about him are certainly very striking, and in his elevation he does not forget any of his old friends and companions. He was in no hurry to take upon himself the dignity of King, nor to throw off the habits and manners of a country gentleman. When Lord Chesterfield went to Bushey to kiss his hand, and be presented to the Queen, he found Sir John and Lady Gore there lunching, and when they went away the King called for their carriage, handed Lady Gore into it, and stood at the door to see them off. When Lord Howe came over from Twickenham to see him, he said the Queen was going out driving, and should "drop him" at his own house. The Queen, they say, is by no means delighted at her elevation. She likes quiet and retirement and Bushey (of which the King has made her Ranger), and does not want to be a Queen. However, "*l'appétit viendra en mangeant.*" He says he does not want luxury and magnificence, has slept in a cot, and he has dismissed the King's cooks, *renversé la marmite*. He keeps the stud (which is to be diminished) because he thinks he ought to support the turf.

. . . . . .

Yesterday morning he sent for the officer on guard, and ordered him to take all the muffles off the drums, the scarfs off the regimentals, and so to appear on parade, where he went himself. The colonel would have put the officer under arrest for doing this without his orders, but the King said he was commanding officer of his own guard, and forbade him. All odd, and people are frightened, but his wits will at least last till the new Parliament meets.

July 20, 1830: Yesterday was a very busy day with his Majesty, who is going much too fast, and begins to alarm his

Ministers and astonish the world. In the morning he inspected the Coldstream Guards, dressed (for the first time in his life) in a military uniform and with a great pair of gold spurs halfway up his legs like a game cock, although he was not to ride, for having chalk-stones in his hands he can't hold the reins.

. . . . . .

After the review the King, with the Dukes of Cumberland, Sussex, and Gloucester, and Prince George and the Prince of Prussia, and the Duchess of Cumberland's son, came in through the garden gate; the Duchess of Gloucester and Princess Augusta were already there; they breakfasted and then went away, the Duke of Gloucester bowing to the company while nobody was taking any notice of him or thinking about him. . . .

At one there was to be a Council, to swear in Privy Councillors and Lords-Lieutenant, and receive Oxford and Cambridge addresses. The review made it an hour later, and the Lieutenants, who had been summoned at one, and who are great, selfish, pampered aristocrats, were furious at being kept waiting, particularly Lord Grosvenor and the Duke of Newcastle, the former very peevish, the latter bitter-humoured. I was glad to see them put to inconvenience. I never saw so full a Court, so much nobility with academical tagrag and bobtail. After considerable delay the King received the Oxford and Cambridge addresses on the throne, which (having only one throne between them) he then abdicated for the Queen to seat herself on and receive them too. She sat it very well, surrounded by the Princesses and her ladies and household. When this mob could be got rid of, the table was brought in and the Council held. The Duke was twice sworn as Constable of the Tower and Lieutenant of Hants; then Jersey and the new Privy Councillors; and then the host of Lieutenants six or seven at a time, or as many as could hold a bit of the Testament. I begged the King would, to expedite the business, dispense with their kneeling, which he did, and so we got on rapidly enough; and I whispered to Jersey, who stood by me behind the King with his white wand, "The farce is good, isn't it?" as they each kissed his hand. I told him their name or county, or both, and he had a civil word to say to everybody, inviting some to dinner, promising to visit others, reminding them of former visits, or some-

thing good-humoured; he asked Lord Egremont's *permission* to go and live in his county, at Brighton.

All this was very well; no great harm in it; more affable, less dignified than the late King; but when this was over and after so much fatigue and he might very well have sat himself quietly down and rested, he must needs put on his plainer clothes and start on a ramble about the streets, alone too. In Pall Mall he met Watson Taylor, and took his arm and went up St. James's Street. There he was soon followed by a mob making an uproar, and when he got near White's a woman came up and kissed him. Belfast (who had been sworn in Privy Councillor in the morning), who saw this from White's, and Clinton thought it time to interfere, and came out to attend upon him. The mob increased, and, always holding W. Taylor's arm, and flanked by Clinton and Belfast, who got shoved and kicked about to their inexpressible wrath, he got back to the Palace amid shouting and bawling and applause. When he got home he asked them to go in and take a quiet walk in the garden, and said, "Oh, never mind all this; when I have walked about a few times they will get used to it, and will take no notice." . . . Belfast told me this in the Park, fresh from the scene and smarting from the buffeting he had got. All the Park was ringing with it, and I told Lady Bathurst, who thought it so serious she said she would get Lord Bathurst to write to the Duke directly about it. . . .

Grove Road, July 21, 1830: I came and established myself here last night after the Duchess of Bedford's ball. Lady Bathurst told me that the Queen spoke to her yesterday morning about the King's walk and being followed, and said that for the future he must walk early in the morning, or in some less public place, so there are hopes that his activity may be tamed.

"Altogether he seems," so writes Greville of his sovereign, "a kind-hearted, well-meaning, not stupid, burlesque, bustling old fellow, and if he doesn't go mad may make a very decent king." Still, there were worries:

July 18, 1830: He is very well with all his family, particularly the Duke of Sussex, but he dislikes and seems to know the Duke of Cumberland, who is furious at his own discredit. The King has taken from him the Gold Stick, by means of which he had

usurped the functions of all the other colonels of the regiments of the Guards, and put himself always about the late King. He says the Duke's rank is too high to perform these functions, and has put an end to his services. He has only put the Gold Sticks on their former footing, and they are all to take the duty in turn.

In the meantime the Duke of Cumberland has shown his teeth in another way. His horses have hitherto stood in the stables which are appropriated to the Queen, and the other day Lord Errol, her new Master of the Horse, went to her Majesty and asked her where she chose her horses should be; she said, of course, she knew nothing about it, but in the proper place. Errol then said the Duke of Cumberland's horses were in her stables, and could not be got out without an order from the King. The King was spoken to, and he commanded the Duke of Leeds to order them out. The Duke of Leeds took the order to the Duke of Cumberland, who said "he would be damned if they should go," when the Duke of Leeds said that he trusted he would have them taken out the following day, as unless he did so he should be under the necessity of ordering them to be removed by the King's grooms, when the Duke was obliged sulkily to give way. When the King gave the order to the Duke of Leeds, he sent for Taylor that he might be present, and said at the same time that he had a very bad opinion of the Duke of Cumberland, and he wished he would live out of the country.

Lady Conyngham had vanished, but the King invited her son, Mount Charles, to be a Lord of the Bedchamber. If Mount Charles refused the office, the reason was that "his wife can't bear it, and he doesn't like to go to Windsor under such altered circumstances."

The King's numerous family were debarred from succeeding to the throne, but they were not forgotten:

November 16, 1830: Yesterday morning I went to Downing Street early, to settle with Lord Bathurst about the new appointment to my office. Till I told him he did not know the appointment was in the Crown; so he hurried off to the King, and proposed his son William. The King was very gracious, and said, "I can never object to a father's doing what he can for his own children," which was an oblique word for the *bâtards*,

about whom, however, it may be said *en passant* he has been marvellously forbearing.

It was said "that the bastards are dissatisfied that more is not done for them; but he [the King] cannot do much for them at once, and he must have time." Had he not made Errol Master of the Horse, and Sidney a Guelph and Equerry, and George Fitzclarence, the same and Adjutant General? "He has done all he can . . . and doubtless they will all have their turn."

November 10, 1830: . . . They say the King is exceedingly bullied by the *bâtards*, though Errol told me they were all afraid of him. Dolly [Adolphus] Fitzclarence lost £100, betting 100 to 10 that he would go to Guildhall, and he told the King he had lost him £100, so the King gave him the money.

December 16, 1830: . . . There has been a desperate quarrel between the King and his sons. George Fitzclarence wanted to be made a Peer and have a pension; the King said he could not do it, so they struck work in a body, and George resigned his office of Deputy Adjutant General and wrote the King a furious letter. The King sent for Lord Hill, and told him to try and bring him to his senses; but Lord Hill could do nothing, and then he sent for Brougham to talk to him about it. It is not yet made up, but one of them (Frederick, I believe) dined at the dinner the King gave the day before yesterday. They want to renew the days of Charles II, instead of waiting patiently and letting the King do what he can for them, and as he can.

Munster (January 11, 1833) was more or less appeased by "a douceur of £2,500" and the Constableship of the Round Tower. Over these domestic appointments, therefore, "King and Ministers are obliged naturally to 'eat dirt.'"

December 27, 1834: Yesterday I met Munster, who told me long histories of the squabbles in the Royal Family, that is, between the King and his good for nothing bastards. I have frequently advised Munster to make it up with his father, which he never can be persuaded to do, always maintaining that by holding out he shall make better terms, money being his object, but he said that the King is always sending him messages and the other day "what do you think he did? When I have not seen him for fourteen months he sent to beg I would send down

an artist to Windsor to paint his picture for me, and what answer do you think I sent? That I saw no use in having his picture when it was very probable that in less than three years it would be in a pawnbroker's shop." He then told me how he had been insulted by Taylor, and Wheatley, and that he would have called out the former if it had been possible. From his own injuries he proceeded to the misdeeds of his brothers, for the motes in his brother's eyes he can see very clearly, how Frederick who had received and spent thousands, had sent in a bill of 12,000 debt, that the King had told him he might sell his house to liquidate the debt, and he would make up any deficiency between the sums, that Frederick had disdained to answer this, and had flounced off with eight or ten of the King's horses, half a dozen servants and three carriages, without a word of notice.

It was George Fitzclarence who later became Earl of Munster, but, in the meantime, he ran errands:

Grove Road, July 21, 1830: . . . He sent George Fitzclarence off from dinner in his silk stockings and cocked hat to Boulogne to invite the King of Württemberg to come here; he was back in fifty-six hours, and might have been in less. He employs him in everything, and I heard Fitzclarence yesterday ask the Duke of Leeds for two of his father's horses to ride about on his jobs and relieve his own, which the Duke agreed to, but made a wry face.

"His sons," wrote Greville on June 25, 1837, thus "generally behaved to him [the King] with great insolence and ingratitude, except Adolphus. Of the daughters, I know nothing."

"The lack of royal [to be carefully distinguished from non-royal] progeny"—so wrote Greville on June 25, 1837—"made his [Clarence's] marriage as desirable an event to the public as it was convenient to himself." Hence, the Queen, Adelaide, a princess of Saxe Meiningen. For her also, it was a great change to ascend a throne.

July 4, 1834: . . . I was at Woolwich yesterday to see the yacht in which the Queen is to sail to the Continent. Such luxury and splendour, and such gorgeous preparations. She will sail like Cleopatra down the Cydnus, and though she will have no beautiful boys like Cupids to fan her, she will be at-

tended by Emily Bagot, who is as beautiful as the Mater Cupidinum. She will return to her beggarly country in somewhat different trim from that in which she left it, with all her earls and countesses, equipages, pages, valets, dressers, &c.

September 4, 1834: At Court yesterday. The King came to town to receive the address of the City on the Queen's return—the most ridiculous address I ever heard. The Queen was too ill to appear. Her visit to Germany knocked her up, and well it might, considering the life she led—always up at six and never in bed till twelve, continual receptions and ceremonies. Errol told me she showed them her old bedroom in the palace (as they call it) at Meiningen—a hole that an English housemaid would think it a hardship to sleep in.

July 20, 1830: . . . The Queen came to Lady Bathurst's to see the review and hold a sort of drawing room, when the Ministers' wives were presented to her, and official men, to which were added Lady Bathurst's relations; everybody was in undress except the officers. She is very ugly, with a horrid complexion, but has good manners, and did all this (which she hated) very well. She said the part as if she was acting, and wished the green curtain to drop.

Queen Adelaide was herself the mother of two princesses, either of whom could have succeeded to the throne. But they had both died. And we see her, therefore, surrounded by the offspring which reminded her husband of Mrs. Jordan:

August 9, 1831: . . . On Sunday, overtaken by the most dreadful storm I ever saw—flashes of lightning, crashes of thunder, and the rain descending like a waterspout—I rode to Windsor, to settle with the Queen what sort of crown she would have to be crowned in. I was ushered into the King's presence, who was sitting at a red table in the sitting room of George IV, looking over the flower garden. A picture of Adolphus Fitzclarence was behind him (a full-length), and one of the parson, Rev. Augustus Fitzclarence, in a Greek dress, opposite. He sent for the Queen, who came with the Landgravine and one of the King's daughters, Lady Augustus Erskine, the widow of Lord Cassilis's son. She looked at the drawings, meant apparently to be civil to me in her ungracious way, and said she would have none of our crowns, that she did not like to wear a hired crown, and asked me if I thought it right that she should.

I said, "Madam, I can only say that the late King wore one at his coronation." However, she said, "I do not like it, and I have got jewels enough, so I will have them made up myself." The King said to me, "Very well; then *you* will have to pay for the setting." "Oh, no," she said; "I shall pay for it all myself."

The King looked well, but seemed infirm.

A daughter, Augusta, had been married to John Kennedy Erskine, and when he died, the Queen shared the King's grief:

March 24, 1831: . . . The King, who had put off going to the Opera on account of the death of his son-in-law Kennedy, appeared in mourning (crape, that is), which is reckoned bad taste; the public allow natural feeling to supersede law and etiquette, but it is too much to extend that courtesy to a "son-in-law," and his daughter is not in England. Somebody said that "it was the first time a King of England had appeared in mourning that his subjects did not wear." In the evening to the Ancient Concert, where the Queen was, and by the bye in mourning.

January 19, 1831: . . . The Queen is a prude, and will not let the ladies come *décolletées* to her parties. George IV, who liked ample expanses of that sort, would not let them be covered.

There were thus "forty stories about the King's sayings and doings":

July 24, 1830: . . . In the meantime the King has had his levee, which was crowded beyond all precedent. He was very civil to the people, particularly to Sefton, who had quarrelled with the late King.

Yesterday he went to the House of Lords, and was admirably received. I can fancy nothing like his delight at finding himself in the state coach surrounded by all his pomp. He delivered the Speech very well, they say, for I did not go to hear him. He did not wear the crown, which was carried by Lord Hastings. Etiquette is a thing he cannot comprehend. He wanted to take the King of Württemberg with him in his coach, till he was told it was out of the question. In his private carriage he continues to sit backwards, and when he goes with men makes one sit by him and not opposite to him. Yesterday, after the House

of Lords, he drove all over the town in an open calèche with the Queen, Princess Augusta, and the King of Württemberg, and coming home he set down the King (*dropped him*, as he calls it) at Grillon's Hotel. The King of England dropping another king at a tavern!

At his dinner at St. James's the other day more people were invited than there was room for, and some half-dozen were forced to sit at a side table. He said to Lord Brownlow, "Well, when you are flooded" (he thinks Lincolnshire is all fen) "you will come to us at Windsor." To the Freemasons he was rather good. The Duke of Sussex wanted him to receive their address in a solemn audience, which he refused, and when they did come he said, "Gentlemen, if my love for you equalled my ignorance of everything concerning you, it would be unbounded," and then he added something good-humoured.

July 25, 1830: Yesterday at Court at eleven; a Council for the dissolution. This King and these Councils are very unlike the last—few people present, frequent, punctual, less ceremony observed. Though these Ministers have been in office all their lives, nobody knew how many days must elapse before Parliament was summoned; some said sixty, some seventy days, but not one knew, nor had they settled the matter previously; so Lord Rosslyn and I were obliged to go to Bridgewater House, which was near, and consult the journals. It has always been fifty-two days of late.

In the afternoon another embarrassment. We sent the proclamations to the Chancellor (one for England and one for Ireland), to have the Great Seal affixed to them; he would only affix the Seal to the English, and sent back the Irish unsealed. The Secretary of State would not send it to Ireland without the Great Seal, and all the Ministers were gone to the fish dinner at Greenwich, so that there was no getting at anybody. At last we got it done at Lincoln's Inn and sent it off. The fact is nobody knows his business, and the Chancellor least of all. The King continues very active; he went after the Council to Buckingham House, then to the Thames Tunnel, has immense dinners every day, and the same people two or three days running. He has dismissed the late King's band, and employs the bands of the Guards every night, who are ready to die of it, for they get no pay and are prevented earning money elsewhere.

The other night the King had a party, and at eleven o'clock he dismissed them thus: "Now, ladies and gentlemen, I wish you a good night, I will not detain you any longer from your amusements, and shall go to my own, which is to go to bed; so come along, my queen." The other day he was very angry because the guard did not know him in his plain clothes and turn out for him—the first appearance of jealousy of his greatness he has shown—and he ordered them to be more on the alert for the future.

July 27, 1830: Review in the morning (yesterday), breakfast at Apsley House, chapter of the Garter, dinner at St. James's, party in the evening, and ball at Apsley House. I don't hear of anything remarkable, and it was so hot I could not go to anything, except the breakfast, which I just looked into for a minute, and found everybody sweating and stuffing and the royalties just going away. That ass, the Duke of Gloucester "Silly Billy," keeps up his quarrel with the Duke; the Duke of Cumberland won't go to Apsley House, but sent the Duchess and his boy. The Queen said at dinner the other day to the Duke of Cumberland, "I am very much pleased with you for sending the Duchess to Apsley House," and then turned to the Duke of Gloucester and said, "but I am not pleased with you for not letting the Duchess go there." The fool answered that the Duchess should never go there; he would not be reconciled, forgetting that it matters not twopence to the Duke of Wellington and a great deal to himself.

July 29, 1830: . . . The King received the address of the dissenting ministers, and then that of the Quakers, presented by William Allen; they were very prim and respectable persons; their hats were taken off by each other in the room before the Throne Room, and they did not bow, though they seemed half inclined to do so; they made a very loyal address, but without "Majesty," and said "O King." There was a question after his answer what they should do. I thought it was whether they should kiss hands, for the King said something to Peel, who went and asked them, and I heard the King say, "Oh, just as they like; they needn't if they don't like; it's all one."

July 30, 1830: . . . The King has been to Woolwich, inspecting the artillery, to whom he gave a dinner, with toasts and hip, hip, hurrahing and three times three, himself giving the time.

I tremble for him; at present he is only a mountebank, but he bids fair to be a maniac.

Goodwood, August 10, 1830: . . . The King entered Windsor so privately that few people knew him, though he made the horses walk all the way from Frogmore that he might be seen. On Saturday and Sunday the Terrace was thrown open, and the latter day it was crowded by multitudes and a very gay sight; there were sentinels on each side of the east front to prevent people walking under the windows of the living rooms, but they might go where else they liked. The King went to Bagshot and did not appear. All the late King's private drives through the Park are also thrown open, but not to carriages.

August 24, 1830: . . . The dinner in St. George's Hall on the King's birthday was the finest thing possible—all good and hot, and served on the late King's gold plate. There were one hundred people at table. After dinner the King gave the Duke of Wellington's health, as it was the anniversary of Vimiero; the Dukes of Cumberland and Gloucester turned their glasses down. I can't agree with Charles X that it would be better to "*travailler pour son pain* than to be King of England."

Stoke, August 31, 1830: . . . Sefton gave me an account of the dinner in St. George's Hall on the King's birthday, which was magnificent—excellent and well served. Bridge [of the house of Rundell and Bridge, the great silversmiths and jewellers of the day] came down with the plate, and was hid during the dinner behind the great wine-cooler, which weighs 7,000 ounces, and he told Sefton afterwards that the plate in the room was worth £200,000. There is another service of gold plate, which was not used at all. The King has made it all over to the Crown. All this plate was ordered by the late King, and never used; his delight was ordering what the public had to pay for.

January 19, 1831: . . . G. Lamb said that the King is supposed to be in a bad state of health, and this was confirmed to me by Keate the surgeon, who gave me to understand that he was going the way of both his brothers. He will be a great loss in these times; he knows his business, lets his Ministers do as they please, but expects to be informed of everything. He lives a strange life at Brighton, with tagrag and bobtail about him, and always open house.

CHAPTER XX

DISAPPOINTING THE GUILLOTINE

When King William IV so gaily ascended the Throne, the Prime Minister was still the Duke. Their relations were, perhaps, delicate. Canning had thought it diplomatic "to revive the office" of Lord High Admiral (June 25, 1837) in the person of the Duke of Clarence. But Wellington on becoming "all powerful" had "turned out" the Duke of Clarence, telling him (August, 1828) "that he must go but that he might resign as if of his own accord"—a dismissal which, in Greville's opinion, was "a very good thing." As Lord High Admiral (July 16, 1830) "he distinguished himself by making absurd speeches, by a morbid official activity, and by a general wildness which was thought to indicate incipient insanity."

The prince, thus declared to be inefficient as Lord High Admiral, was now a King who could do no wrong. However:

June 25, 1837: . . . It is an excellent trait in the character of the latter that, notwithstanding his vexation at the time, which was very great, he harboured no resentment against the Duke of Wellington, and never seems to have hesitated about retaining him as his Minister when he came to the throne.

Indeed, during the final month when King George IV lay dying, Wellington was "in constant communication" with the heir to the throne:

June 19, 1837: . . . I sent the Duke of Clarence the bulletins every day, and besides wrote to him the private accounts I received, and what is very odd, I had a quarrel with him in the course of this. He constantly wrote to me, and in one of his letters he told me he meant to make me his Minister. I felt this was a very awkward subject for me to enter upon, and that I could not, being the Minister of the King, with any propriety treat with his successor, so I resolved to take no notice whatever of this part of his letter, and I did not. He was very indignant at this, and complained to his friends (to Lord Cassilis, for in-

stance) that I had behaved very rudely to him. When I met him—for I met him constantly at Windsor, and in the King's room—he was very cold in his manner, but I took no notice, and went on as before.

"Politically," writes Greville, "he [the King] relies implicitly on the Duke who can make him do anything."

July 26, 1830: Still the King; his adventures (for they are nothing else) furnish matter of continual amusement and astonishment to his loving subjects. Yesterday morning, or the evening before, he announced to the Duke of Wellington that he should dine with him yesterday; accordingly the Duke was obliged, in the middle of preparations for his breakfast, to get a dinner ready for him. In the morning he took the King of Württemberg to Windsor, and just at the hour when the Duke expected him to dinner he was driving through Hyde Park back from Windsor—three barouches and four, the horses dead knocked up, in the front the two Kings, Jersey, and somebody else, all covered with dust. The whole mob of carriages and horsemen assembled near Apsley House to see him pass and to wait till he returned. The Duke, on hearing he was there, rushed down without his hat and stood in his gate in the middle of servants, mob, &c., to see him pass. He drove to Grillon's "to drop" the King of Württemberg, and at a quarter past eight he arrived at Apsley House. There were about forty-five men, no women, half the Ministers, most of the foreign Ministers, and a mixture rather indiscriminate. In the evening I was at Lady Salisbury's, when arrived the Duke of Sussex, who gave a short account to Sefton of what had passed, and of the King's speech to the company. "You and I," he said, "are old Whigs, my Lord, and I confess I was somewhat astonished to hear his Majesty's speech." I went afterwards to Crockford's, where I found Matuscewitz, who gave me a whole account of the dinner. The two Kings went out to dinner arm in arm, the Duke followed; the King sat between the King of Württemberg and the Duke. After dinner his health was drunk, to which he returned thanks, sitting, but briefly, and promised to say more by and by when he should give a toast. In process of time he desired Douro to go and tell the band to play the merriest waltz they could for the toast he was about to give. He then gave

"The Queen of Württemberg," with many eulogiums on her and on the connubial felicity of her and the King; not a very agreeable theme for his host, for conjugal fidelity is not his forte. At length he desired Douro to go again to the band and order them to play "See the Conquering Hero Comes," and then he rose. All the company rose with him, when he ordered everybody to sit down. Still standing, he said that he had been so short a time on the throne that he did not know whether etiquette required that he should speak sitting or standing, but, however this might be, he had been long used to speak on his legs, and should do so now; he then proposed the Duke's health, but prefaced it with a long speech—instituted a comparison between him and the Duke of Marlborough; went back to the reign of Queen Anne, and talked of the great support the Duke of Marlborough had received from the Crown, and the little support the Duke of Wellington had had in the outset of his career, though after the battle of Vimiero he had been backed by all the energies of the country; that, notwithstanding his difficulties, his career had been one continued course of victory over the armies of France; and then recollecting the presence of Laval, the French Ambassador, he said, "Remember, Duc de Laval, when I talk of victories over the French armies, they were not the armies of my ally and friend the King of France, but of him who had usurped his throne, and against whom you yourself were combatting"; then going back to the Duke's career, and again referring to the comparison between him and Marlborough, and finishing by adverting to his political position, that he had on mounting the throne found the Duke Minister, and that he had retained him because he thought his Administration had been and would be highly beneficial to the country; that he gave to him his fullest and most cordial confidence, and that he announced to all whom he saw around him, to all the Ambassadors and Ministers of foreign Powers, and to all the noblemen and gentlemen present, that as long as he should sit upon the throne he should continue to give him the same confidence. The Duke returned thanks in a short speech, thanking the King for his confidence and support, and declaring that all his endeavours would be used to keep this country in relations of harmony with other nations. The whole company stood aghast at the King's extraor-

dinary speech and declaration. Matuscewitz told me he never was so astonished, that for the world he would not have missed it, and that he would never have believed in it if he had not heard it.

Falck [Dutch Minister] gave me a delightful account of the speech and of Laval. He thought, not understanding one word, that all the King was saying was complimentary to the King of France and the French nation, and he kept darting from his seat to make his acknowledgments, while Esterhazy held him down by the tail of his coat, and the King stopped him with his hands outstretched, all with great difficulty. He said it was very comical.

The comedy was brief. Three days after King William's speech his "ally and friend, the King of France," had "ceased to reign." And the revolution in Paris had shaken every throne in Europe.

The story of the Bourbons is simple. In 1793, King Louis XVI suffered under the guillotine. The young Dauphin became Louis XVII, but disappeared. The throne reverted, therefore, to the executed King's brothers, the elder of whom was Louis XVIII. During the Napoleonic period, he lived in England as an exile. And it happens that Greville was taken by his father to see him:

April 14, 1814: As the King is about to ascend the throne of his ancestors, it is not uninteresting to recall to mind the particulars of a visit paid to him while in exile and in poverty.

About two years ago my father and I went to Hartwell by invitation of the King. The house is large, but in a dreary, disagreeable situation. The King had completely altered the interior, having subdivided almost all the apartments in order to lodge a greater number of people. There are numerous outhouses, in some of which small shops had been established by the servants, interspersed with gardens, so that the place resembled a little town.

Upon entering the house we were conducted by the Duc de Grammont into the King's private apartment. He received us most graciously and shook hands with both of us. This apartment was exceedingly small, hardly larger than a closet, and I remarked pictures of the late King and Queen, Madame Eliza-

beth, and the Dauphin, Louis XVII, hanging on the walls. The King had a manner of swinging his body backwards and forwards, which caused the most unpleasant sensations in that small room, and made my father feel something like being sea-sick. The room was just like a cabin, and the motions of his Majesty exactly resembled the heaving of a ship. After our audience with the King we were taken to the *salon*, a large room with a billiard table at one end. Here the party assembled before dinner, to all of whom we were presented—the Duchesse d'Angoulême, Monsieur the Duc d'Angoulême, the Duc de Berri, the Prince and Princess de Condé (*ci-devant* Madame de Monaco), and a vast number of ducs, &c.; Madame la Duchesse de Serron (a little old *dame d'honneur* to Madame d'Angoulême), the Duc de Lorges, the Duc d'Auray, the Archevêque de Rheims (an infirm old prelate, tortured with the tic-douloureux), and many others whose names I cannot remember. At a little after six dinner was announced, when we went into the next room, the King walking out first. The dinner was extremely plain, consisting of very few dishes, and no wines except port and sherry. His Majesty did the honours himself, and was very civil and agreeable. We were a very short time at table, and the ladies and gentlemen all got up together. Each of the ladies folded up her napkin tied it round with a bit of ribbon, and carried it away. After dinner we returned to the drawing room and drank coffee. The whole party remained in conversation about a quarter of an hour, when the King retired to his closet, upon which all repaired to their separate apartments. Whenever the King came in or went out of the room, Madame d'Angoulême made him a low curtsy, which he returned by bowing and kissing his hand. This little ceremony never failed to take place. After the party had separated we were taken to the Duc de Grammont's apartments where we drank tea. After remaining there about three quarters of an hour we went to the apartment of Madame d'Angoulême, where a great part of the company were assembled, and where we stayed about a quarter of an hour. After this we descended again to the drawing room, where several card tables were laid out. The King played at whist with the Prince and Princess de Condé and my father. His Majesty settled the points of the game at *le quart d'un sheling*. The rest of the party played at billiards or ombre. The

King was so civil as to invite us to sleep there, instead of returning to the inn at Aylesbury. When he invited us he said, "*Je crains que vous serez très-mal logés, mais on donne ce qu'on peut.*" Soon after eleven the King retired, when we separated for the night. We were certainly, *très-mal logés*. In the morning when I got out of bed, I was alarmed by the appearance of an old woman on the leads before my window, who was hanging linen to dry. I was forced to retreat hastily to bed, not to shock the old lady's modesty. At ten the next morning we breakfasted, and at eleven we took leave of the King (who always went to Mass at that hour) and returned to London. We saw the whole place before we came away; and they certainly had shown great ingenuity in contriving to lodge such a number of people in and about the house—it was exactly like a small rising colony. We were very much pleased with our expedition; and were invited to return whenever we could make it convenient.

In 1814, King Louis XVIII was restored to his throne which he continued to occupy after the Battle of Waterloo. In 1824, he died, and another brother succeeded him as King Charles X. It was this sovereign who fled from France in 1830.

About the Brothers, Greville heard through Wellington. Louis XVIII had an uncanny instinct for dates:

June 1, 1832: . . . He [the King] once asked the Duke when he was born, and when he told him the day of the month and year, he at once said it was on a Tuesday; . . . I was surprised to hear him [the Duke] say that Charles X was a cleverer man, as far as knowledge of the world went, though Louis XVIII was much better informed—a most curious remark, considering the history and end of each (Nothing could be more mistaken and untrue than this opinion)—that Louis XVIII was always governed, and a favourite indispensable to him. At the Congress of Vienna the Duke was deputed to speak to M. de Blacas, his then favourite, and tell him that his unpopularity was so great in France that it was desirable he should not return there; Blacas replied, "You don't know the King; he must have a favourite, and he had better have me than another. I shall go; he will have another, and you should take pains to put *a gentleman* in that situation, for he is capable of taking the first person that finds access to him and the opportunity of pleasing him." He

added that he should not wonder if he took Fouché. He did not take Fouché, who was not aware of the part he might have played, but he took De Cazes, who governed him entirely. This continued till the Royal Family determined to get rid of him, and by threatening to make an *esclandre* and leave the château they at last succeeded, and De Cazes was sent as Ambassador to London. Then the King wrote to him constantly, sending him verses and literary scraps. The place remained vacant till accident threw Madame du Cayla in his way. . . . He saw her and was pleased with her. The Royal Family encouraged this new taste, in order to get rid entirely of De Cazes, and even the Duchesse d'Angoulême promoted her success. It was the same thing to him to have a woman as a man, and there was no sexual question in the matter, as what he wanted was merely someone to whom he could tell everything, consult with on all occasions, and with whom he could bandy literary trifles. . . . The Ministers paid assiduous court to Madame du Cayla, imparted everything to her, and got her to say what they wanted said to the King; she acted all the part of a mistress, except the essential, of which there was never any question. She got great sums of money from him and very valuable presents.

The King's "favourite of his declining years," Madame de Cayla, had been an early friend of Hortense Beauharnais, stepdaughter to Napoleon. "*Il fallait une Esther*," to use her own expression, "*à cet Assuérus*." The King's "happiness was said to consist in inhaling a pinch of snuff from her shoulders, which were remarkably broad and fair." And, remarks Greville, "it is curious that in 1829 the last mistress of a King of France should have visited London under the reign of the last mistress [Lady Conyngham] of a King of England."

July 10, 1829: . . . Madame du Cayla is come over to prosecute some claim upon this Government, which the Duke has discovered to be unfounded, and he had the bluntness to tell her so as they were going to dinner. She must have been good-looking in her youth; her countenance is lively, her eyes are piercing, clear complexion, and very handsome hands and arms; but the best part about her seemed to be the magnificent pearls she wore, though these are not so fine as Lady Conyngham's. All kings' mistresses seem to have a rage for pearls; I remember

Madame Narischkin's were splendid. Madame du Cayla is said to be very rich and clever.

The lady was, in due course, presented at the British Court:

July 21, 1829: . . . The King came to town at one, and gave audiences till half-past four. He received Madame du Cayla whom he was very curious to see. She told me afterwards that she was astonished at his good looks, and seemed particularly to have been struck with his "*belles jambes et sa perruque bien arrangée*"; and I asked her if she had ever seen him before, and she said no, "*mais que le feu Roi lui en avait souvent parlé, et de ses belles manières, qu'en vérité elle les avait trouvées parfaites.*" There was a reigning Margrave of Baden waiting for an audience in the room we assembled in. Nobody took much notice of him, and when the Duke spoke to him he bowed to the ground, bow after bow; when he went away nobody attended him or opened the door for him.

In Paris, King Louis XVIII was thus able at last to live sumptuously. His Premier Maître d'Hôtel, the Duc d'Escars, "was said to have died of one of the King's good dinners, and the joke was, '*Hier sa Majesté a eu une indigestion, dont M. le Duc d'Escars est mort.*'"

By the year 1830, when King William IV ascended the throne, Louis XVIII had been succeeded by his brother, Charles X. Polignac was the French Prime Minister—Polignac who had been ambassador in London. There he had created a curiously favourable impression:

August 28, 1829: . . . Aberdeen said at dinner at Madame de Lieven's the other day that he thought him a very clever man; and that the Duke of Wellington went still further, for he said that he was the ablest man France had had since the Restoration. I remember him well when he was courting his first wife, Archy Macdonald's sister; and if being first a prisoner, then an emigrant, then a miser and now a saint can make him a good Minister, he may be one.

On January 25, 1829, about a year before the final crisis developed, we read how Polignac returned to Paris. He told the Duke that he could do more good by remaining at St. James's.

His idea, thought Wellington, was not to be Prime Minister. But the responsibility none the less descended on him:

August 28, 1829: . . . So busy are the French with their own politics, that even the milliners have left off making caps. Lady Cowper told me to-day that Madame Maradan complained that she could get no bonnets, &c., from Paris; for they would occupy themselves with nothing but the change of Administration.

Apparently the milliners did not approve of Polignac, for in June, 1830, there was a general election at which 274 Liberals were returned to a chamber of 428 deputies—that is a clear majority.

March 8, 1830: . . . Yesterday morning I walked about, visiting, and then went through the Tuileries and the Carrousel. The Gardens were full of well-dressed and good-looking people, and the day so fine that it was a glorious sight. The King is, after all, hardly master of his own palace, for the people may swarm like bees all around and through it, and he is the only man in Paris who cannot go into the Gardens. . . . Lord Stuart told me that he knew nothing, but that when he saw all the Ministers perfectly calm and satisfied, and heard them constantly say all would be well, although all France and a clear majority in both Chambers seemed to be against them, he could not help thinking they must have some reason for such confidence, and something in reserve, of which people were not aware. Lady Keith, with whom I had a long talk, told me that she did not believe it possible they could stand, that there was no revolutionary spirit abroad but a strong determination to provide for the stability of their institutions, a disgust at the obstinacy and pretensions of the King, and a desire to substitute the Orleans for the reigning branch, which was becoming very general; that Polignac is wholly ignorant of France, and will not listen to the opinions of those who could enlighten him. It is supposed that the King is determined to push matters to extremity, to try the Chambers, and if his Ministry are beaten to dissolve them and govern *par ordonnance du Roi*, then to try and influence the elections and obtain a Chamber more favourable than the present. Somebody told her the other day of a conversation which Polignac had recently had with the King,

KING LOUIS XVIII OF FRANCE
by Jean-Baptiste Isabey

KING LOUIS PHILIPPE OF FRANCE

(By permission of the Wallace Collection)

KING CHARLES X OF FRANCE

in which his Majesty said to him, "*Jules, est-ce que vous m'êtes très-dévoué?*" "*Mais oui, Sire; pouvez-vous en douter?*" "*Jusqu'à aller sur l'échafaud?*" "*Mais oui, Sire, s'il le faut.*" "*Alors tout ira bien.*" It is thought that he has got into his head the old saying that if Louis XVI had got upon horseback he could have arrested the progress of the Revolution—a piece of nonsense, fit only for a man "*qui n'a rien oublié ni rien appris.*"

It was Rothschild who, in 1815, had brought to London the first news of Waterloo. And "amid the most absurd reports," which included "one that Marmont was killed," there was during the crisis of 1830 "nothing but Rothschild's information to depend upon."

Suddenly, Polignac dissolved the Chambers and abolished the freedom of the press:

July 29, 1830: . . . The great event of the day was the reception of the King of France's two decrees, and the address of his Ministers, who produced them; nothing could surpass the universal astonishment and consternation. Falck told me he was reading the newspaper at his breakfast regularly through, and when he came to this the teacup almost dropped from his hands, and he rubbed his eyes to see whether he read correctly. Such was the secrecy with which this measure was conceived and acted on, that Pozzo, who is quicker and has better intelligence than anybody, had not a notion of it, as Matuscewitz [the Russian Ambassador] told me. . . . The only Minister I had a word with about it was Lord Bathurst, whose Tory blood bubbled a little quicker at such a despotic act.

July 30, 1830: . . . Matuscewitz told me he had a conference with the Duke, who was excessively annoyed, but what seems to have struck him more than anything is the extraordinary secrecy of the business, and neither Pozzo nor Stuart having known one word of it. Up to the last Polignac has deceived everybody, and put such words into the King's mouth that nobody could expect such a *coup*. The King assured Pozzo di Borgo the day before that nothing of the sort was in contemplation.

July 31, 1830: Yesterday morning I met Matuscewitz in St. James's Street, who said, "You have heard the news?" But I had not, so I got into his cabriolet, and he told me that Bülow

had just been with him with an account of Rothschild's estafette, who had brought intelligence of a desperate conflict at Paris between the people and the Royal Guard, in which 1,000 men had been killed of the former, and of the eventual revolt of two regiments, which decided the business; that the Swiss had refused to fire on the people; the King is gone to Rambouillet, the Ministers are missing, and the Deputies who were at Paris had assembled in the Chambers, and declared their sittings permanent. . . . The game is up with the Bourbons.

Polignac's sister was married to Lord Tankerville, "a sour malignant little Whig (since become an ultra-Tory)" who—with fraternal zeal—"loudly declares Polignac ought to be hung."

July 31, 1830, at night: . . . There was Lady Tankerville going about to-day enquiring of everybody for news, trembling for her brother "and his brigade." Late in the day she got Lady Jersey to go with her to Rothschild, whom she saw, and Madame Rothschild, who showed her all their letters.

London, August 14, 1830: . . . I have heard of his [Polignac's] behaviour, however, which was worthy of his former imbecility. He remained in the same presumptuous confidence up to the last moment, telling those who implored him to retract while it was still time that they did not know France, that he did, that it was essentially Royalist, and all resistance would be over in a day or two, till the whole ruin burst on him at once, when he became like a man awakened from a dream.

August 27, 1830: . . . I never knew such a burst of indignation and contempt as Polignac's letter has caused—a letter to the President of the Chamber of Peers. As Dudley says, it has saved history the trouble of crucifying that man, and speaks volumes about the recent events. Such a man to have been Prime Minister of France for a year!

Of Polignac's fate, we have this glimpse:

August 24, 1830: Alvanley had a letter from Montrond yesterday from Paris. He was with M. Molé when a letter was brought him from Polignac, beginning, "*Mon cher Collègue*," and saying that he wrote to him to ask his advice what he had better do, that he should have liked to retire to his own estate, but it was too near Paris, that he should like to go into Alsace,

and that he begged he would arrange it for him, and in the meantime send him some boots, and shirts, and breeches.

Laval, the French Ambassador, who succeeded Polignac in London, was "the most ridiculous man they say that can be." His friends were "provoked to death" at the spectacle of His Excellency simply "marching off at this crisis."

In what follows, "Stuart" was the British Ambassador in Paris, who was apt, as we have seen, to smuggle, Laffitte was the banker who, being liberal, financed the revolution, and Lafayette needs no introduction:

"To-day at one o'clock Stuart's messenger arrived with a meagre account, having left Paris on the night of the 29th. The tricoloured flag had been raised; the National Guard was up, commanded by old Lafayette (their chief forty years ago), who ruled in Paris with Gérard, Odier, Casimir Périer, Laffitte, and one or two more. The Tuileries and the Louvre had been pillaged; the King was at Rambouillet, where Marshal Marmont had retired, and had with him a large force. Nobody, however, believed they would fight against the people. The Deputies and the Peers had met, and the latter separated without doing anything; the former had a stormy discussion, but came to no resolution. Some were for a republic, some for the Duke of Orleans, some for the Duke of Bordeaux with the Duke of Orleans as Regent. Rothschild had another courier with later intelligence. The King had desired to treat, and that proposals might be made to him; all the Ministers escaped from Paris by a subterranean passage which led from the Tuileries to the river, and even at St. Cloud the Duke told Matuscewitz that "Marmont had taken up a good military position," as if it was a military and not a moral question. Strange he should think of such a thing, but they were all terrified to death at the national flag and colours, because they see in its train revolutions, invasions, and a thousand alarms. I own I would rather have seen an easy transfer of the Crown to some other head under the white flag.

August 2, 1830, evening: This morning, on going into town, I read in the *Times* the news of the day—the proclamation of the Provisional Government, the invitation to the Duke of Orleans, his proclamation, and the account of the conversation

between Laffitte and Marmont. It is in vain to look for private or official information, for the *Times* always has the latest and the best; Stuart sends next to nothing. Soon after I got to George Street the Duke of Wellington came in, in excellent spirits, and talked over the whole matter. He said he could not comprehend how the Royal Guard had been defeated by the mob, and particularly how they had been forced to evacuate the Tuileries; that he had seen English and French troops hold houses whole days not one fourth so strong. . . . He described the whole affair as it has taken place, and said that there can be no doubt that the moneyed men of Paris (who are all against the Government) and the Liberals had foreseen a violent measure on the part of the King, and had organized the resistance; that on the appearance of the edicts the bankers simultaneously refused to discount any bills, on which the great manufacturers and merchants dismissed their workmen, to the number of many thousands, who inflamed the public discontent, and united to oppose the military and the execution of the decrees. He said positively that we should not take any part, and that no other government ought or could.

August 5, 1830: . . . While the Queen was in the closet they brought her word that Charles X was at Cherbourg and had sent for leave to come here, but nobody knew yesterday if this was true or not. In the afternoon I met Vaudreuil and had a long conversation with him on the state of things. He said, "My family has been twice ruined by these cursed Bourbons, and I will be damned if they shall a third time"; that he had long foreseen the inevitable tendency of Polignac's determination, ever since he was here, when he had surrounded himself with low agents and would admit no gentleman into his confidence; one of his *affidés* was a man of the name of Carrier, a relation of the famous Carrier de Nantes. Vaudreuil's father-in-law had consulted him many months ago what to do with 300,000l. which he had in the French funds, and he advised him to sell it out and put it in his drawer, which he did, sacrificing the interest for that time.

When the Revolution was gathering force, the British Ambassador sent Colonel Craddock to Charles X with the proposal that Louis Philippe "should carry on the Government as

Regent if Charles X sanctioned it." But, on that as on other occasions, the Bourbons learned nothing and forgot nothing. Writes Reeve in a note:

"The King received the communication in bed. The Duchess of Angoulême was consulted, and vehemently opposed the scheme, because, said she, speaking of the Orleans family, '*ils sont toujours les mêmes*,' and she referred to the preposterous stories current at the time of the death of the Duc de Bourgogne, and the regency of 1715. The offer was therefore rejected."

When Marmont arrived in London, a fugitive:

August 24, 1830, at night: . . . He was very communicative about events at Paris, lamented his own ill-luck, involved in the business against his wishes and feelings; he disapproved of Polignac and his measures, and had no notion the *ordonnances* were thought of. In the morning he was going to St. Germain for the day; when his aide-de-camp brought him the newspaper with the *ordonnances*, *il tomba de son haut.* Soon after the Dauphin sent to him to desire that, as there might be some "*vitres cassées*," he would take the command of the troops. Directly after, the thing began. He had 7,000 or 8,000 men; not a preparation had been made of any sort; they had never thought of resistance, had not consulted Marmont or any military man; he soon found how hopeless the case was, and sent eight estafettes to the King, one after another, during the action to tell him so and implore him to stop while it was time. They never returned any answer. He then rode out to St. Cloud, where he implored the King to yield. It was not till after seven hours' pressing that he consented to name M. de Mortemart Minister, but would not withdraw the edicts. . . . Marmont said he had been treated with the greatest ingratitude by the Court, and had taken leave of them forever, coldly of the King and Dauphin; the Duchess of Berri alone shook hands with him and thanked him for his services and fidelity. He says never man was so unlucky, that he was *marêchal de quartier* and could not refuse to serve, but he only acted on the defensive; 2,000 of the troops and 1,500 of the populace were killed. The Swiss did not behave well, but the Lanciers de la Garde beautifully, and all the troops were acting against their feelings and opinions.

August 20, 1830: . . . While I was at Stoke news came that Charles had arrived off Portsmouth. He has asked for an asylum in Austria, but when once he has landed here he will not move again, I dare say.

August 24, 1830: . . . The French King continues off Cowes, many people visiting him. They came off without clothes or preparations of any kind, so much so that Lady Grantham has been obliged to furnish Mesdames de Berri and d'Angoulême with everything; it seems they have plenty of money. The King says he and his son have retired from public life; and as to his grandson, he must wait the progress of events; that his conscience reproaches him with nothing.

"The old King who marches slowly on with his family" was to stay, among other places, at Lulworth Castle. And King Louis Philippe reigned in his stead.

CHAPTER XXI

A COBURG RISKS IT

When the throne of the Bourbon collapsed, every throne in Europe trembled. On the Stock Exchange in London (September 9, 1830), there was "a panic" and "the funds fell near three per cent." There was (March 10, 1831) "a great fall in the French funds as they are expected not to pay their dividends." In fact, "Europe is in a nice mess. The events of a quarter of a century would hardly be food for a week nowadays."

The Czar "prohibited the tricoloured cockade and ordered all Russian subjects to quit France." And he had his reasons:

December 16, 1830: . . . The affair at Warsaw seems to have begun with a conspiracy against Constantine, and four of the generals who were killed perished in his anteroom in defending him. With the smallest beginnings, however, nothing is more probable than a general rising in Poland; and what between that, Belgians, and Piedmont, which is threatened with a revolution, the continent is in a promising state.

One Sunday Greville "met Prince Esterhazy [the Austrian Ambassador] in Oxford Street with a face a yard long":

August 31, 1830: . . . He was mightily alarmed, but said that his government would recognize the French King directly, and in return for such general and prompt recognition as he was receiving he must restrain France from countenancing revolutions in other countries, and that, indeed, he had lost no time in declaring his intention to abstain from any meddling. In the evening Vaudreuil [at the French Embassy] told me the same thing, and that he had received a despatch from M. Molé desiring him to refuse passports to the Spaniards who wanted, on the strength of the French Revolution, to go and foment the discontents in Spain, and to all other foreigners who, being dissatisfied with their own governments, could not obtain passports from their own Ministers.

In due course (March 10, 1831) the Poles were "beaten" and submitted. But "disturbances at Brussels," though "put down by the gendarmerie" (August 31, 1830), indicated that Belgium might "separate from Holland altogether."

At the rebirth of their nation, the Belgians thought that it would be a wise precaution to face Europe, still monarchist, with a King. Leopold of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha was living in England, as the widower of the Princess Charlotte. His sister, as we shall see, had been married to the Duke of Kent, and Leopold was thus the uncle—almost the second father—of a certain Princess Victoria, living at Kensington Palace.

December 24, 1820: . . . Prince Leopold came and dined there on Saturday. He is very dull and heavy in his manner, and seems overcome with the weight of his dignity. This Prince will not succeed here; everybody is civil to him from the interest he excited at the time of the Princess's death—an interest which has not yet subsided. There seems to be no harm in him, but everybody contrasts his manners with those of the Duke of York, and the comparison is not to his advantage.

"His pomposity fatigues," adds Greville, "and his avarice disgusts."

There was an idea that he might reign at Athens:

Roehampton, January 9, 1830: . . . Leopold's election to the throne of Greece seems to be settled, and while everybody has been wondering what could induce him to accept it, it turns out that he has been most anxious for it, and has moved heaven and earth to obtain it; that the greatest obstacle he has met with has been from the King [George IV], who hates him, and cannot bear that he should become a crowned head. He may think it "better to reign in hell than serve in heaven" . . . ; however, "*il ne faut pas disputer des goûts.*"

July 20, 1831: . . . He [Leopold] is a poor creature, his intrigues about Greece were very despicable, plotting in all sorts of underhand ways to get that miserable crown, without knowing what it was, and after he did know, when it turned out better than he ought to have expected at the time he wanted it, he backed out again.

Leopold next sought what Greville called another "trumpery crown":

June 19, 1831: . . . Lord Lansdowne told me that Leopold is inconceivably anxious to be King of Belgium, that short of going in direct opposition to the wishes and advice of all the Royal Family and of the Government he would do anything to be beking'd, and, what is equally absurd, that the others cannot bear that he should be thus elevated.

July 11, 1831: Dined with Lord Grey yesterday. In the middle of dinner Talleyrand got a letter announcing that Leopold's conditional acceptance of the Belgian throne had been agreed to by a great majority of the Chamber.

July 20, 1831: . . . Prince Leopold started on Saturday, having put his pension into trustees' hands (by the advice of Lambton), to keep up Claremont and pay his debts and pensions, and then hand over the residue to the Exchequer, the odds being that none of it ever gets there, and that he is back here before the debts are paid. It seems that desirous as he had been to go, when the time drew near he got alarmed, and wanted to back out, but they brought him (though with difficulty) to the point. He has proposed to the Princess Louise, King Louis Philippe's daughter.

Leopold was not liked:

August 5, 1831: . . . Matuscewitz [Russian Ambassador] told me that he went on his knees to Palmerston to send somebody with him who would prevent his getting into scrapes, and that Talleyrand and Falck, by far the best heads among them, had both predicted that Leopold would speedily commit some folly the consequences of which might be irreparable.

Thus it was that Victoria's favourite uncle "was suffered to go alone and plunge all his weakness, vanity and incapacity into the middle of their [the Belgians'] turbulence, arrogance, and folly." Greville adds that he was "unaccompanied by any person of weight or consequence from this country." But, as Reeve points out, such a companion "would have given him the air of a puppet and nominee." And, in actual fact, Queen Victoria's mentor, Baron Stockmar, was with him.

The Dutch King was reluctant to make "the great concession" of Belgian independence:

July 29, 1832: . . . His view was that by holding out and

maintaining a large army events would produce war, and that he would be able to sell himself to some one of the contending parties, getting back Belgium as the price of his aid. . . . I asked him [Sir Charles Bagot] how the Dutch had contrived to make such an exertion. He said it was very creditable to them, but that they were very rich and very frugal, and had lugged out their hoards. They had saddled themselves with a debt the interest of which amounts to about £700,000 a year—a good deal for two millions of people.

Supported by a Russian loan, discussions of which were "eternal," the Dutch King (September 28, 1832) "threatens to bombard the town of Antwerp . . . will not give up the citadel . . . nor consent to the free navigation of the Scheldt."

September 28, 1832: . . . The Belgians insist on these concessions; the Conference says they shall be granted, but Russia, Prussia, and Austria will not coerce the Dutchman; England and France will, if the others don't object. A French army is in motion, and a French fleet is off Spithead; so probably something will come of it.

Leopold was thus regarded as a disturber of the tranquillity of Europe. On July 21, 1831, he had entered Brussels, and "intoxicated with the applause he received," he had appealed to Europe against Holland. Lord Grey, seen by Greville, "was in a great state of consternation." Matuscewitz, the Russian Ambassador, talked of "a general war." And on August 4th, the Dutch invaded Belgium, not "for the purpose of reconquest," but "to secure equitable terms of separation." Even in October, 1832, Greville could write:

"Great fears entertained of war; the obstinacy of the Dutch King, the appointment of Soult to be Prime Minister of France, and the ambiguous conduct of the Allied Court looked like war."

The neutrality of Belgium was from the first a vital issue.

August 5, 1831: . . . It is, however, believed here (though at present not on any sufficient grounds) that Prussia secretly supports the King of Holland. The danger is that France may without any further communication with her Allies consider the aggression of the Dutch as a justification of a correspond-

ing movement on her part, and should this happen the Prussians would no longer deem themselves bound by the common obligations which united all the conferring and mediating Powers, and a general war would infallibly ensue. Nor is it unlikely that the French Ministry, beset as they are with difficulties, and holding their offices *de die in diem*, may think a war the best expedient for occupying the nation and bringing all the restless spirits and unquiet humours into one focus. I have long been of opinion that such mighty armaments and such a nervous state of things cannot end without a good deal of blood-letting.

The Prussians held their hand. But—

August 9, 1831: On Saturday morning we were saluted with intelligence that on the French King's hearing of the Dutch invasion he ordered Marshal Gérard, with 50,000 men, to march into Belgium; and great was the alarm here: the funds fell and everybody was prepared for immediate war. In the afternoon I called upon Lord Grey at East Sheen (in my way to Monk's Grove, where I was going) to say something to him about the coronation, and found him with a more cheerful countenance than I expected. He did not appear alarmed at what the French had done, and very well satisfied with the manner of their doing it, marching only in virtue of their guarantee and proclaiming their own neutrality and the Belgian independence, and the King had previously received the Belgian Minister. I told him I thought Leopold's folly had been the cause of it, and that his speeches about Luxembourg had given the Dutch King a pretext. He said not at all, and that the King of Holland would have done this under any circumstances, which I took leave to doubt, though I did not think it necessary to say so.

"Lord Grey's composure," as Reeve calls it, was due to his confidence that France, her aim achieved, would withdraw her troops.

August 28, 1831: . . . L. told me an odd thing connected with these troops. Easthope received a commission from a secretary of Soult to sell largely in our funds, coupled with an assurance that the troops would not retire. I don't know the fate of the commission.

Discussions in Parliament "in some measure quieted people's apprehensions":

August 11, 1831: . . . At Court yesterday, when Van de Weyer, the new Belgian Minister, made his appearance, I said to Esterhazy, "You will blow this business over, sha'n't you?" He said, "Yes, I think we shall *this time*."

Stoke, August 28, 1831: . . . The Duke of Wellington was sent for by Lord Grey the other day, to give his opinion about the demolition of the Belgian fortresses; so the ex-Prime Minister went to visit his successor in the apartment which was so lately his own. No man would mind such a thing less than the Duke; he is sensitive, but has no nonsense about him.

King William IV was never enthusiastic over Leopold:

November 7, 1836: . . . He was very angry at King Leopold's coming here, received him very coldly at Windsor, had no conversation with him on business, and on one occasion exhibited a rudeness even to brutality. It seems he hates water-drinkers; God knows why. One day at dinner Leopold called for water, when the King asked, "What's that you are drinking, sir?" "Water, sir." "G—— d—— it!" rejoined the other King; "why don't you drink wine? I never allow anybody to drink water at my table." Leopold only dined there, and went away in the evening. All this is very miserable and disgraceful.

May 11, 1838: . . . My brother writes me word from Paris that Leopold is deadly sick of his Belgian crown, and impatient to abdicate, thinking that it is a better thing to be an English Prince, uncle to the Queen, with £50,000 a year, than to be monarch of a troublesome vulgar little kingdom which all its neighbours regard with an evil or a covetous eye. Louis Philippe is in a mighty fright about it, and he is right, for Leopold's abdication would be almost sure to disturb the peace of Europe.

Holland, deprived of Belgium, managed to survive:

March 24, 1831: . . . The Prince of Orange is gone back to Holland, to his infinite disgust; he was escorted by Lady Dudley Stewart and Mrs. Fox as far as Gravesend, I believe, where they were found the next day in their white satin shoes and evening dresses. He made a great fool of himself here, and de-

stroyed any sympathy there might have been for his political misfortunes; supping, dancing, and acting, and little (rather innocent) orgies at these ladies' houses formed his habitual occupation.

September 24, 1831: . . . My brother-in-law and sister are just returned from a tour of three weeks in Holland; curious spectacle, considering the state of the rest of Europe, nothing but loyalty and enthusiasm, adoration of the Orange family; 2,000,000 of people, and an army of 110,000 men; everybody satisfied with the Government, and no desire for Reform.

CHAPTER XXII

KINGS AND CHOLERA

The Revolution in France raised the question whether it might not be helpful, after all, to have a revolution in England. Between the two countries (November 28, 1831) there was "a constant sort of electrical reciprocity." Paris, "again tranquil," was "on the point of exploding." England (August 31, 1830) was "placed in a situation most intricate."

There would be riots at Bristol, "acted with great similarity of circumstances at Lyons," where they were (November 28, 1831) "begun by the workpeople, who were very numerous, not political in its objects, but the cries denoted a mixture of everything, as they shouted 'Henri V, Napoleon II, La République, and Bristol.'"

August 23, 1830: . . . The people of Paris wanted to send over a deputation to thank the English for their sympathy and assistance—a sort of fraternizing affair—but the King would not permit it, which was wisely done, and it is a good thing to see that he can curb in some degree that spirit; this Vandreuil told me last night. It would have given great offence and caused great alarm here.

People were thus "alarmed at the excessive admiration which the French Revolution has excited in England." And while it was "a great step gained to have a monarchy established in France at all," the Duke of Wellington had "a bad opinion" of Louis Philippe, thinking his proclamation "mean and shabby."

Louis Philippe still appeared as "l'Égalité":

August 20, 1830: . . . The enthusiasm which the French Revolution produced is beginning to give way to some alarm, and not a little disgust at the Duke of Orleans' conduct, who seems anxious to assume the character of a Jacobin king, affecting extreme simplicity and laying aside all the pomp of royalty.

I don't think it can do, and there is certainly enough to cause serious disquietude for the future.

London, August 14, 1830: . . . The French are proceeding steadily in the reconstruction of their government, but they have evinced a strong democratical spirit. The new King, too, conducts himself in a way that gives me a bad opinion of him; he is too complaisant to the rage for equality, and stoops more than he need do; in fact, he overdoes it. It is a piece of abominably bad taste (to say no worse) to have conferred a pension on the author of the Marseillaise hymn; for what can be worse than to rake up the old ashes of Jacobinism, and what more necessary than to distinguish as much as possible this Revolution from that of 1789? Then he need not be more familiar as King than he ever was as Duke of Orleans, and affect the manners of a citizen and a plainness of dress and demeanour very suitable to an American President, but unbecoming a descendant of Louis XIV.

August 23, 1830: . . . What are called moderate people are greatly alarmed at the aspect of affairs in France, but I think the law (which will be carried) of abolishing capital punishment in political cases is calculated to tranquillize men's minds everywhere, for it draws such a line between the old and the new Revolution. The Ministers will be tried and banished, but no blood spilt.

Newark, September 18, 1830: . . . The accounts from Paris improve, inasmuch as there seems a better prospect than there has been lately of tranquillity in the country. Sneyd writes word that there is little doubt but that the Duc de Bourbon was assassinated.

The Duc de Bourbon-Condé was father of that Duc d'Enghien who was the victim of a judicial murder under Napoleon. It was this act which Fouché described as worse than a crime —that is, a blunder. The Duke was found hanging in his bedroom and his mistress, Madame de Fenchères, was suspected.

Louis Philippe and William IV were, as it were, collaterals who somehow had got the crown. And suggesting that they were *anciens amis*, the French King sent a letter to the English King, "from the Duke of Orleans to the Duke of Clarence."

For England, "the cavalier manner in which the Chamber of Peers has been treated," in France was obviously a matter of more than academic interest.

Goodwood, August 10, 1830: . . . Montrond, who was at Stoke, thinks that France will gravitate towards a republic, and principally for this reason, that there is an unusual love of equality, and no disposition to profit by the power of making *majorats*, therefore, that there never can be anything like an aristocracy. . . . The constant subdivision of property must deprive the Chamber of all the qualities belonging to an English House of Lords, and it would perhaps be better to establish another principle, such as that of promoting to the Chamber of Peers men (for life) of great wealth, influence, and ability, who would constitute an aristocracy of a different kind indeed, but more respectable and efficient, than a host of poor hereditary senators. What great men are Lord Lonsdale, the Duke of Rutland, and Lord Cleveland; but strip them of their wealth and power, what would they be? Among the most insignificant of mankind; but they all acquire a factitious consideration by the influence they possess to do good and evil, the extension of it over multitudes of dependents. The French can have no aristocracy but a personal one, ours is in the institution; theirs must be individually respectable, as ours is collectively looked up to.

The condition of Britain was not wholly ideal:

April 13, 1829: . . . Poverty, and vice, and misery must always be found in a community like ours, but such frightful contrasts between the excess of luxury and splendour and these scenes of starvation and brutality ought not to be possible; but I am afraid there is more vice, more misery and penury in this country than in any other, and at the same time greater wealth. The contrasts are too striking, and such an unnatural, artificial, and unjust state of things neither can nor ought to be permanent. I am convinced that before many years elapse these things will produce some great convulsion.

What compelled people "who live on the smooth and plausible surface" to probe into "the bowels of society" was a strange malady with which, as Secretary of the Privy Council, Greville himself had to deal.

In November, 1830, Lord Heytesbury reported from St. Petersburg that "the disorder now raging in Russia is a sort of plague, but that they will not admit it, and that it is impossible to get at the truth." Hence, at the Privy Council, "we ordered Russian ships to be put under a precautionary quarantine, and made a minute to record what we had done."

September 17, 1831: . . . The cholera, which is travelling south, is less violent than it was in the north. It is remarkable that the common people in Berlin are impressed with the same strange belief that possessed those of St. Petersburg that they have been poisoned, and Chad writes to-day that they believe there is no such disease, and that the deaths ascribed to that malady are produced by poison administered by the doctors, who are bribed for that purpose; that the rich finding the poor becoming too numerous to be conveniently governed, have adopted this mode of thinning the population, which was employed with success by the English in India.

June 19, 1831: . . . The last few days I have been completely taken up with quarantine, and taking means to prevent the cholera coming here. . . . The question was raised whether we should have to purify goods coming here in case it broke out again, and if so how it was to be done. Government was thinking of Reform and other matters, and would not bestow much attention upon this subject and accordingly neither regulations nor preparations were made. . . . In the meantime, as the warm weather returned, the cholera again appeared in Russia, but still we took no further measures until intelligence arrived that it had reached Riga, at which place 700 or 800 sail of English vessels, loaded principally with hemp and flax, were waiting to come to this country. This report soon diffused a general alarm, and for many days past the newspapers have been full of letters and full of lies, and every sort of representation is made to Government or through the press.

The trouble with cholera was that, like Louis Philippe, it was egalitarian. Here was Russia trying to "crush the Poles." Yet there had to be "a cordon of troops" to defend St. Petersburg against a deadlier enemy even than Chopin:

July 13, 1831: . . . The King of Prussia has at last insisted upon a rigid execution of the quarantine laws in his dominions.

Marshal Paskiewitch was detained on his road to take the command of the army, and sent a courier to the King to request he might be released forthwith, urging the importance of the Emperor to have his report of the state of the army; but the King refused, and sent word that the Emperor himself had submitted to quarantine, and so his aide-de-camp might do the same.

Marshal Diebitsch suddenly died. Had he "made away with himself" to atone for a "tarnished military reputation"? Or was it cholera?

July 12, 1832: . . . O'Connell is supposed to be horridly afraid of the cholera. He has dodged about between London and Dublin, as the disease appeared first at one and then the other place, and now that it is everywhere he shirks the House of Commons from fear of the heat and the atmosphere. The cholera is here, and diffuses a certain degree of alarm. Some servants of people well known have died, and that frightens all other servants out of their wits, and they frighten their masters; the death of any one person they are acquainted with terrifies people much more than twenty of whom they knew nothing. As long as they read daily returns of a parcel of deaths here and there of A, B, and C, they do not mind, but when they hear that Lady such a one's nurse or Sir somebody's footman is dead, they fancy they see the disease actually at their own door.

July 25, 1832: . . . The dread of cholera absorbs everybody. Mrs. Smith, young and beautiful, was dressed to go to church on Sunday morning, when she was seized with the disorder, never had a chance of rallying, and died at eleven at night. This event, shocking enough in itself from its suddenness and the youth and beauty of the person, has created a terrible alarm; many people have taken flight, and others are suspended between their hopes of safety in country air and their dread of being removed from metropolitan aid.

"Lady Holland (July 26, 1831) wrote to Lord Lansdowne to desire he would recommend her the best *cholera* doctor that he had heard of."

April 14, 1832: . . . The accounts from Paris of the cholera are awful, very different from the disease here. Is it not owing to our superior cleanliness, draining, and precautions? There have been 1,300 sick in a day there, and for some days an average of 1,000; here we have never averaged above fifty, I think, and, except the squabbling in the newspapers, we have seen nothing of it whatever; there many of the upper classes have died of it. Casimir Périer and the Duke of Orleans went to the Hotel Dieu, and the former was seized afterwards, and has been very ill, though they doubt if it really was cholera, as he is subject to attacks with the same symptoms.

What the disease was, nobody knew. All that could be discussed was how it behaved. The Board of Health was "contagionist." But could it be "conveyed by goods" or was it "wafted through the air"? Sea air seemed to diminish "the liability." It was held, "by almost all the foreign practitioners," that cholera was "not communicable by inanimate matter" (June 10, 1831) and persons only were held for seven days.

Then the Board of Health took "great alarm" and "so we are obliged to air goods."

July 8, 1831: . . . This airing requires more ships and lazarets than we have, and the result is a perpetual squabbling, disputing, and complaining between the Privy Council, the Admiralty, the Board of Health, and the merchants. We have gone on pretty well hitherto, but more ships arrive every day; the complaints will grow louder, and the disease rather spreads than diminishes on the Continent.

June 23, 1831: . . . It is remarkable that there never was more sickness than there is at present, without its being epidemic, but thousands with colds, sore throats, fevers, and such like; and a man at Blackwell has died of the English cholera, and another is ill of it, but their disorders seem to have nothing to do with the Indian cholera, though some of the symptoms are similar. These men cannot have got their cholera from Russia, but their cases spread alarm.

The cholera was reported from "Port Glasgow" so they (July, 1831) "sent a medical man down in order to quiet people's

minds." The Scotch merchants were then "beset with alarms of a different kind"—fearing for "their cargoes." Thus, "the public requires that we should take care of its health, the mercantile world that we should not injure their trade."

Sunderland became "an infected place." And at once "the merchants, shipowners, and inhabitants" were unanimous in "strenuously insisting that their town is in a more healthy state than usual." Of Sunderland as a health resort, Greville obtained an official description:

November 14, 1831: . . . The reports from Sunderland (where cholera broke out), exhibit a state of human misery, and necessarily of moral degradation, such as I hardly ever heard of. . . . They say there are houses with 150 inmates, who are huddled five and six in a bed. They are in the lowest state of poverty. The sick in these receptacles are attended by an apothecary's boy, who brings them (or I suppose tosses them) medicines without distinction or enquiry.

November 22, 1831: . . . The conduct of the people of Sunderland on this occasion is more suitable to the barbarism of the interior of Africa than to a town in a civilized country. The medical men and the higher classes are split into parties, quarrelling about the nature of the disease, and perverting and concealing facts which militate against their respective theories. The people are taught to believe that there is really no cholera at all and that those who say so intend to plunder and murder them. The consequence is prodigious irritation and excitement, and invincible repugnance on the part of the lower orders to avail themselves of any of the preparations which are made for curing them, and a proneness to believe any reports, however monstrous and exaggerated. In a very curious letter which was received yesterday from Dr. Daur, he says (after complaining of the medical men, who would send him no returns of the cases of sickness) it was believed that bodies had been dissected before the life was out of them, and one woman was said to have been cut up while she was begging to be spared. The consequence of this is that we have put forth a strong order to compel medical men to give information, and another for the compulsory removal of nuisances.

January 25, 1832: . . . News came yesterday that the cholera had got within three miles of Edinburgh and, to show the

fallacy of any theory about it, and the inutility of the prescribed precautions, at one place (Newport, I think) one person in five of the whole population was attacked, though there was no lack of diet, warmth, and clothing for the poor. This disease escapes from all speculation, so partial and eccentric is its character.

Even London was reported to the Foreign Secretary as "no longer healthy":

February 14, 1832: . . . In the meantime the cholera has made its appearance in London, at Rotherhithe, Limehouse, and in a ship off Greenwich—in all seven cases. These are amongst the lowest and most wretched classes, chiefly Irish, and a more lamentable exhibition of human misery than that given by the medical men who called at the Council Office yesterday I never heard. They are in the most abject state of poverty, without beds to lie upon. The men live by casual labour, are employed by the hour, and often get no more than four or five hours' employment in the course of the week. They are huddled and crowded together by families in the same room, not as permanent lodgers, but procuring a temporary shelter; in short, in the most abject state of physical privation and moral degradation that can be imagined. On Saturday we had an account of one or more cases. We sent instantly down to inspect the district and organize a Board of Health. A meeting was convened, and promises given that all things needful should be done, but as they met at a public house they all got drunk and did nothing. We have sent down members of the Board of Health to make preparations and organize boards; but, if the disease really spreads, no human power can arrest its progress through such an Augean stable.

February 17, 1832: . . . A man came yesterday from Bethnal Green [in London] with an account of that district. They are all weavers, forming a sort of separate community; there they are born, there they live and labour, and there they die. They neither migrate nor change their occupation; they can do nothing else. They have increased in a ratio at variance with any principles of population, having nearly tripled in twenty years, from 22,000 to 62,000. They are for the most part out of employment, and can get none; 1,100 are crammed into the

poorhouse, five or six in a bed; 6,000 receive parochial relief. The parish is in debt; every day adds to the number of paupers and diminishes that of rate payers. These are principally small shopkeepers, who are beggared by the rates. The district is in a complete state of insolvency and hopeless poverty, yet they multiply, and while the people look squalid and dejected, as if borne down by their wretchedness and destitution, the children thrive and are healthy. Government is ready to interpose with assistance, but what can Government do? We asked the man who came what could be done for them. He said "employment," and employment is impossible.

April 1, 1832: . . . What has happened here proves that "the people" of this enlightened, reading, thinking, reforming nation are not a whit less barbarous than the serfs in Russia, for precisely the same prejudices have been shown here that were found at St. Petersburg and at Berlin. . . .In this town the mob has taken the part of the anti-cholerites, and the most disgraceful scenes have occurred. The other day a Mr. Pope, head of the hospital in Marylebone (Cholera Hospital) came to the Council Office to complain that a patient who was being removed with his own consent had been taken out of his chair by the mob and carried back, the chair broken, and the bearers and surgeon hardly escaping with their lives. Furious contests have taken place about the burials, it having been recommended that bodies should be burned directly after death, and the most violent prejudice opposing itself to this recommendation; in short, there is no end to the scenes of uproar, violence, and brutal ignorance that have gone on.

"The lower orders" were thus inconsiderate:

February 17, 1832: . . . The awful thing is the vast extent of misery and distress which prevails, and the evidence of the rotten foundation on which the whole fabric of this gorgeous society rests, for I call that rotten which exhibits thousands upon thousands of human beings reduced to the lowest stage of moral and physical degradation, with no more of the necessaries of life than serve to keep body and soul together, whole classes of artisans without the means of subsistence. . . . Can such a state of things permanently go on? Can any reform ameliorate it? Is it possible for any country to be considered

in a healthy condition when there is no such thing as a *general* diffusion of the comforts of life (varying of course with every variety of circumstance which can affect the prosperity of individuals or of classes), but when the extremes prevail of the most unbounded luxury and enjoyment and the most dreadful privation and suffering?

CHAPTER XXIII

LAW AND GRACE

If England was in distress, there arose a question what was the remedy. Impatient men had attempted sheer violence:

February 24, 1820: The plot which has been detected had for its object the destruction of the Cabinet Ministers, and the chief actor in the conspiracy was Arthur Thistlewood. I was at Lady Harrowby's last night, and about half-past one o'clock Lord Harrowby came in and told us the following particulars: A plot has been in agitation for some time past, of the existence of which, the names and numbers of the men concerned, and of all particulars concerning their plans, Government has been perfectly well informed. The conspirators had intended to execute their design about last Christmas at a Cabinet dinner at Lord Westmoreland's, but for some reason they were unable to do so and deferred it. At length Government received information that they were to assemble to the number of from twenty to thirty at a house in Cato Street, Edgware Road, and that they had resolved to execute their purpose last night, when the Cabinet would be at dinner at Lord Harrowby's. Dinner was ordered as usual. Men had been observed watching the house, both in front and rear, during the whole afternoon. It was believed that nine o'clock was the hour fixed upon, for the assault to be made. The Ministers who were expected at dinner remained at Fife House, and at eight o'clock Mr. Birnie with twelve constables was despatched to Cato Street to apprehend the conspirators. Thirty-five foot guards were ordered to support the police force. The constables arrived upon the spot a few moments before the soldiers, and suspecting that the conspirators had received intimation of the discovery of their plot, and were in consequence preparing to escape, they did not wait for the soldiers, but went immediately to the house. A man armed with a musket was standing sentry, whom they secured. They then ascended a narrow staircase which led to

the room in which the gang were assembled, and burst the door open. The first man who entered was shot in the head, but was only wounded; he who followed was stabbed by Thistlewood and killed. The conspirators then with their swords put out the lights and attempted to escape. By this time the soldiers had arrived. Nine men were taken prisoners; Thistlewood and the rest escaped.

March 1, 1820: Thistlewood was taken the morning after the affair in Cato Street. It was the intention of these men to have fired a rocket from Lord Harrowby's house as soon as they had completed their work of destruction; this was to have been the signal for the rising of their friends. An oil shop was to have been set on fire to increase the confusion and collect a mob; then the Bank was to have been attacked and the gates of Newgate thrown open. The heads of the Ministers were to have been cut off and put in a sack which was prepared for that purpose. These are great projects, but it does not appear they were ever in force sufficient to put them in execution, and the mob (even if the mob had espoused their cause, which seems doubtful), though very dangerous in creating confusion and making havoc, are quite inefficient for a regular operation.

The Cato Street Conspiracy was what has since come to be called direct action.

Sir Robert Peel realized that there must be an adequate force to preserve law and order. He organized, therefore, the London police who are still called "bobbies":

February 16, 1830: . . . Last night the English Opera House was burnt down—a magnificent fire. I was playing at whist at the "Travellers" with Lord Granville, Lord Auckland, and Ross, when we saw the whole sky illuminated and a volume of fire rising in the air. We thought it was Covent Garden, and set off to the spot. We found the Opera House and several houses in Catherine Street on fire (sixteen houses), and though it was three in the morning, the streets filled with an immense multitude. Nothing could be more picturesque than the scene, for the flames made it as light as day and threw a glare upon the strange and motley figures moving about. All the gentility of London was there from Princess Esterhazy's ball and all the clubs; gentlemen in their fur cloaks, pumps, and velvet

waistcoats mixed with objects like the *sans-culottes* in the French Revolution—men and women half dressed, covered with rags and dirt, some with nightcaps or handkerchiefs round their heads—then the soldiers, the firemen, and the engines, and the new police running and bustling, and clearing the way, and clattering along, and all with that intense interest and restless curiosity produced by the event, and which received fresh stimulus at every renewed burst of the flames as they rose in a shower of sparks like gold dust. Poor Arnold lost everything and was not insured. I trust the paraphernalia of the Beefsteak Club perished with the rest, for the enmity I bear that society for the dinner they gave me last year.

July 18, 1833: . . . I fell in with Sir Robert Peel yesterday in the Park, and rode with him for an hour or two, never having had so much conversation with him before in my life. He was very agreeable, told me that he had just come from a Police Committee, when a member of one of the political unions had been under examination, who had acknowledged that they were provided with arms, and exercised themselves in their use, to be ready for the struggle which they thought was fast approaching.

The prisons, visited by John Howard the Reformer and Elizabeth Fry, were improved:

January 1, 1832, Panshanger, Sunday: . . . Went all over the jail yesterday which is admirably kept. There are four treadmills where they work, that is, those who are condemned to hard labour; 130 prisoners, the greatest number there has been for a long time, but there is more poaching by a great deal since the new game bill, and more dissoluteness and idleness since the beer bill. (So much for legislative amelioration but some deny that the effects proceed from these causes.) The treadmill has failed to reform or terrify the Prisoners, but the Jailer assured us (Luttrell, Eden and me) that private whipping was the most effectual mode of punishment, and what they dreaded the most, private better than public, because no disgrace being attached to it, it does not harden, and it hurts. The prison allowance varies with different classes of Offenders, and with those who labour and those who do not. The lowest have two pounds of bread a day, and water, others two pounds of bread,

soup three times a week, and milk porridge every morning. The prisoners were remarkably healthy, their cells were warm and dry. The jailer attributes their good health to the coarseness of their diet. What a change in these receptacles with those thirty or forty years ago.

April 13, 1829: . . . I went on Friday morning to the Old Bailey to hear the trials, particularly that of the woman for the murder of the apprentices; the mother was found guilty, and will be hanged to-day—has been by this time. The case exhibited a shocking scene of wretchedness and poverty, such as ought not to exist in any community, especially in one which pretends to be so flourishing and happy as this is. It is, I suppose, one case of many which may be found in this town, graduating through various stages of misery and vice. These wretched beings were described to be in the lowest state of moral and physical degradation, with scarcely rags to cover them, food barely sufficient to keep them alive, and working eighteen or nineteen hours a day, without being permitted any relaxation, or even the privilege of going to church on Sunday. I never heard more disgusting details than this trial elicited, or a case which calls more loudly for an investigation into the law and the system under which such proceedings are possible.

April 3, 1834: . . . William Ponsonby told me that the demoralization in that part of the country is very great—the distress not severe, no political disaffection, but a recklessness, a moral obtuseness, exceedingly disgusting. There was a certain trial, or rather case (for the grand jury could not find a bill), in which a woman had murdered a child, got by her son out of a girl who lodged in her cottage. . . . One of the lawyers said that . . . there was a woman whose trade was to get rid of bastard children, either by procuring abortions or destroying them when born, and that she had a regular price for either operation.

Capital punishment was still inflicted for crimes other than murder:

January 1, 1832, Panshanger, Sunday: There has been but one execution for a long time. Last year a young man was hanged for . . . this was a very hard case. In the first place the law (statute law), which makes it a capital offence, is barbarous and unjust, and tends to a mischievous confusion of all moral

principle. Then in this case the evidence was only circumstantial, and the man was reprieved, and at the end of a fortnight the order came down for his execution. We attacked Melbourne [then Home Secretary] about it, who defended it by saying that he never would interpose the royal prerogative between the law and its exercise, when in fact he does so every day. This case shocked us very much.

The prerogative of pardon was something of a speculation:

July 21, 1829: There was a Council last Thursday, and the heaviest Recorder's report that was ever known, I believe; seven people left for execution. The King cannot bear this, and is always leaning to the side of mercy. Lord Tenterden, however, is for severity, and the Recorder still more so. It not unfrequently happens that a culprit escapes owing to the scruples of the King; sometimes he puts the question of life or death to the vote, and it is decided by the voices of the majority.

December 12, 1830: . . . Brougham [having become Lord Chancellor] leans to mercy, I see. But what a curious sort of supplementary trial this is; how many accidents may determine the life or death of the culprit. In one case in this report which they were discussing [before the Council] Brougham had *forgotten* that the man was recommended to mercy, but he told me that at the last Recorder's report there was a great difference of opinion on one (a forgery case), when Tenterden was for hanging the man and he for saving him; that he had it put to the vote, and the man was saved. Little did the criminal know when there was a change of Ministry that he owed his life to it, for if Lyndhurst had been Chancellor he would most assuredly have been hanged; not that Lyndhurst was particularly severe or cruel, but he would have concurred with the Chief Justice and have regarded the case solely in a judicial point of view, whereas the mind of the other [Brougham] was probably biassed by some theory about the crime of forgery or by some fancy of his strange brain.

This [also] was a curious case, as I have since heard. The man owes his life to the curiosity of a woman of fashion, and then to another feeling. . . . It chanced that a man was tried for an atrocious case of forgery and breach of trust. He was found guilty and sentence passed; but he was twenty-three and good-looking.

Lady Burghersh [who had happened to visit the Court] could not bear he should be hanged, and she went to all the late Ministers and the Judges to beg him off. Leach told her it was no use, that nothing could save that man; and accordingly the old Government were obdurate, when out they went. Off she went again and attacked all the new ones, who in better humour, or of softer natures, suffered themselves to be persuaded, and the wretch was saved. She went herself to Newgate to see him.

April 3, 1834: . . . I don't suppose that the average state of morals is much worse in one county than in another; but it is very remarkable that while education has been more widely diffused than heretofore, and there is a strong Puritanical spirit at work and vast talk about religious observances, there should be such a brutish manifestation of the moral condition of the lower classes, and that they should be apparently so little humanized and reclaimed by either education or religion. In this country all is contrast—contrast between wealth the most enormous and poverty the most wretched, between an excess of sanctity and an atrocity of crime.

There were serious men who did what they could to improve matters. When the Duke of Sutherland died (July, 1833) he was "a leviathan of wealth," succeeding as he had done to "the immense fortune entailed upon him by his great-uncle, the Duke of Bridgewater, in the shape of the Bridgewater Canal." Lord Ellesmere, his heir, and Greville's brother-in-law "found himself . . . surrounded by a population sunk in ignorance and vice."

February 19, 1857: . . . From the first moment of his succession he considered himself in the light of a trustee for working out the moral and spiritual improvement of the people who were in a great measure committed to his charge. He accepted the obligation in a spirit of cheerfulness and resolution, and the due discharge of it continued to be the principal object of his interest and care for the remainder of his life. He employed his wealth liberally in promoting the material comfort and raising the moral condition of those by whose labour that wealth was produced. Churches, schools, and reading rooms rose around Worsley Hall.

December 23, 1830: Last night to Wilmot Horton's second lecture at the Mechanics' Institute; I could not go to the first.

He deserves great credit for his exertions, the object of which is to explain to the labouring classes some of the truths of political economy, the folly of thinking that the breaking of machinery will better their condition, and of course the efficacy of his own plan of emigration. The company was respectable enough, and they heard him with great attention. He is full of zeal and animation, but so totally without method and arrangement that he is hardly intelligible.

September 12, 1838: . . . Yesterday I went to Battersea and dined with Robert Eden, the Rector [afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells], and he took me before dinner to see his lions, and introduced me to scenes very different from those which I am accustomed to see. We went to different manufactories, a sawmill, a pottery, to the lunatic asylum, to the workhouse, and we visited several poor people at their cottages, when he enquired into the circumstances of the sick or the indigent; but what struck me most forcibly was the school [upon Bell's system] and the extraordinary acquirements of the boys. Eden examined them, and invited me to do so, in arithmetic, geography, English history, and the Bible, and their readiness and correctness were really surprising. I doubt whether many of the children of the rich, who are educated at a vast expense at private or public schools, could pass such an examination as these young paupers who are instructed at the cost of about one guinea a year. The greatest punishment that can be inflicted on one of these boys is to banish him from school, such delight do they take in acquiring knowledge. He gave me a curious account of the state of his parish: there is no middle class of tradesmen in good circumstances; they are divided between the extremes of wealth and poverty, masters and operatives; but amongst the latter there is a considerable amount of knowledge, though their minds are ill-regulated and their principles perverted. When first he came there the place abounded in disciples of Carlile, pure atheists, and when Carlile [not of course Thomas Carlyle the writer] was in prison he was supported by their contributions; but though totally without religion they were not immoral, and among these men were some of the best husbands and fathers in the place, so much so that when Carlile told them that men might indulge in polygamy and take two wives, they were scandalized and disgusted, and began im-

mediately to abandon him. . . . The desire for instruction and knowledge seems very general among the lower orders.

December 24, 1838: Went on Friday to Battersea to hear Robert Eden deliver a lecture in the schoolroom—one of a course he is delivering upon anatomy, or rather upon different parts of the human body—and demonstrating the utility of cleanliness, the danger of drunkenness, and mixing precept with information for the benefit of as mixed an audience as ever was assembled, but who seemed much interested and very attentive. There were many of the gentry of Battersea, male and female, the tradespeople, workmen, the boys of the school, and a rough, ragged set of urchins, labourers on the railroad—in all about 300 people. The lecture, which was upon the arm, was very fluently given.

August 10, 1839: I went to Norwood yesterday to see Dr. Kay's [afterwards Sir James Kay Shuttleworth, Bart.] Poor Law School, supposed to be very well managed and very successful. As I looked at the class to whom a lesson was then being read, all the urchins from eight to eleven or twelve years old, I thought I had never seen a congregation of more unpromising and ungainly heads, and accordingly they are the worst and lowest specimens of humanity; starved, ill-used children of poor and vicious parents, generally arriving at the school weak and squalid, with a tendency to every vice, and without having received any moral or intellectual cultivation whatever; but the system, under able and zealous teachers, acts with rapid and beneficial effect on these rude materials, and soon elicits manifestations of intelligence, and improves and develops the moral faculties. When one sees what is done by such small means, it is impossible not to reflect with shame and sorrow . . . upon the total absence of any system throughout places of education, either public or private, and consequently at the imperfect and defective education which is given to the highest and richest class of society, who are brought up thus stupidly at an enormous expense, acquiring little knowledge, and what they do acquire, so loosely and incompletely as to be of the smallest possible use.

But the deep discontents of the people were not allayed by an occasional lecture, however excellent:

September 12, 1838: . . . Some were reclaimed and came to church, but the greater part, who required powerful excitement, sought it in politics, and became deeply imbued with the most pernicious principles against all institutions, against all the higher orders, and against property. The fountain from which they draw their opinions is a Sunday paper called the *Watchman*, which is universally and greedily read: it is cleverly written, accommodated to their taste, and flatters all their worst propensities. Few people know these things and are aware of the poison that is thus circulating through the veins, and corrupting the blood, of the social mass.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN

In December, 1830, the question was whether Parliament itself, faced by revolutions, could deal with "questions of vast importance, rising up with a vigour and celerity that astonished the world."

To handle the problems of commerce, men of a serious purpose were needed.

August 8, 1829: . . . Vesey Fitzgerald has turned out the Chief Clerk in the Board of Trade, and put in [Deacon] Hume as Assistant-Secretary. He told me it was absolutely necessary, as nobody in the Office knew anything of its business, which is, I believe, very true, but as true of himself as of the rest.

When one or two banks were in difficulties, Spring Rice, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, seemed to be "quite unequal to the situation he held." He met the conclusions of Bankers—

January 6, 1837: . . . with a long chain of reasoning founded upon the most fallacious premises, columns of prices of stocks and exchequer bills in former years, and calculations and conjectures upon these data, which the keen view and sagacious foresight of these men (whose wits are sharpened by the magnitude of their immediate interest in the results, and whose long habits make them so familiar with the details) detected and exposed, not without some feelings both of resentment and contempt for the Minister who clung to his own theories in preference to their practical conclusions.

Spring Rice was rewarded with the peerage of Mounteagle.

Any bank had been permitted to issue its own notes and the result was a "panic in the money market which lasted for a week or ten days":

February 12, 1826: . . . The state of the City and the terror of all the bankers and merchants as well as of all owners of prop-

erty, is not to be conceived but by those who witnessed it. This critical period drew forth many examples of great and confiding liberality, as well as some of a very opposite character. Men of great wealth and parsimonious habits came and placed their whole fortunes at the disposal of their bankers in order to support their credit. For many days the evil continued to augment so rapidly, and the demands upon the Bank were so great and increasing, that a bank restriction was expected by everyone. So determined, however, were Ministers against this measure, that rather than yield to it they suffered the Bank to run the greatest risk of stopping; for on the evening of the day on which the alarm was at its worst there were only 8,000 sovereigns left in the till. The next day gold was poured in, and from that time things got better.

Greville's figure refers to the banking department only. The whole reserve did not fall below £1,027,000, the date being December 24, 1825. What saved the bank, adds Reeve, was "the accidental discovery of a box of one pound Bank of England notes, to the amount of a million and a half, which had never been issued and which the public were content to receive."

The man whose brain came to the rescue was William Huskisson who, in Melbourne's opinion (September 14, 1830), "was the greatest practical statesman he had known, the one who united theory with practice the most." When he died, Greville wrote:

Newark, September 18, 1830: . . . Huskisson was about sixty years old, tall, slouching, and ignoble-looking. In society he was extremely agreeable, without much animation, generally cheerful, with a great deal of humour, information, and anecdote, gentlemanlike, unassuming, slow in speech, and with a downcast look, as if he avoided meeting anybody's gaze. . . . No man in Parliament, or perhaps out of it, so well versed in finance, commerce, trade, and colonial matters. . . . As a speaker in the House of Commons he was luminous upon his own subject, but he had no pretentions to eloquence; his voice was feeble, and his manner ungraceful.

By the Small Notes Bill, of which he was the "real author," Huskisson made it illegal for bankers to issue paper for sums

lower than £5. Against this drastic restriction of currency there were protests, and the time limit for the doomed notes had to be extended from May to October:

February 20, 1826: . . . The immediate cause of this alteration was a communication which Hudson Gurney made to the Chancellor [Robinson, afterward Lord Goderich], that if he persisted in his Bill he should send up £500,000 which he had in Bank of England notes and change them for sovereigns, and that all country bankers would follow his example.

Even Greville could not get out of his head the idea that "the great evil is now a want of circulating medium"—in other words, that paper money is a panacea. Enough that the establishment of a firm currency raised "the funds" by nearly two per cent.:

January 17, 1830: . . . The country gentlemen are beginning to arrive, and they all tell the same story as to the universally prevailing distress and the certainty of things becoming much worse; of the failure of rents all over England, and the necessity of some decisive measures or the prospect of general ruin. Of course they differ as to the measures, but there appears to be a strong leaning toward the alteration in the currency and one pound notes.

A strong House of Commons which could handle such problems was thus an essential. Canning himself had realized it:

September 19, 1834: Just before he was going to India, however, Holland called on him, and Canning dined at Holland House. On one of these occasions, they had a conversation upon the subject of Reform, when Canning said that he saw it was inevitable, and he was not sorry to be away while the measure was accomplished, but that if he had been there while it was mooted, he could have *let those gentlemen* (the Whig aristocracy) *know that they should gain nothing by it.*

Stoke, August 31, 1830: . . . If Canning was now alive we might hope to steer through these difficulties, but if he had lived we should probably never have been in them. He was the only statesman who had sagacity to enter into and comprehend the spirit of the times, and to put himself at the head of that movement which was no longer to be arrested. The march of Liberal-

ism (as it is called) would not be stopped, and this he knew, and he resolved to govern and lead instead of opposing it. The idiots who so rejoiced at the removal of this master mind (which alone could have saved them from the effects of their own folly) thought to stem the torrent in its course, and it has overwhelmed them.

Of Huskisson (July 31, 1831), "Canning never had a great opinion, nor really liked him . . . he did not contemplate his being in the Cabinet." Still, of Canning's liberal tradition, Huskisson was the recognized trustee.

That Huskisson quarrelled with Herries and so broke up the Canningite Cabinet of Lord Goderich and that he and Herries proceeded to join the anti-Canningite Cabinet of Wellington, somewhat surprised people:

London, January 19, 1828: . . . In private life the transaction would look very like a fraud and be open to great suspicion. It would appear as if they had got up a sham quarrel in order to get out their colleagues and stay in themselves with the Tories. This, however, I believe not to have been the case, at least as far as Huskisson is concerned, though perhaps Herries may not be altogether so clear.

"Lady Canning in particular is much hurt at what has passed (yet) has so high an opinion of him (Huskisson) that she is sure he is acting for what he believes to be the best."

Huskisson himself claimed that he had "a guarantee" from the Duke, favourable to Canningite policy. But (June 12, 1828) there was a speedy disillusion. If Reform meant anything at all, it meant getting rid of the rotten boroughs. Lord John Russell brought in bills which would have disfranchised East Retford and Penrhyn. The Government opposed the measures. Huskisson voted the other way. And this meant resignation.

The sequel was tragic, indeed. On September 15, 1830, the railway from Liverpool to Manchester was opened. At the ceremony, both the Duke of Wellington and Huskisson were present:

Newark, September 18, 1830: . . . It is a very odd thing, but I had for days before a strong presentiment that some terrible accident would occur at this ceremony, and I told Lady Cowper

so, and several other people. Nothing could exceed the horror of the few people in London at this event, or the despair of those who looked up to him politically. It seems to have happened in this way: While the Duke's car was stopping to take in water, the people alighted and walked about the railroad; when suddenly another car, which was running on the adjoining level, came up. Everybody scrambled out of the way, and those who could got again into the first car. This Huskisson attempted to do, but he was slow and awkward; as he was getting in some part of the machinery of the other car struck the door of his, by which he was knocked down. He was taken up, and conveyed by Wilton and Mrs. Huskisson (who must have seen the accident happen) to the house of Mr. Blackburne, eight miles from Heaton. Wilton saved his life for a few hours by knowing how to tie up the artery; amputation was not possible, and he expired at ten o'clock that night. Wilton, Lord Granville, and Littleton were with him to the last. Mrs. Huskisson behaved with great courage. The Duke of Wellington was deeply affected, and it was with the greatest possible difficulty he could be induced to proceed upon the progress to Manchester, and at last he only yielded to the most pressing solicitations of the directors and others, and to a strong remonstrance that the mob might be dangerous if he did not appear. It is impossible to figure to one's self any event which could produce a greater sensation or be more striking to the imagination than this, happening at such a time and under such circumstances: the eminence of the man, the sudden conversion of a scene of gaiety and splendour into one of horror and dismay; the countless multitudes present, and the effect upon them—crushed to death in sight of his wife and at the feet (as it was) of his great political rival—all calculated to produce a deep and awful impression.

Chatsworth, September 27, 1830: . . . Lord Granville was just returned from Huskisson's funeral at Liverpool. It was attended by a great multitude, who showed every mark of respect and feeling. He died the death of a great man, suffering torments, but always resigned, calm, and collected; took the Sacrament and made a codicil to his will, said the country had had the best of him, and that he could not have been useful for many more years, hoped he had never committed any political sins that might not be easily forgiven, and declared that he died

without a feeling of ill-will and in charity with all men. As he lay there he heard the guns announcing the Duke of Wellington's arrival at Manchester, and he said, "I hope to God the Duke may get safe through the day." When he had done and said all he desired, he begged they would open a vein and release him from his pain.

Newark, September 18, 1830: . . . As to the Duke of Wellington, a fatality attends him, and it is perilous to cross his path. There were perhaps 500,000 people present on this occasion, and probably not a soul besides hurt. One man only is killed, and that man [Huskisson] is his most dangerous political opponent, the one from whom he had most to fear. It is the more remarkable because these great people are generally taken such care of, and put out of the chance of accidents. Canning had scarcely reached the zenith of his power when he was swept away, and the field was left open to the Duke, and no sooner is he reduced to a state of danger and difficulty than the ablest of his adversaries is removed by a chance beyond all power of calculation.

The advance of railways was not delayed by the mishap:

Burghley, January 28, 1834: . . . I heard wonderful things of railroads and steam when I was in Staffordshire, yet by the time anybody reads what I now write (if anybody ever does), how they will smile perhaps at what I gape and stare at, and call wonderful, with such accelerated velocity do we move on. Stephenson, the great engineer, told Lichfield that he had travelled on the Manchester and Liverpool railroad for many miles at the rate of a mile a minute, that his doubt was not how fast his engines could be made to go, but at what pace it would be proper to stop, that he could make them travel with greater speed than any bird can cleave the air, and that he had ascertained that 400 miles an hour was the extreme velocity which the human frame could endure, at which it could move and exist.

In due course, Greville himself risked his neck on a railway:

Knowsley, July 18, 1837: . . . I started at five o'clock on Sunday evening [from London by coach] got to Birmingham at half-past five on Monday morning, and got upon the railroad at half-past seven. Nothing can be more comfortable than the

vehicle in which I was put, a sort of chariot with two places, and there is nothing disagreeable about it but the occasional whiffs of stinking air which it is impossible to exclude altogether. The first sensation is a slight degree of nervousness and a feeling of being run away with, but a sense of security soon supervenes, and the velocity is delightful. Town after town, one park and *château* after another are left behind with the rapid variety of a moving panorama, and the continual bustle and animation of the changes and stoppages make the journey very entertaining. The train was very long, and heads were continually popping out of the several carriages, attracted by well-known voices, and then came the greetings and exclamations of surprise, the "Where are you going?" and "How on earth came you here?" Considering the novelty of its establishment, there is very little embarrassment, and it certainly renders all other travelling irksome and tedious by comparison.

The experiment became a gamble:

London, November 16, 1845: . . . It has been during the last two months that I have been too idle to write that the rage for railroad speculation reached its height, was checked by a sudden panic in full career, and is now reviving again, though not by any means promising to recover its pristine vigour. I met one day in the middle of it the Governor of the Bank at Robarts', who told me that he never remembered in all his experience anything like the present speculation; that the operations of '25, which led to the great panic, were nothing to it, and that there could not fail to be a fearful reaction. The reaction came sooner than anybody expected, but though it has blown many of the bubbles into the air, it has not been as yet so complete and so ruinous as many of the wise men of the East still expect and predict. It is incredible how people have been tempted to speculate; half the fine ladies have been dabbling in stocks, and men the most unlikely have not been able to refrain from gambling in shares, even I myself (though in a very small degree), for the warning voice of the Governor of the Bank has never been out of my ears.

March 2, 1849: . . . In the midst of more important affairs the exposure that has just been made of Hudson's railway delinquency has excited a great sensation, and no small satis-

faction. In the City all seem glad of his fall, and most people rejoice at the degradation of a purse-proud, vulgar upstart, who had nothing to recommend him but his ill-gotten wealth. But the people who ought to feel most degraded are those who were foolish or mean enough to subscribe to the "Hudson Testimonial," and all the greedy, needy, fine people, who paid abject court to him in order to obtain slices of his good things.

CHAPTER XXV

THE DUKE RETIRES TO ELBA

With Canning and Huskisson removed by death, the Duke was alone in his glory, a veritable Mussolini, dictator of all he had to govern. If one man could have saved the nation, there he was. "There are no questions now to stand in his way," wrote Greville, on July 24, "he may last forever personally."

September 9, 1830: . . . There is unquestionably a notion amongst many persons [of the aristocracy] that he is the only man to rely upon for governing this country in the midst of difficulties. It is hard to say upon what this feeling (for it is more of a feeling than an opinion) is founded.

But (August 31, 1830) Greville was shrewd enough to observe that the Duke's Cabinet was an "awkward squad," which should be "remodelled," so he thought, on broader lines. And the Duke had "got two months to make his arrangements."

Wellington was conscious of his weakness and was ready "to strengthen himself by picking out individuals." Indeed, he "was knocking at every door, hitherto without success." For instance, a rising politician called Palmerston was offered and declined high office.

But Wellington was not "prepared for all the sacrifices which his situation requires." He was not "contented to take a Party," that is the Whigs, into a Coalition:

December 5, 1830: . . . The Whigs, whose support (enthusiastically given) had carried him triumphantly through the great contest [over Catholic Emancipation], were willing to unite with him [over Reform]; the Tories, exasperated and indignant, feeling insulted and betrayed, vowed nothing but vengeance. Intoxicated with his victory, he was resolved to neglect the Whigs, to whom he was so much indebted, and to regain the affections of the Tories, whom he considered as his natural

supporters, and whom he thought identity of opinion and interest would bring back to his standard.

So it was that Wellington "opposed the spirit of the age" and "brought England into contempt." He did nothing "towards strengthening her government" but decided to face the electors and "to meet a new Parliament as he is."

Greville, who claimed that he could "hear all parties and care for none," knew the force of political affiliation:

February 25, 1819: . . . If any proof were requisite of the mighty influence of party spirit, it would be found in a still stronger light in the State trials in the House of Lords. I have in mind the trial of Lord Melville; when each Peer had to deliver his judicial opinion upon the evidence adduced in a matter so solemn, and in the discharge of a duty so sacred, it might be imagined that all party feelings would be laid aside, and that a mature judgment and an enlightened conscience would alone have regulated the conduct of every individual. Yet either by an extraordinary accident or by the influence of party spirit we beheld all the Peers on the Ministerial side of the House declaring Lord Melville innocent, and all those of the Opposition pronouncing him guilty.

In January, 1830, it was "impossible for a man of squeamish or uncompromising virtue to be a successful politician." Elections were fought without the ballot and, as numerous references in Greville indicate, were rough-and-tumble contests:

September 5, 1834: . . . During the Windsor election they hired a mob to go down and throw Lord Mornington [Lord Wellesley] over Windsor Bridge, and Fitzpatrick said it would be so fine to see St. Patrick's blue riband floating down the stream. They first sent to Piper to know if Lord Mornington could swim. The plan was defeated by his having a still stronger mob.

June 24, 1818: The elections are carried on with great violence. . . . The disgraceful scenes which have taken place in Westminster excite universal shame and indignation. The mob seem to have shaken off the feelings and the usual character of Englishmen, and in the brutal attacks which they have made on Captain Maxwell have displayed the savage ferocity which marked the mobs of Paris in the worst times. He has been so much hurt that his life is now in danger. Sir F. Burdett told me

this morning that as soon as he was at the head of the poll he thought he should appear upon the hustings and thank the people for having raised him thus high. It is supposed that Burdett has laid out £10,000 on this election, though his friends do not acknowledge that he has spent anything. It is clear that the open houses, cockades, and bands of music we have seen these three days were not procured for nothing.

Lord Castlereagh went to the hustings, and voted for Sir Murray Maxwell; he was hooted, pelted, and got off with some difficulty. His Lordship's judgment was not very conspicuous on this occasion; both Sir Murray's friends and enemies are of opinion that Lord Castlereagh's vote did him a great deal of harm and turned many men against him.

June 30, 1818: There was an affray yesterday afternoon in Covent Garden. Sir Murray Maxwell's people paraded about a large boat drawn by six horses. Burdett's mob attacked and demolished the boat, and this action having raised their spirits, the contest continued. The consequence was that a large party of Horse Guards were marched into Covent Garden, and paraded there during the rest of the night. The people expressed their discontent by cries of "This is what they call freedom of election!" "Burdett for ever!"

February 18, 1819: Yesterday Lamb was only seven behind Hobhouse on the poll; everybody thinks he is sure to win, even if Burdett should come forward with money. The day before there was great uproar and much abuse on the hustings. Burdett made a shameful speech full of blasphemy and Jacobinism, but he seems to have lost his popularity in a great measure even with the blackguards of Westminster.

March 5, 1819: George Lamb was to have been chaired on the day he was elected, but the mob was outrageous and would not suffer it. They broke into his committee room, and he and McDonald were forced to creep out of a two pair of stairs window into the churchyard. His partisans, who assembled on horseback, were attacked and pelted, and forced to retreat after receiving many hard knocks. In the evening the mob paraded the town and broke the windows of Lord Castlereagh's and Lord Sefton's houses.

December 2, 1830: . . . The Liverpool election, which is just over, was, considering the present state of things, a remarkable

contest. It is said to have cost near £100,000 to the two parties, and to have exhibited a scene of bribery and corruption perfectly unparalleled; no concealment or even semblance of decency was observed; the price of tallies and of votes rose, like stock, as the demand increased, and single votes fetched from £15 to £100 apiece. They voted by tallies; as each tally voted for one or the other candidate they were furnished with a receipt for their votes, with which they went to the committee, when through a hole in the wall the receipt was handed in, and through another the stipulated sum handed out; and this scene of iniquity has been exhibited at a period when the cry for Reform is echoed from one end of the country to the other, and in the case of a man [Denison] who stood on the principle of Reform. Nobody yet knows whence the money for Denison comes (the Ewarts are enormously rich), but it will still be more remarkable if he should pay it himself, when he is poor, careful of money, and was going to India the other day in order to save £12,000 or £15,000. If anybody had gone down at the eleventh hour and polled one good vote, he would have beaten both candidates and disfranchised the borough. As it is, it is probable the matter will be taken up and the borough disfranchised. The right of voting is as bad as possible in the freemen, who are the lowest rabble of the town and, as it appears, a parcel of venal wretches. Here comes the difficulty of Reform, for how is it possible to reform the electors?

The expenditure at Liverpool, considered in terms of money a century ago, seems incredible.

Seats were often owned, either by the "great Tory boroughmongering Lords" (March, 1829) or by the Whigs who "comprise the great mass of property and a great body of the aristocracy of the country"—to which arrangements even an advanced Liberal like Brougham had to be amenable. We read (February 3, 1830) how he had "given up Lord Cleveland's borough and comes in for Knaresborough, at the Duke of Devonshire's invitation. He is delighted at the exchange."

It was thus not only the House of Lords consisting of Peers, but the House of Commons, elected by the constituencies, that was controlled by the great families who owned the land. And the advantage of the arrangement was, that whether the Whigs

were in power or the Tories, "nobody's policy," as Greville puts it, "was subversive."

The question was then whether an unreformed Parliament could be carried for reform. And a determining circumstance was the national distress:

August 28, 1829: . . . The weather exceeds everything that ever was known—a constant succession of gales of wind and tempests of rain, and the sun never shining. The oats are not cut, and a second crop is growing up, that has been shaken out of the first. Everybody contemplates with dismay the approach of winter, which will probably bring with it the overthrow of the Corn Laws, for corn must be at such a price as to admit of an immense importation. So much for our domestic prospect here, to say nothing of Ireland.

The winter of 1829 included "a frost unparalleled in duration and severity and in the severity it has caused. The thermometer at Greenwich has been lower than for 90 years past." And while (February 7, 1830) there came in due course "the thaw," it was not until August that, on a "very hot" day, the King at Woolwich "drank a good deal of wine" and was noticed to be in a "state of great excitement."

January 7, 1830: . . . The revenue has fallen off one million and more. The accounts of distress from the country grow worse and more desponding, and a return to one pound notes begins to be talked of.

"Everybody," remarks Greville in words of descriptive genius, "asks after the State as one does about a sick friend."

The Duke began to be worried. Toward his colleagues in the Cabinet (July 24) "nobody can be more reasonable and yielding and deferential." But when Ministers were "to go to their fish dinner at Greenwich" and time was valuable, the Duke was apt to be impatient:

July 24, 1830: . . . I called on the Duke yesterday evening to know about a Council, but he could not tell me. Then came a Mr. Moss (or his card) while I was there. "Who is he?" I said. "Oh, a man who wants to see me about a canal. I can't see him. Everybody will see me, and how the devil they think I am to see everybody, and be the whole morning with the King, and

to do the whole business of the country, I don't know. I am quite worn out with it."

To a deputation from the West Indies (January 26, 1830), the Prime Minister "gave a very rough answer":

January 22, 1830: . . . The Duke cut them very short, and told them they were not distressed at all, and that nothing would be done for them. He is like the philosopher in Molière's play, who says, "*Il ne faut pas dire que vous avez reçu des coups de bâton, mais qu'il vous semble que vous en avez reçues.*"

In Parliament, he was not always a success:

February 26, 1830: . . . The Debate in the Lords was not lively, and the Duke, they say, made a most execrable speech. The fact is that he is not up to a great speech on a great question; he wants the information and preparation, the discipline of mind, that is necessary, and accordingly he exposes himself dreadfully, and entirely lost all the advantages he had gained by the excellent speeches he had previously made on other and more confined questions.

"Gosh" Arbuthnot—his wife in the Duke's confidence—declared it to be "utterly false that the Duke is unconscious or indifferent to the distress" which prevailed, on which "he labours incessantly." But with all his sympathy, the Duke held that the trouble was "exaggerated" and due to "temporary and not to permanent causes."

January 5, 1830: . . . The Duke is abused for gadding about visiting and shooting while the country is in difficulty, and it is argued that he must be very unfeeling and indifferent to it all to amuse himself in this manner. Nothing can be more unjust than such accusations as these. The sort of relaxation he takes is necessary to his health, and, all things considered, it is not extraordinary he should prefer other people's houses to his own, particularly when everyone invites him in the most pressing manner. But these visits by no means interrupt the course of his official business; all his letters are regularly sent to him, and as regularly answered every day, and it is his habit to open his letters himself, to read them all, and to answer all. He never receives any letter, whatever may be the subject or the situation of the writer, that he does not answer, and that immediately, to

a degree which is not only unprecedented, but quite unnecessary, and I think unwise, although certainly it contributes to his popularity.

Over the Duke's "besetting sin," the nation became impatient. "The Elections," so Greville wrote on July 31, 1830, "are going against the Government, and no candidate will avow that he stands on Government interest, or with the intention of supporting the Duke's Ministry, which looks as if it had lost all its popularity." Indeed "all the Peels lose their seats."

In the new Parliament, then, there was a certainty of "violent opposition" to the Duke. The Tories themselves (September 9, 1830) were "alarmed at the general aspect of affairs":

November 10, 1830: . . . [The Duke's friends] talk of his resignation as an event which is to plunge all Europe into war, and of the impossibility of forming another administration, all which is mere balderdash, for he proved with many others how easy it is to form a government that can go on; and as to our Continental relations being altered, I don't believe a word of it. He may have influence abroad, but he owes it not to his own individual character, but to his possession of power in England. If the Ministry who succeed him are firm and moderate, this country will lose nothing of its influence abroad. I have heard these sort of things said fifty times of Ministers and Kings. The death of the late King was to be the greatest of calamities, and the breath was hardly out of his body before everybody discovered that it was the greatest of blessings, and, instead of it being impossible to go on without him, that there would have been no going on with him.

Yet the Duke had "no idea of resigning." Parliament might be "full of boys of all sorts and all sorts of strange men," but he was "very easy about" it. Why not "float through the next Session" and then reconstruct the Cabinet?

There were times (February 5, 1838) when the Duke could only be described as "incorrigible." After a discussion of Canada—to give one instance—Greville's mother told him "how angry they were with him for what he had said, and he only replied 'Depend upon it, it was true.'"

Of all his indiscretions, by far the most momentous was what Greville described as his "famous Philippic against Reform."

Here (November 8, 1830) was Parliament meeting, with the Government "in a very tottering condition." The Duke announced that a House of Commons, elected on a restricted franchise and largely by rotten boroughs, deserved and possessed the entire confidence of the country.

November 8, 1830: . . . The first night of this session the Duke of Wellington made a violent and uncalled-for declaration against Reform, which has without doubt sealed his fate. Never was there an act of more egregious folly, or one so universally condemned by friends and foes.

. . . . . .

The effect produced by this declaration exceeds anything I ever saw, and it has at once destroyed what little popularity the Duke had left, and lowered him in public estimation so much that when he does go out of office, as most assuredly he must, he will leave it without any of the dignity and credit which might have accompanied his retirement. The sensation produced in the country has not yet been ascertained, but it is sure to be immense. I came to town last night, and found the town ringing with his imprudence and everybody expecting that a few days would produce his resignation.

The King's visit to the City was regarded with great apprehension, as it was suspected that attempts would be made to produce riot and confusion at night, and consequently all the troops that could be mustered were prepared, together with thousands of special constables, new police, volunteers, sailors, and marines; but last night a Cabinet Council was held, when it was definitely arranged to put it off altogether, and this morning the announcement has appeared in the newspapers. Every sort of ridicule and abuse was heaped upon the Government, the Lord Mayor, and all who had any share in putting off the King's visit to the City; very droll caricatures were circulated. (Lord Wellesley said that the postponement of the King's dinner "was the boldest act of cowardice he had ever heard of.")

I met Matuscewitz [the Russian Ambassador] last night, who was full of the Duke and his speech, and of regrets at his approaching fall, which he considers as the signal for fresh encroachments in France by the Liberal party, and a general

impulse to the revolutionary factions throughout Europe. I hear nothing can exceed the general excitement and terror that prevail, everybody feeling they hardly know what.

November 9, 1830: Yesterday morning I sallied forth and called on Arbuthnot, whom I did not find at home, but Mrs. Arbuthnot was. . . . I walked with Mrs. Arbuthnot down to Downing Street, and, as she utters the Duke's sentiments, was anxious to hear what she would say about their present condition. I said, "Well, you are in a fine state; what do you mean to do?" "Oh, are you alarmed? Well, I am not; everybody says we are to go out, and I don't believe a word of it. They will be beat on the question of Reform; people will return to the Government, and we shall go on very well. You will see this will be the end of it." I told her I did not believe they could stay in, and attacked the Duke's speech, which at last she owned she was sorry he had made. She complained that they had no support, and that everybody they took in became useless as soon as they were in office—Ellenborough, Rosslyn, Murray. It was evident, however, that she did contemplate their loss of office as a very probable event, though they do not mean to resign, and think they may stave off the evil day. In Downing Street we met George Dawson [Peel's brother-in-law], who told us the funds had fallen three per cent., and that the panic was tremendous, so much so that they were not without alarm, lest there should be a run on the Bank for gold. Later in the day, however, the funds improved. In the House of Lords I heard the Duke's explanation of putting off the dinner in the City. On the whole they seem to have done well to put it off, but the case did not sound a strong one; it rested on a letter from the Lord Mayor telling the Duke an attempt would be made on his life. Still it is a hundred to one that there would have been riot, and possibly all its worst evils and crimes. The King is said to be very low, hating Reform, desirous of supporting the Duke, but feeling that he can do nothing. However, in the House of Lords last night the speakers vied with each other in praising his Majesty and extolling his popularity. Lady Jersey told me that the Duke had said to her, "Lord, I shall not go out; you will see we shall go on very well."

November 10, 1830: It was expected last night that there would be a great riot, and preparations were made to meet it.

Troops were called up to London, and a large body of civil power put in motion. People had come in from the country in the morning, and everything indicated a disturbance. After dinner I walked out to see how things were going on. There was little mob in the west end of the town, and in New Street, Spring Gardens, a large body of the new police was drawn up in three divisions, ready to be employed if wanted. The Duke of Wellington expected Apsley House to be attacked, and made preparations accordingly. He desired my brother to go and dine there, to assist in making any arrangements that might be necessary. In Pall Mall I met Mr. Glyn, the banker, who had been up to Lombard Street to see how matters looked about his house, and he told us (Sir T. Farquhar and me) that everything was quiet in the City. One of the policemen said that there had been a smart brush near Temple Bar, where a body of weavers with iron crows and a banner had been dispersed by the police, and the banner taken. The police, who are a magnificent set of fellows, behave very well, and it seems pretty evident that these troubles are not very serious and will soon be put an end to. The attack in Downing Street the night before last, of which they made a great affair, turned out to be nothing at all. The mob came there from Carlile's lecture, but the sentry stopped them near the Foreign Office; the police took them in flank, and they all ran away.

"I met Rothschild," adds Greville, "coming out of Herries' room, with his nephew from Paris. He looked pretty well for a man who has lost some millions." As a matter of fact, "the funds were all up yesterday." And as "the funds rose and people's apprehensions began to subside," Ministers themselves were able to "take courage."

The Duke, like a good general, did not even yet admit himself beaten. If his majority were as much as 20 on a division, he would "stay on." Indeed, he would try tactics. Amid the turmoil, Lady Granville had "a great secret." The Duke was prepared for a compromise. He would produce "a resolution to the effect that in any future case of a [rotten] borough delinquency, the representation should be transferred to a great town." Lady Lyndhurst considered that "after what had passed this would be so disgraceful that it disgusted her beyond

expression." And of the suggested reform by misbehaviour, Greville added, "I don't believe a word of it."

The fact was that the Tories themselves were afraid of playing the Duke's game of Die Hard:

November 12, 1830: . . . Lord Bath, too, came to town, intending to leave his proxy with the Duke, and went away with it in his pocket, after hearing his famous speech; though he has a close borough, which he by no means wishes to lose, still he is for Reform.

Defeat was only a matter of days:

November 16, 1830: The Duke of Wellington's administration is at an end. If he has not already resigned, he probably will do so in the course of the day. Everybody was so intent on the Reform question that the Civil List (the subject of the division) was not thought of, and consequently the defeat of Government last night was unexpected. Although numbers of members were shut out there was a great attendance, and a majority of twenty-nine. Of those who were shut out, almost all declare that they meant to have voted in the majority. . . . The exultation of the Opposition was immense. Word was sent down their line not to cheer, but they were not to be restrained, and Sefton's yell was heard triumphant in the din. The Tories voted with them. There had been a meeting at Knatchbull's in the morning, when they decided to go against Government. Worcester had dined at Apsley House, and returned with the news, but merely said that they had had a bad division—twenty-nine. Everybody thought he meant a majority *for* Government, and the Duke, who already knew what had happened, made a sign to him to say nothing. Worcester knew nothing himself, having arrived after the division; they told him the numbers, and he came away fancying they were for Government. So off the company went to Madame de Dino, where they heard the truth. Great was the consternation and long were the faces, but the outs affected to be merry and the ins were serious. Talleyrand fired off a courier to Paris forthwith. . . .

November 17, 1830: Went to Downing Street yesterday morning between twelve and one, and found that the Duke and all the Ministers were just gone to the King. He received them with the greatest kindness, shed tears, but accepted their resigna-

tion without remonstrance. . . . The last acts of the Duke were to secure pensions of £250 a year to each of his secretaries, and to fill up the ecclesiastical preferments. The Garter remains for his successor. The Duke of Bedford got it, and, what is singular, the Duke of Wellington would probably have given it him likewise. He was one of five whom he meant to choose from, and it lay between him and Lord Cleveland.

I met the Duke coming out of his room, but did not like to speak to him; he got into his cabriolet, and nodded as he passed, but he looked very grave. The King seems to have behaved perfectly throughout the whole business, no intriguing or underhand communications with anybody, with great kindness to his Ministers, anxious to support them while it was possible and submitting at once to the necessity of parting with them. The fact is he turns out an incomparable King, and deserves all the encomiums that are lavished on him. All the mountebankery which signalized his conduct when he came to the throne has passed away with the excitement which caused it, and he is as dignified as the homeliness and simplicity of his character will allow him to be.

It was, indeed, Wellington's leading colleague who delivered the *coup de grâce*. Between the Duke and Peel, whose besetting virtue was "reserve," there had been for months "nothing like intimate confidence." And no one could "imagine anything more embarrassing" than such a situation. "It is universally believed," writes Greville, "that Peel pressed the Civil List question for the purpose of being beaten upon it and going out on that rather than on Reform."

December 15, 1830: . . . He [Lyndhurst] thinks that Peel must be Minister if there is not a revolution, and that the Duke's being Prime Minister again is out of the question; says he *knows* Peel would never consent to act with him again in the same capacity, that all the Duke's little Cabinet (the women and the toad-eaters) hate Peel, and that there never was any real cordiality between them. Everything confirms my belief that Peel, if he did not bring about the dissolution of the late Ministry by any overt act, saw to what things were tending, and saw it with satisfaction.

December 16, 1830: . . . [According to Lady Cowper] it is very

true (what they say Peel said of him) that no *man* ever had any influence with him, only *women*, and those always the silliest. But who are Peel's confidants, friends, and parasites? Bonham, a stock-jobbing ex-merchant; Charles Ross, Grant, and the refuse of society of the House of Commons.

With the fall of the Duke, Peel was thus "delighted; he wants leisure, is glad to be out of such a firm, and will have time to form his own plans and avail himself of circumstances, which, according to every probability, must turn in his favour."

As for the Duke, Greville saw him "at the levee looking out of sorts." In his haste, the Diarist accused him (December 5, 1830) of surrendering to "selfish considerations" and especially to "jealousy" of Canning and Canning's Liberal ideas.

Wellington "never will admit" that he was beaten because he opposed Reform. His fall was due, so he thought, to the Catholic question and "the breaking up of the Tory Party which followed it." And his "famous question" (February 5, 1838) to the Reformers was "how is the King's Government to be carried on?"—that is, under a system of popular election. It was doubted if he "will ever be in an office again" and "his real friends would prefer his taking the command of the Army whatever his fools and flatterers may do."

Napoleon was thus avenged. Wellington could be defeated also at a Waterloo. He also could be banished to Elba. He also could dream of further power.

We read that, though in Opposition, he enjoyed "doing duty as the head of a party":

August 20, 1833: . . . The Duke of Wellington has continued to attend in the House of Lords day after day, proposing alterations and amendments to all the Bills, evidently reading hard, and preparing himself for each occasion, always loaded with papers. Lyndhurst said to somebody, "I shall attend no more, what's the use of it? The Duke comes down every day, and tries to make the Bills *better;* if I could make them *worse*, I would come too.

He was to have his Hundred Days.

CHAPTER XXVI

A LADIES' MAN

When the Duke resigned, the King had to find a successor:

November 19, 1830: The day before yesterday Lord Grey went to the King, who received him with every possible kindness, and gave him *carte blanche* to form a new Administration, placing even the Household at his disposal—much to the disgust of the members of it. Ever since, the town has been as usual teeming with reports, but with fewer lies than usual.

The new Prime Minister was sixty-six years old and had been born at Falloden, still the seat of Viscount Grey, who has added to the fame of a great family. The Greys have been the very embodiment of the Whig tradition.

September 7, 1834: . . . Lord Holland told us many anecdotes about the great orators of his early days. Fox used to say Grey was the most prudent man he knew, and this perhaps owing to his having got into a scrape early in his Parliamentary life, by attacking Pitt who gave him a severe castigation; it was about his letter to the Prince being sent by a servant during the Regency discussions.

It was Lord Grey who, in the House of Lords, followed the Duke's Philippic against Reform:

November 8, 1830: . . . The Chancellor said to Lady Lyndhurst after the first night's debate in the House of Lords, "You have often asked me why the Duke did not take in Lord Grey; read these two speeches (Lord Grey's and the Duke's), and then you will see why. Do you think he would like to have a colleague under him, who should get up and make such a speech after such another as his?"

July 15, 1833: . . . Stanley . . . gave the following instance of Lord Grey's readiness and clear-headed accuracy. In one of the debates on the West India question, he went to Stanley, who was standing under the gallery, and asked him on what

calculation he had allotted the sum of twenty millions. Stanley explained to him a complicated series of figures, of terms of years, interest, compound interest, value of labour, etc., after which Lord Grey went back to his place, rose, and went through the whole with as much clearness and precision as if all these details had been all along familiar to his mind.

April 8, 1829: . . . The other night Lord Grey had called Lord Falmouth to order, and after the debate Falmouth came up to him with a menacing air and said, "My Lord Grey, I wish to inform you that if upon any future occasion you transgress in the slightest degree the orders of the House, I shall most certainly call you to order." Lord Grey, who expected from his air something more hostile, merely said, "My Lord, your Lordship will do perfectly right, and whenever I am out of order I hope you will."

Against the Prime Minister and his policy, Greville entertained a prejudice. "It is very extraordinary," says he, "that he should unite so much oratorical and Parliamentary power with such weakness of character. He is a long way from a great man altogether."

December 12, 1830: . . . His tall, commanding, and dignified appearance, his flow of language, graceful action, well-rounded periods, and an exhibition of classical taste united with legal knowledge, render him the most finished orator of his day; but his conduct has shown him to be influenced by pride, still more by vanity, personal antipathies, caprice, indecision, and a thousand weaknesses generated by these passions and defects. Anybody who is constantly with him and who can avail themselves of his vanity can govern him.

As Greville hinted, the Duke was "incomparably a man of more vigorous understanding" than Lord Grey, yet it was Lord Grey who "appears like an accomplished orator and prudent, sagacious Liberal statesman."

Grey was guilty of "political coquetries." He quarrelled with the Whigs yet failed to please the Tories. He had, indeed, "believed that it was only George IV who prevented his being invited by the Duke to join him. Then George IV dies; King William succeeds; no invitation to Lord Grey, and he plunges into furious opposition to the Duke."

Of the Prime Minister's "rapacity," Greville gives illustrations:

December 1, 1830: . . . Lord Grey's government is already carped at, and not without apparent reason. The distribution of offices is in many instances bad; . . . and the number of his own family provided for is severely criticized. There are of Lord Grey's family: Howick, Under Secretary; Ellice, Secretary of the Treasury; Barrington, Lord of the Admiralty; Durham, Privy Seal; Wood, Private Secretary (though he has no salary); and Lambton's [that is Durham's] brother in the Household.

It is fair to add that, in Parliament, Grey "defended his own family appointments in a very good speech."

According to Greville, there were other "coquetries" to which Lord Grey was liable. We read (February 17, 1832) that he "is always under the influence of female flattery." Indeed, this was the reason why Ellice was included among his relations. For among Creevey's papers, one of the tidbits (February 20, 1838) was "a correspondence between Mrs. Creevey and the Duchess of Devonshire (who were intimate friends) in which the whole history of the Duchess' intrigue with Lord Grey (the Prime Minister) is developed, with many details concerning the child who was the fruit of it, now Mrs. Ellice (wife of General Ellice)."

There was a lady who quickly discerned that Earl Grey was fair game for her political pursuit. With the Duke in opposition, Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst was out of a job:

December 5, 1830: . . . Lord Lyndhurst, who loses everything by the fall of the late Government, cannot get over it, particularly as he feels that the Duke's obstinacy brought it about, and that by timely concessions and good management he might have had Lord Grey, Palmerston, and all that are worth having.

It was a situation foreseen by Lady Lyndhurst, who proceeded to apply her usual safeguards:

December 12, 1830: . . . About three years ago the Chancellor, Lyndhurst, was the man in the world he [Grey] abhorred the most; and it was about this time that I well recollect one night at Madame de Lieven's I introduced Lord Grey to Lady Lyndhurst. We had dined together somewhere, and he had been praising her beauty; so when we all met there I presented

him, and very soon all his antipathies ceased and he and Lyndhurst became great friends. This was the cause of Lady Lyndhurst's partiality for the Whigs, which enraged the Tory ladies and some of their lords so much, but which served her turn and enabled her to keep two hot irons in the fire.

Lord Grey, adds Greville, "has been in love with her ever since." And on July 8, 1831, the Diarist "heard from Lady Lyndhurst rigmaroles about her *tracasseries* with Lord Grey who is, however, in love with her, and she can always make it up with him when she pleases."

Here then was an affair "which sets all the parties concerned in a fine light." And of Lord Grey, we read:

March 6, 1832: . . . He (notwithstanding their quarrel after Lyndhurst's speech last year, when he told her he could not receive her any more in his house) still goes on with a sort of whining, complaining love making communication with her, and in this strain he wrote to her while she was at Brighton. She showed his letters, he heard of it, was furious, and sent Dover to tell her, if she showed his letters, he would show hers, to which she replied, "if he did, she would *publish* his," a reputable story, considering the parties, and the subject, a Prime Minister of sixty-eight, husband and father of a dozen children, the wife of an Ex-Chancellor and actual Chief Baron, and the go-between of semi- or pseudo Saint, who won't dine out of a Sunday, goes regularly to church, and can bale out religious talk by pails full, though it is so mixed up with worldliness that his mind is a galimatias of sanctity and profaneness, of profligacy and politics, but he is a friend of mine, always behaves well to me, and I must not reveal the contempt I have for such a man. These trifles serve to illustrate the characters of those who govern, and those who influence.

Lady Lyndhurst's plan was simple. Why worry about the details of politics? Whether Whigs or Tories were in power, what really mattered was that a good lawyer like Lord Lyndhurst should be the permanent Lord Chancellor. At dinner, such logic was irresistible.

Unfortunately, a mistaken Providence had furnished Earl Grey with a rival to Lady Lyndhurst's husband who could not be ignored. That "rogue" and "coward," Henry Brougham, as

Greville playfully described him (January 11, 1833), had begun "his career of trickery and charlatanism" (December 6, 1833) by defending—as we have seen—the unfortunate Caroline against King George IV.

January 2, 1828: . . . About three weeks ago I passed a few days at Panshanger, where I met Brougham; he came from Saturday till Monday morning, and from the hour of his arrival to that of his departure he never ceased talking. The party was agreeable enough—Luttrell, Rogers [the poet] &c.—but it was comical to see how the latter was provoked at Brougham's engrossing all the talk, though he could not help listening with pleasure. Brougham is certainly one of the most remarkable men I have ever met; to say nothing of what he is in the world, his almost childish gaiety and animal spirits, his humour mixed with sarcasm, but not ill-natured, his wonderful information and the facility with which he handles every subject, from the most grave and severe to the most trifling, displaying a mind full of varied and extensive information and a memory which has suffered nothing to escape it. I never saw any man whose conversation impressed me with such an idea of his superiority over all others. . . .

After all Brougham is only a living and very remarkable instance of the inefficacy of the most splendid talents, unless they are accompanied with other qualities, which scarcely admit of definition, but which must serve the same purpose that ballast does for a ship. Brougham has prospered to a certain degree; he has a great reputation and he makes a considerable income at the bar; but as an advocate he is left behind by men of far inferior capacity, whose names are hardly known beyond the precincts of their courts or the boundaries of their circuits. As a statesman he is not considered eligible for the highest offices, and however he may be admired or feared as an orator or debater, he neither commands respect by his character nor inspires confidence by his genius.

Brougham was the apostle of Reform:

July 30, 1830: . . . [He] will come in for Yorkshire without a contest; his address was very eloquent. . . . He told me just before he left town that Yorkshire had been proposed to him, but that he had written word he would not stand, nor spend a

guinea, nor go there, nor even take the least trouble about the concerns of any one of his constituents, if they elected him, but he soon changed his note.

August 20, 1830: . . . Brougham in the meantime has finished his triumph at York in a miserable way, having insulted Martin Stapylton on the hustings, who called him to account, and then he forgot what he had said, and slunk away with a disclaimer of unintentional offence, as usual beginning with intemperance and ending with submission. His speeches were never good, but at his own dinner he stated so many untruths about the Duke of Wellington that his own partisans bawled out "No, no," and it was a complete failure.

September 14, 1830: . . . I found Sefton in town last night, and went to the play with him. He has had a letter from Brougham, who told him he should go to the Liverpool dinner and attack the Duke of Wellington; that it was the only opportunity he should ever have in his life of meeting him face to face, and he then proceeded to relate all that he should say. Sefton wrote him word that if he said half what he intended the chairman would order him to be turned out of the room. He won't go, I am persuaded.

After the Election, it was decided that "Brougham is to lead this Opposition [to the Duke] in the House of Commons, and Lord Grey in the Lords, and nothing is to be done but as the result of general deliberation and agreement." But there was trouble:

November 19, 1830: . . . When Lord Grey undertook to form a government he sent for Lord Lansdowne and Lord Holland, and these three began to work, without consulting with Brougham or any member of the House of Commons. Brougham was displeased at not being consulted at first, but was indignant when Lord Grey proposed to him to be Attorney General. Then he showed his teeth, and they grew frightened, and soon after they sent Sefton to him, who got him into good humour, and it was made up by the offer of the Great Seal.

According to Lyndhurst (May 22), "Brougham was offered the Attorney Generalship by a note, which he tore in pieces and stamped upon, and sent word that there was no answer; . . . he has long aspired to get into the House of Lords!"

November 20, 1830: . . . Great was the surprise, greater still the joy at a charm having been found potent enough to lay the unquiet spirit, a bait rich enough to tempt his restless ambition. I confess I had no idea he would have accepted the Chancellorship after his declarations in the House of Commons and the whole tenor of his conduct. I was persuaded that he had made to himself a political existence the like of which no man had ever before possessed, and that to have refused the Great Seal would have appeared more glorious than to take it; intoxicated with his Yorkshire honours, swollen with his own importance, and holding in his hands questions which he could employ to thwart, embarrass, and ruin any Ministry, I thought that he meant to domineer in the House of Commons. . . . . He is emasculated and drops on the Woolsack as on his political deathbed; once in the House of Lords, there is an end of him, and he may rant storm and thunder without hurting anybody.

"Still," adds Greville, at once more cautiously and correctly, "it is pretty clear that this eccentric luminary will play the devil with their system."

November 22, 1830: Dined yesterday at Sefton's; nobody there but Lord Grey and his family, Brougham and Montrond, the latter just come from Paris. It was excessively agreeable. Lord Grey in excellent spirits, and Brougham, whom Sefton bantered from the beginning to the end of dinner. Be Brougham's political errors what they may, his gaiety, temper, and admirable social qualities make him delightful. . . . Sefton did nothing but quiz Brougham—"My Lord" every minute, and "What does his Lordship say?" "I'm sure it is very condescending of his Lordship to speak to such *canaille* as all of you," and a thousand jokes. After dinner he walked out before him with the fire shovel for the mace, and left him no repose all the evening. . . . He [Brougham] had wanted the Seal to be put in Commission with three judges, which would have been the best reform of the Court, expedited business, and satisfied suitors; but . . . Lord Grey would not hear of it, and had forced him to take it, which he was averse to do, being reluctant to leave the House of Commons. . . . Montrond was very amusing—"You, Lord Brougham, when you mount your bag of wool?"

Thus it was that the Lyndhursts were left in the cold.

November 21, 1830: . . . Lord Lyndhurst will be greatly disgusted at Brougham's taking the Great Seal. I met him the day before yesterday, when he had no idea of it; he thought it would certainly be put in commission, and evidently looked forward to filling the office again in a few months.

November 22, 1830: . . . Lord Grey . . . praised Lyndhurst highly, said he liked him, that his last speech was luminous, and that he should like very much to do anything he could for him, but that it was such an object to have Brougham on the Woolsack. So I suppose he would not dislike to take in Lyndhurst by-and-by.

Again at dinner (December 15th) Greville himself "sat next to Lady Lyndhurst, and had a great deal of talk about politics." She confessed that she and her husband "both knew very well that Brougham alone prevented his [Lyndhurst's] remaining on the Woolsack; still, they have very wisely not quarrelled with him."

Lord Grey did his best to make amends to Lady Lyndhurst for her wasted charm. Lyndhurst was made Chief Baron, which was "tempting to a necessitous and ambitious man" who deserved "to have no political connection with the Government (though of course he will not oppose them)." Indeed, Lyndhurst was "to be Chief Justice on Tenterden's death or retirement" which was "the secret article of the treaty, and altogether he has not done amiss." He could, if need be, "join either party, and that without any *additional* loss of character," while "the public will gain by the transaction because they will get a good judge." In due course, Lady Lyndhurst insisted that her husband should vote for the second reading of Earl Grey's Reform Bill. And, under the circumstances, "the Duke and his friends are grievously annoyed at his taking the office, having counted on him as their great champion in the House of Lords."

December 14, 1830: . . . Mrs. Arbuthnot told me the other night that they [the Tories] considered themselves released from all obligations to him for the future. However, they have not at all quarrelled, and they knew his deplorable state in point of money.

As for Lady Lyndhurst:

September 22, 1831: . . . I saw her yesterday, and she is full of pique and resentment against the Opposition and the Duke, half real and half pretended, and chatters away about Lyndhurst's not being their cat's-paw, and that if they choose to abandon him, they must not expect him to sacrifice himself for them.

September 24, 1831: . . . Dined at Richmond on Friday with the Lyndhursts; the *mari* talks against the Bill, the woman for it. They are like the old divisions of families in the Civil Wars.

To complete this peep behind the scenes, the retiring Chief Baron was "seventy-six and very rich, a wretched judge and never knew anything of common law." It was "a devil of a business" for Lyndhurst that the old man declined at first to leave the bench. Happily, it turned out that he was only waiting for quarter day, with its remittance.

November 23, 1830: Yesterday at Court; a great day, and very amusing. The old Ministers came to give up their seals, and the new Ministers came to take them. All the first were assembled at half-past one; saw the King in his closet severally, and held their last Council to swear to George Dawson a Privy Councillor. Each after his audience departed, most of them never to return. As they went away they met the others arriving. I was with the old set in the Throne Room till they went away, and on opening the door and looking into the other room I found it full of the others—Althorp, Graham, Auckland, J. Russell, Durham, &c., faces that a little while ago I should have had small expectation of finding there. The effect was very droll, such a complete *changement de décoration*. When the old Ministers were all off the business of the day began. All the Cabinet was there—the new Master of the Horse (Lord Albemarle), Lord Wellesley, his little eyes twinkling with joy, and Brougham, in Chancellor's costume, but not yet a Peer. The King sent for me into the closet to settle about their being sworn in, and to ask what was to be done about Brougham, whose patent was not come, and who wanted to go to the House of Lords. These things settled, he held the Council, when twelve new Privy Councillors were sworn in, three Secretaries of State, Privy Seal, and the declarations made of Presi-

dent of Council and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The King could not let slip the opportunity of making a speech, so when I put into his hands the paper declaring Lord Anglesey Lord Lieutenant of Ireland he was not content to read it, but spoke nearly as follows: "My Lords, it is a part of the duty I have to perform to declare a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and although I certainly should have acquiesced in any recommendation which might have been made to me for this appointment by Earl Grey, I must say that I have peculiar satisfaction in entrusting that most important charge to the noble Lord, whom I therefore declare with entire satisfaction Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. And, my Lords, I must say that this day is, since that of the death of my poor brother" (here his voice faltered and he looked or tried to look affected), "the most important which has occurred since the beginning of my reign, for in the course of my long life it has never happened to me to see so many appointments to be filled up as on this day; and when I consider that it is only last Tuesday night that the force of circumstances compelled those who were the confidential advisers of the Crown to relinquish the situations which they held, and that in this short space of time a new Government has been formed, I cannot help considering such despatch as holding forth the best hopes for the future, and proving the unanimity of my Government; and, my Lords, I will take this opportunity of saying that the noble Earl [Grey] and the other noble Lords and gentlemen may be assured that they will receive from me the most cordial, unceasing, and devoted support." The expressions of course are not exactly the same, but his speech was to this purpose only longer. Brougham kissed hands in the closet, and afterwards in Council as Chancellor and Privy Councillor, and then went off to the House of Lords.

November 25, 1830: . . . There was a levee and Council, all the Ministers present but Palmerston and Holland. The King made a discourse, and took occasion (about some Admiralty order) to introduce the whole history of his early naval life, his first going to sea, and the instructions which George III gave Admiral Digby as to his treatment. All the old Ministers came to the levee except the Duke of Wellington who was in Hampshire to try his influence as Lord Lieutenant in putting down the riots.

CHAPTER XXVII

RABBLEOCRACY

It was thus at a moment of supreme crisis that Earl Grey took office. "The alarmists," writes Greville on September 10, 1830, "are increasing everywhere, and the signs of the times are certainly portentous."

If Brougham was exalted, it was only because he could not be ignored. He was the hero of what Greville called "the rabble-ocracy (for everything is in *ocracy* nowadays)"—that is the "rebels, republicans, associators, and all the disaffected in the country."

For instance, there was a Radical tailor called Francis Place, leader of the "rabble," whose "domiciliary visits to Lord Grey at midnight" disgusted the Diarist. And at dinner, Greville met "Lawless the agitator . . . he is a pale, thin, common-looking little man, and has not at all the air of a patriot orator."

The defiance of the Duke of Wellington had stirred the depths:

November 21, 1830: . . . In the meantime the new Government will find plenty to occupy their most serious thoughts and employ their best talents. The state of the country is dreadful; every post brings fresh accounts of conflagration, destruction of machinery, association of labourers, and compulsory rise of wages. Cobbett and Carlile write and harangue to inflame the minds of the people, who are already set in motion and excited by all the events which have happened abroad. Distress is certainly not the cause of these commotions, for the people have patiently supported far greater privations than they had been exposed to before these riots, and the country was generally in an improving state.

The Duke of Richmond went down to Sussex and had a battle with a mob of 200 labourers, whom he beat with fifty of his own farmers and tenants, harangued them, and sent them away in good humour. He is, however, very popular. In Hants

the disturbances have been dreadful. There was an assemblage of 1,000 or 1,500 men, a part of whom went towards Baring's house (the Grange) after destroying threshing machines and other agricultural implements; they were met by Bingham Baring, who attempted to address them, when a fellow (who had been employed at a guinea a week by his father up to four days before) knocked him down with an iron bar and nearly killed him. They have no troops in that part of the country, and there is a depôt of arms at Winchester.

November 22, 1830: . . . He [Brougham] said the Duke of Richmond had done admirably in capturing the incendiary who has been taken, and who they think will afford a clue whereby they will discover the secret of all the burnings. This man called himself Evans. They had information of his exciting the peasantry and sent a Bow Street officer after him. He found out where he lived and captured him (having been informed that he was not there by the inmates of the house), and took him to the Duke, who had him searched. On his person were found stock receipts for £800, of which £50 was left; and a chemical receipt in a secret pocket for combustibles. He was taken to prison and will be brought up to town.

November 25, 1830: The accounts from the country on the 23rd were so bad that a Cabinet sat all the morning, and concerted a proclamation offering large rewards for the discovery of offenders, rioters, or burners. Half the Cabinet walked to St. James's, where I went with the draft proclamation in my pocket, and we held a Council in the King's room to approve it. I remember the last Council of this sort we held was on Queen Caroline's business. She had demanded to be heard by counsel in support of her asserted right to be crowned, and the King ordered in Council that she should be heard. We held the Council in his dressing room at Carlton House; he was in his bedgown, and we in our boots. This proclamation did not receive the sign manual or the Great Seal and was not engrossed till the next day, but nevertheless published in the *Gazette*.

December 1, 1830: . . . London is like the capital of a country desolated by cruel war or foreign invasion, and we are always looking for reports of battles, burnings, and other disorders. Wherever there has been anything like fighting, the mob has always been beaten, and has shown the greatest cowardice. . . .

Lord Craven, who is just of age, with three or four more young Lords, his friends, defeated and dispersed them in Hampshire. They broke into the Duke of Beaufort's house at Heythrop, but he and his sons got them out without mischief, and afterwards took some of them. On Monday as the field which had been out with the King's hounds were returning to town, they were summoned to assist in quelling a riot at Woburn, which they did; the gentlemen charged and broke the people, and took some of them, and fortunately some troops came up to secure the prisoners.

December 12, 1830: For the last few days the accounts from the country have been better; . . . the mischief seems to be subsiding. The burnings go on, and though they say that one or two incendiaries have been taken up, nothing has yet been discovered likely to lead to a detection of the system.

January 23, 1831: . . . They still burn in the country, and I heard the other day that the manufacturing districts, though quiet, are in a high state of organization.

January 25, 1831: Met Colonel Napier [Sir William Napier, author of the *History of the Peninsular War*] last night, and talked for an hour of the state of the country. He gave me a curious account of the organization of the manufacturers in and about Manchester, who are divided into four different classes, with different objects, partly political, generally to better themselves, but with a regular government, the seat of which is in the Isle of Man. He says that the agriculturists are likewise organized in Wiltshire, and that there is a sort of freemasonry among them; he thinks a revolution inevitable; and when I told him what Southey had said—that if he had money enough he would transport his family to America—he said he would not himself leave England in times of danger, but that he should like to remove his family if he could.

February 24, 1831: . . . The King went to the play the night before last; was well received in the house, but hooted and pelted coming home, and a stone shivered a window of his coach and fell into Prince George of Cumberland's lap. The King was excessively annoyed and sent for Baring, who was the officer riding by his coach, and asked him if he knew who had thrown the stone; he said that it terrified the Queen, and "was very disagreeable, as he should always be going somewhere."

The name of Castlereagh, once honoured, was now scarcely mentionable. "That ass, Lord Londonderry," wrote Greville on August 8, 1831, "has never yet had his windows mended from the time they were broken at the Reform Illumination." He was the third Marquis and Castlereagh's half brother.

In March, 1835, Peel proposed to send the younger Londonderry to St. Petersburg as Ambassador. And on merits, the appointment was defensible:

March 15, 1835: . . . In the evening I met the Duke of Wellington at Lady Howe's, who talked about the affair, and said that he was not particularly partial to the man, nor ever had been; but that he was very fit for that post, was an excellent Ambassador, procured more information, and obtained more insight into the affairs of a foreign court than anybody, and that he was the best relater of what passed at a conference, and wrote the best account of a conversation, of any man he knew.

But in the House of Commons, the result of the appointment was a "terribly damaging night to the Government." And according to Greville, it served them right for "they knew the loathing people had for the man, how odious and ridiculous he had made himself, how obnoxious and indefensible the appointment would be." The Duke was chiefly to blame. It was "the old story of ignorance and disregard of public opinion."

The appointment had to be cancelled and, in the House of Lords, Londonderry "got a good deal of empty praise in lieu of the solid pudding he is advised to give up." It was a "miserable affair," signifying "the interference of Parliament" in what Lord John Russell called that "most useful prerogative of the Crown"—the selection of Ambassadors.

The unrest in Britain was stirred by the sorrow of Ireland. For Ireland had found her voice:

November 28, 1830: . . . Notwithstanding the great measures which have distinguished his [the Duke's] government, such as Catholic Emancipation and the repeal of the Test Acts, a continual series of systematic blunders, an utter ignorance of, and indifference to, public opinon, have rendered the first of these great measures almost useless. Ireland is on the point of becoming in a worse state than before the Catholic question was settled; and why? Because, first of all, the settlement was

put off too long, and the fever of agitation would not subside, and because it was accompanied by an insult to O'Connell which he has been resolved to revenge, and which he knows he can punish. Then instead of depriving him of half his influence by paying the priests, and so getting them under the influence of Government, they neglected this, and followed up the omission by taxing Ireland, and thus uniting the whole nation against us. What is this but egregious presumption, blindness, ignorance, and want of all political calculation and foresight? What remains now to be done? Perhaps nothing, for the anti-Union question is spreading far and wide with a velocity that is irresistible, and it is the more dangerous because the desire for the repeal of the Union is rather the offspring of imagination than of reason, and arises from vague, excited hopes, not, like the former agitation, from real wrongs, long and deeply felt. But common shifts and expedients, partial measures, will not do now, and in the state of the game a deep stake must be played or all will be lost. To buy O'Connell at any price, pay the Catholic Church, establish poor laws, encourage emigration, and repeal the obnoxious taxes and obnoxious laws, are the only expedients which have a chance of restoring order.

February 15, 1835: . . . We are disgusted and shocked at reading Croly's account of the scandalous conduct of the Catholic clergy in Ireland, with regard to the emoluments they extort from their miserable flocks, and at the systematic desecration of holy things which they countenance and practise; but when the difference is considered between their spiritual condition and their moral composition as a class, the conduct of the clergy here appears just as revolting. The Irish clergy are generally from the lowest class, and have received a bad education at Maynooth; they depend for subsistence upon the voluntary liberality or devotion of their people, they have few motives or principles of restraint, and every incentive to follow the shameful course which they do.

September 10, 1843: . . . Stradbroke told me, viz., that the emolument which the [Roman Catholic] clergy derive from voluntary contributions is so large that no State endowment they could obtain would be anything like an equivalent, and therefore they never would consent to the measure; but it is suggested in reply to this, that in the first place they would

except glebes, and if the State would liberally endow the Church, the people would leave off paying, and the priests would in the end be obliged to acquiesce. Stradbroke said that the priest of his parish told him he got £500 a year; some get as much as £800. A great part of their emoluments is made up of marriage fees, and when a rich man is married, the priest gets presents from all the relations, sometimes to the amount of above £100.

Daniel O'Connell, the Irish leader, was thus (February 8, 1829) a principal "blackguard" in the drama of Reform.

December 20, 1828: . . . He is rich, has a large landed property, is at the head of his profession, an admirable lawyer and manager of a cause, and never for a moment diverted by political or other considerations from the due discharge of his professional duties. He is besides a man of high moral character and great probity in private life, and has been for years in the habit of affording his professional assistance gratis to those of his own religion who cannot afford to pay for it. These are some of the grounds of his popularity, to which may be added his industry and devotion to the Roman Catholic cause; he rises at three every morning and goes to bed at eight. He possesses a very retentive memory and is particularly strong in historical and constitutional knowledge. The great object of his ambition is to be at the head of his own profession, and his favourite project to reform the laws, a task for which he fancies himself eminently qualified. To accomplish any particular object he cares not to what charges of partial inconsistency he exposes himself, trusting to his own ingenuity to exonerate himself from them afterwards.

As an advocate of Catholic Emancipation, O'Connell had begun by "opposing the aristocracy . . . and ended by compelling them to unite with him." And while in Dublin "the moderate people are furious" (February 8, 1829) over "his abuse of everybody," while "his violence, bad taste and scurrility have made him 'lose the lustre of his former praise,'" there was "no getting over the fact that . . . but for him the Catholic question would never have been carried." "Unlimited obedience to his individual will"—that (December 20, 1828) became the rule.

When O'Connell was elected member for Clare, Peel and the

Duke had to admit him to Westminster. "Indeed [February 6, 1829], Peel said as much, for it was the Clare Election which convinced both him and the Duke that it must be done." The alternative was civil war. Daniel O'Connell had claimed (December 24, 1828) that he could "keep the country quiet for another year certainly." No one else could have said that and have been believed.

Yet (March 6, 1829) such was the "personal spite" against O'Connell that Catholic Emancipation was so worded as to exclude his case.

March 6, 1829: . . . It is nothing short of madness, and I agree with Spring Rice, who said last night that instead of excluding him you should pay him to come into Parliament, and rather buy a seat for him than let him remain out.

The exclusion was "the work of the King"—George IV—and there had thus to be "another Clare Election, and a theatre for the display of every angry passion which interest or revenge can possibly put in action."

"Elected without opposition," Daniel O'Connell thus entered Parliament, not a nominee of the British aristocracy, but as William Cobbett was to put it (February 1, 1833) "the member for Ireland."

The key that had locked him out was merely a form of words:

April 9, 1829: Met O'Connell at dinner yesterday at William Ponsonby's. . . . There is nothing remarkable in his manner, appearance, or conversation, but he seems lively, well bred, and at his ease. I asked him after dinner "whether Catholics had not taken the oath of supremacy till it was coupled with the declaration"; he said, "In many instances in the reigns of Elizabeth, James and Charles, because at that time it was considered to apply to the civil supremacy of the Pope only, and that the Government admitted of that interpretation of it, but that no Catholic could take it now, because that construction is never given to the oath." Duncannon told me that O'Connell has no wish to be in Parliament, that he makes so much money by his profession that it is a great loss to him to attend Parliament at all.

Greville expected (December 20, 1828) that, "as an Orator," O'Connell, though "perfect" for "a mob and especially an Irish

mob" would "probably fail in the English House of Commons." Indeed, as he "went up to the table of the House," he was "in a great fright," but (May 29, 1824) he "made a very good speech at the bar of the House and produced rather a favourable impression."

May 14, 1829: . . . The King [George IV] came to town, and had a levee and drawing-room, the former of which was very numerously, the other shabbily attended. At the levee he was remarkably civil to all the Peers, particularly the Duke of Richmond, who had distinguished themselves in opposition to Government in the late debates, and he turned his back on the bishops who had voted for the [Catholic Emancipation] Bill. O'Connell and Shiel were both at the levee; the former had been presented in Ireland, so had not to be presented again, but the King took no notice of him, and when he went by said to somebody near him, "Damn the fellow! what does he come here for?"—dignified.

Duncannon was both member for Kilkenny and a Minister of the Crown. O'Connell attacked the seat:

February 25, 1831: . . . They do justice to his [Duncannon's] merits, but O'Connell holds up his finger, and not a soul dares support him; his own Tenants and friends receive notices that if they vote for him their houses will be burnt, and themselves murdered. They are a nation of ferocious barbarians, and the hodge podge of ignorance and knowledge, tyranny and liberty, poverty, fanaticism, cunning, idleness and passions of every description let loose upon society have produced such a condition of things as never existed before in any country in the world. They have all the evils of barbarism, [a] furnace, with O'Connell always blowing the coals and stirring the fire.

Despite O'Connell, the British Minister, on that occasion, held Kilkenny and writes Greville, "I might have saved that eloquent tirade of indignation which however will do for some other occasion like the decorations of a play that is damned." The "other occasion" was at hand. Duncannon and all his crowd rapidly lost their place in Irish politics.

To the proletariat of Britain, O'Connell was not only an Irish Catholic but a vindicator of human rights everywhere. His

"Association" had been (December 20, 1828) "suppressed by law." Yet the illegal "Association" had carried the day. The British working man also had his illegal "associations":

February 27, 1833: . . . O'Connell made a speech of such violence at the Trades Union the other day—calling the House of Commons six hundred scoundrels—that there was a great deal of talk about taking it up in Parliament and proposing his expulsion, which, however, they have not had the folly to do.

London, September 27, 1835: . . . The papers are full of nothing but O'Connell's progress in Scotland, where he is received with unbounded enthusiasm by enormous crowds, but by no people of rank, property, or character. It is a rabble triumph altogether, but it is made the most of by all the Ministerial papers.

That O'Connell was guilty of "some interchange of Billingsgate" (November 10, 1830) with Peel's brother-in-law, Dawson, could not be denied, but at least he fought with a clean shillelagh. After an election for Carlow, a supporter of his, by name Raphael, "was unseated on petition." But O'Connell himself was "wholly acquitted of any illegal or improper practice."

March 13, 1836: . . . It is very singular that he does not seem to have known his own case, or he might have rebutted the accusations in the first instance; but it has turned out luckily for him, as it has afforded him a great triumph and his adversaries an equally great mortification. It is now time for the Tories to give up attacking him—that is, making him their grand political butt. They do not lower him; on the contrary, they raise his importance everywhere, and make his sway in Ireland more absolute. They are abominably sulky at this result of the Committee, which, however, was fairly constituted and unanimous in its decision. I must say I never expected they would make out much of a case.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE FIRST ATTACK

Amid these storms, the one thing that mattered was that Lord Grey, as Prime Minister, stood pledged to Reform. He had (December 1, 1830) "all the press on his side, and people are determined to give him credit for good intentions." While "not a soul knows what plan of Reform the Ministers will propose, nor how far they are disposed to go" (December 5th), "the country is getting quieter."

"Concocted by a Committee [of the Government] consisting of John Russell, Duncannon, Durham and [Sir James] Graham," the Bill was laid before the King at Brighton and introduced on the Ides of March. As Althorp, the leader of the House, "cannot speak at all," the measure was "brought in by John Russell . . . though not a Cabinet Minister." Had he not "on a former occasion brought forward plans of Reform?"

March 2, 1831: The great day at length arrived, and yesterday Lord John Russell moved for leave to bring in his Reform Bill. To describe the curiosity, the intensity of the expectation and excitement would be impossible, and the secret had been so well kept that not a soul knew what the measure was (though most people guessed pretty well) till they heard it. He rose at six o'clock, and spoke for two hours and a quarter—a sweeping measure indeed, much more so than anyone had imagined, because the Ministers had said it was one which would give *general* satisfaction, whereas this must dissatisfy all the moderate and will probably just stop short enough not to satisfy the Radicals. They say it was ludicrous to see the faces of the members for those places which are to be disfranchised as they were severally announced, and Wetherell, who began to take notes as the plan was gradually developed, after sundry contortions and grimaces and flinging about his arms and legs, threw down his notes with a mixture of despair and ridicule and horror. . .

Anything like the panic that prevails I never saw, the apprehension that enough will not be done to satiate the demon of popular opinion, and the disposition to submit implicitly to the universal bellow that pervades this country for what they call Reform without knowing what it is.

March 7, 1831: . . . Nothing talked of, thought of, dreamt of, but Reform. Every creature one meets asks, What is said now? How will it go? What is the last news? What do *you* think? and so it is from morning till night, in the streets, in the clubs, and in private houses.

Compared with this measure, the Reform Bill drafted by Brougham "which though unknown was so dreaded" had been "mere milk and water."

"The excitement," writes Greville, "is beyond anything I ever saw." One or two minor statesmen resigned. Charles Wynne, for instance; and the "defection of Charles Seymour, the Duke of Somerset's son" was "unexpected." But of mere talk, people became "heartily sick." Everybody "cries up" the speeches on his own side and "despises" the speeches on the other side, which is "peculiarly absurd."

After all, what mattered was the division. At first "the general opinion is that the Bill will be lost in the House of Commons, and that then Parliament will be dissolved, unless the King should take fright and prefer to change his Ministers."

As leader of the Tory opposition, Peel was "cold, phlegmatic, and calculating." According to Lyndhurst, "when any of his [Peel's] friends in Parliament proposed to speak in any debate, he never encouraged or assisted them, but answered with a dry, 'Do you?'" As the obscure back-bencher, Henry Currey put it, "his conduct had been *atrocious*."

Peel might "disgust his adherents," but he dared not resist the Bill:

March 17, 1831: . . . The country *will* have it; there is a determination on the subject, and a unanimity perfectly marvellous, and no demonstration of the unfitness of any of its parts will be of any avail; some of its details may be corrected and amended, but substantially it must pass pretty much as it is.

March 20, 1831: . . . The people are unanimous, good-humoured, and determined; if the Bill is thrown out, their good-

humour will disappear, the country will be a scene of violence and uproar, and a most ferocious Parliament will be returned.

It is under these circumstances that Peel "makes a deathbed profession of acquiescence in something more moderate than this."

Would the Bill be passed on second reading? That was the first question. The Government were "all in high spirits." But there was "a great array on the opposition benches." And Greville's own bet was that the measure would be "thrown out by a small majority."

Among favourable omens was an address, possibly "got up by the Government," and presented by the City of London to the King who "gave a very general answer." Then there was Brougham writing to Liverpool "to *encourage the Reformers there*, as he owned to George Villiers last night." Howick, too, told his father "that he had received a letter from some merchant in the north praising the Bill."

The Tories attempted a counter stroke. One Friday, after "an angry and noisy debate" (March 20th), "there was a division on the timber duties, and Government was beaten by forty-three, all the Saints (friends of Wilberforce), West Indians, and anti-Free-Traders voting with the great body of Opposition."

March 20, 1831: . . . Their satisfaction was tumultuous. They have long been desirous of bringing Ministers to a trial of strength, and they did not care much upon what.

Thus it was that history drifted to "the first act of the new ministerial drama." And assuredly the dénouement lacked nothing of that glorious uncertainty which is attributed to cricket:

March 23, 1831: The House divided at three o'clock this morning, and the second reading was carried by a majority of *one* in the fullest House that ever was known—303 to 302—both parties confident up to the moment of division; but the Opposition most so, and at last the Government expected to be beaten. Denman told somebody as they were going to divide that the question would be lost; Calcraft and the Wynnes' going over at the eleventh hour did the business. . . . I stopped at the Travellers' till past three, when a man came in and told me the news. I walked home, and found the streets swarming with Members of Parliament coming from the House.

March 24, 1831: The agitation the other night on the division was prodigious. The Government, who stayed in the House, thought they had lost it by ten, and the Opposition, who were crowded in the lobby, fancied from their numbers that they were sure of winning. There was betting going on all night long, and large sums have been won and lost. The people in the lobby were miscounted, and they thought they had 303.

March 28, 1831: . . . When the Speaker put the question, each party roared "Aye" and "No" *totis viribus*. He said he did not know, and put it again. After that he said, "I am not sure, but I think the ayes have it." Then the noes went out into the lobby, and the others thought they would never have done filing out, and the House looked so empty when they were gone that the Government was in despair. They say the excitement was beyond anything.

Emotions were chaotic. "At the levee yesterday and Council," wrote Greville, "the Government are by way of being satisfied but hardly can be."

For the question, asked in advance by Greville (March 15th), was "What next?" That the Bill would be "a good deal battled in Committee" was certain. Although Ministers "are determined to carry it through the Committee with a high hand and not to suffer any alterations, probably some sort of compromise in matters of inferior moment will be made."

But the Tories turned against compromise. The Bill, so they thought, might be "rejected without any apprehension of such dreadful consequences ensuing as have been predicted." Hence "General Gascoyne moved (April 24, 1831) that the Committee should be instructed not to reduce the members of the House of Commons and this was carried after two nights' debate by eight." It meant that, to all intents, the Bill having passed second reading had been killed in Committee.

The Government were for an instant appeal to the nation. But the Tories, through Lord Wharncliffe, "gave notice of a motion (in the Upper House) to address the King not to dissolve Parliament and this was to have come on on Friday." The question, then, was whether the King could be persuaded to dissolve Parliament before the peers prayed him not to do so. And what next happened will ever be regarded as an amusing

and an exciting incident in the constitutional history of Great Britain:

April 24, 1831: . . . On Thursday the Ministers were again beaten in the House of Commons on a question of adjournment, and on Friday morning they got the King to go down and prorogue Parliament in person the same day. This *coup d'état* was so sudden that nobody was aware of it till within two or three hours of the time, and many not at all. They told him that the cream-coloured horses could not be got ready, when he said, "Then I will go with anybody else's horses." Somebody went off in a carriage to the Tower to fetch the Crown, and they collected such attendants as they could find to go with his Majesty. The Houses met at one or two o'clock. In the House of Commons Sir R. Vyvyan made a furious speech attacking the Government on every point, and (excited as he was) it was very well done. The Ministers made no reply but Sir Francis Burdett and Tennyson endeavoured to interrupt with calls to order, and when the Speaker decided that Vyvyan was not out of order, Tennyson disputed his opinion, which enraged the Speaker and soon after called up Peel, for whom he was resolved to procure a hearing. The scene then resembled that which took place on Lord North's resignation in 1782, for Althorp (I think) moved that Burdett should be heard, and the Speaker said that "Peel was in possession of the House to speak on that motion." He made a very violent speech, attacking the Government for their incompetence, folly, and recklessness, and treated them with the utmost asperity and contempt. In the midst of his speech the guns announced the arrival of the King, and at each explosion the Government gave a loud cheer, and Peel was still speaking in the midst of every sort of noise and tumult when the Usher of the Black Rod knocked at the door to summon the Commons to the House of Peers. There the proceedings were if possible still more violent and outrageous; those who were present tell me it resembled nothing but what we read of the "*Serment du Jeu de Paume*," and the whole scene was as much like the preparatory days of a revolution as can well be imagined. Wharncliffe was to have moved an address to the Crown against dissolving Parliament, and this motion the Ministers were resolved should not come on, but he contrived to bring it on so far as to get it put upon the Journals.

The Duke of Richmond endeavoured to prevent any speaking by raising points of order, and moving that the Lords should take their regular places (in separate ranks), which, however, is impossible at a royal sitting, because the cross benches are removed; this put Lord Londonderry in such a fury that he rose, roared, gesticulated, held up his whip, and four or five Lords held him down by the tail of his coat to prevent his flying on somebody. Lord Lyndhurst was equally furious, and some sharp words passed which were not distinctly heard. In the midst of all the din Lord Mansfield rose and obtained a hearing. Wharncliffe said to him, "For God's sake, Mansfield, take care what you are about, and don't disgrace us more in the state we are in." "Don't be afraid," he said; "I will say nothing that will alarm you"; and accordingly he pronounced a trimming philippic on the Government, which, delivered as it was in an imposing manner, attired in his robes, and with the greatest energy and excitation, was prodigiously effective. While he was still speaking the King arrived, but he did not desist even while his Majesty was entering the House of Lords, nor till he approached the throne; and while the King was ascending the steps the hoarse voice of Lord Londonderry was heard crying "Hear, hear, hear!" The King from the robing room heard the noise, and asked what it all meant. The conduct of the Chancellor was most extraordinary, skipping in and out of the House and making most extraordinary speeches. In the midst of the uproar he went out of the House, when Lord Shaftesbury was moved into the chair. In the middle of the debate Brougham again came in and said "it was most extraordinary that the King's undoubted right to dissolve Parliament should be questioned at a moment when the House of Commons had taken the unprecedented course of stopping the supplies," and having so said (which was a lie) he flounced out of the House to receive the King on his arrival. The King ought not properly to have worn the Crown, never having been crowned; but when he was in the robing room he said to Lord Hastings, "Lord Hastings, I wear the Crown; where is it?" It was brought to him, and when Lord Hastings was going to put it on his head he said, "Nobody shall put the Crown on my head but myself." He put it on, and then turned to Lord Grey and said, "Now my Lord, the coronation is over." George Villiers said that in his life he never saw

such a scene, and as he looked at the King upon the throne with the Crown loose upon his head, and the tall, grim figure of Lord Grey close beside him with the sword of state in his hand, it was as if the King had got his executioner by his side, and the whole picture looked strikingly typical of his and our future destinies.

To this description, Greville adds the note:

"When Lord Mansfield sat down he said, 'I have spoken English to them at least.' Lord Lyndhurst told me that Lord Mansfield stopped speaking as soon as the door opened to admit the King. He said he never saw him so excited before, and in his robes he looked very grand. He also told me that he was at Lady Holland's giving an account of the scene when Brougham came in. He said, 'I was telling them what passed the other day in our House,' when Brougham explained his part by saying that the Usher of the Black Rod (Tyrwhit) was at his elbow saying, 'My Lord Chancellor, you must come; the King is waiting for you; come along; you must come,' and that he was thus dragged out of the House in this hurry and without having time to sit down or say any more."

CHAPTER XXIX

THE SECOND ATTACK

THE Battle for Reform had to be fought again on the old system. But despite a corrupt franchise, the county members (April 26, 1831) were "tumbling about like ninepins" and "the Reformers have it hollow." "And," asked Greville, after hearing reports at the Queen's Ball, "who shall set hoddy-doddy up again?"

May 11, 1831: The elections are going on universally in favour of Reform; the great interests in the counties are everywhere broken, and old connexions dissevered. In Worcestershire Captain Spencer, who has nothing to do with the county, and was brought there by his brother-in-law, Lord Lyttelton, has beaten Lygon, backed by all the wealth of his family; the Manners have withdrawn from Leicestershire and Cambridgeshire, and Lord E. Somerset from Gloucestershire; Lord Worcester too is beaten at Monmouth. Everywhere the tide is irresistible; all considerations are sacrificed to the success of the measure.

April 26, 1831: . . . Large sums have been subscribed on both sides, but on that of the Opposition there is a want of candidates more than of places to send them to.

April 29, 1831: . . . Lord Cleveland has subscribed £10,000 to the election fund. Lord Yarborough, by a very questionable piece of political morality, has given the Holmes boroughs in the Isle of Wight to Government; they are the property of Sir L. Holmes's daughter, whose guardian he is as well as executor under the will. In this capacity he has the disposal of the boroughs, and he gives them to the Ministers to fill with men who are to vote for their disfranchisement. A large price is paid for them—£4,000—but it makes a difference of eight votes, and if the Bill is carried they will be worth nothing. The elections promise well for Government even in the boroughs, as I was persuaded they would.

July 20, 1834: . . . It there came out that Western had applied to Ellice, then Secretary of the Treasury (at the time of the great Reform election), for money to assist at the Colchester election, and he sent £500. They want to make out that this was public money, but they won't catch him. He says several individuals subscribed large sums, which were placed at his disposal to be employed to the best advantage for the cause. He will get out of it.

So with "the anti-Reformers being unable to make any fight at all" and "dead beat everywhere," it could be said (May 7, 1831) that "in the House of Commons the Bill is already [as good as] carried." As Greville put it "the devil" was "let loose . . . and stop him who can."

June 23, 1831: The King opened Parliament on Tuesday, with a greater crowd assembled to see him pass than was ever congregated before, and the House of Lords was so full of ladies that the Peers could not find places. The Speech was long, but good, and such as to preclude the possibility of an amendment. There was, however, a long discussion in each House, and the greatest bitterness and violence evinced in both—every promise of a stormy session. Lord Lansdowne said to the King, "I am afraid, sir, you won't be able to *see* the Commons." "Never mind," said he; "they shall *hear* me, I promise you," and accordingly he thundered forth the Speech so that not a word was lost.

Reform was now a twice-told tale. Even John Russell, though "good," was "dull." And Peel, who might have "stayed to *manage* the debate and keep his people in order," did the opposite and "took offence" and, despite the protests of his followers, was "gone to bed."

July 14, 1831: . . . After these two nights it is impossible not to consider the Tory party as having ceased to exist for all the practical and legitimate ends of political association—that is, as far as the House of Commons is concerned, where after all the battle must be fought. There is still a rabble of Opposition, tossed about by every wind of folly and passion, and left to the vagaries and eccentricities of Wetherell, or Attwood, or Sadler.

The opposition to Reform in the elected chamber was reduced to a "party whose voice was only the other day designated by John Russell as 'the whisper of a faction.'"

Dreading that "the consummation of evil was really at hand," Greville's only solace was derived from the "elasticity in the institutions of this country." One "terrible storm" (July 31, 1831) arose over Althorp's revolutionary proposal that the House should sit on Saturday. Enough that the Bill was carried through the Commons by handsome majorities.

Assuming ultimate victory, the Government had "begun to divide the counties," and had "set up an office with clerks, maps, etc., in the Council office, and there the Committee sit every day"—preparing for the proposed redistribution of seats.

The question was now "what the House of Lords will do." And (October 1, 1831) "the Reformers say, you had better pass the Bill or you will have a worse."

Old Eldon was still alive and as valiant as liquor would permit:

September 22, 1831: . . . There was a dinner at Apsley House [the Duke's residence] yesterday; the Cabinet of Opposition, to discuss matters before having a general meeting. At this dinner there were sixteen or seventeen present, all the leading anti-Reformers of the Peers. They agreed to oppose the second reading. Dudley, who was there, told me it was tragedy first and farce afterwards; for Eldon and Kenyon, who had dined with the Duke of Cumberland, came in after dinner. Chairs were placed for them on each side of the Duke, and after he had explained to them what they had been discussing, and what had been agreed upon, Kenyon made a long speech on the first reading of the Bill, in which it was soon apparent that he was very drunk, for he talked exceeding nonsense, wandered from one topic to another, and repeated the same things over and over again. When he had done Eldon made a speech on the second reading, and appeared to be equally drunk, only, Lord Bathurst told me, Kenyon in his drunkenness talked nonsense, but Eldon sense. Dudley said it was not that they were as drunk as lords and gentlemen sometimes are, but they were drunk as porters.

In anticipation of a crisis, the Reformers in the House of Commons (September 22d) had met at Lord Ebrington's, and

they, "without coming to any resolution, were all agreed to prevail on the Government not to resign in the event of the Reform Bill being rejected in the House of Lords." Lord Grey and the Whigs must stay and fight it out.

The liquor at Apsley House produced the desired intoxication. And on the second reading, the peers threw out the measure:

October 10, 1831: . . . Yesterday morning the newspapers (all in black, save the *Times* and the *Morning Herald*) announced the defeat of the Reform Bill by a majority of forty-one, at seven o'clock on Saturday morning, after five nights' debating. By all accounts the debate was a magnificent display, and incomparably superior to that in the House of Commons, but the reports convey no idea of it. . . . The Duke of Wellington's speech was exceedingly bad; he is, in fact, and has proved it in repeated instances, unequal to argue a great constitutional question. Lord Grey was very great in reply. There was no excitement in London the following day, and nothing particular happened but the Chancellor [Brougham] being drawn from Downing Street to Berkeley Square in his carriage by a very poor mob.

October 11, 1831: . . . There was something of a mob which marched about the parks, but no mischief done. Londonderry and some others were hooted near the House of Lords. Never was a party so crestfallen as I heard they [the Reformers] are; they had not a notion of such a division.

On a bill, just submitted to the people and approved by them, the Lords and Commons were thus in direct collision. It was decided, therefore, to introduce the Bill a second time and send it again to the peers.

The question now was whether the Cabinet itself would hold together. For instance, did the Duke of Richmond really desire the revolution? After talking with Lord Lansdowne, Greville had "very little doubt that more than half the Cabinet in their hearts abhor the measure," but that the majority was "ruled by two or three men reckless of everything provided they can prolong their own power."

Gorhambury, January 7, 1832: . . . The moderate party in the Cabinet consists of Lansdowne, Richmond, Palmerston, Mel-

bourne, and Stanley. Palmerston and Melbourne, particularly the latter, are now heartily ashamed of the part they have taken about Reform. They detest and abhor the whole thing.

Among the Reformers in the Cabinet was Lord Durham, famous, as we shall see in Canadian annals, and son-in-law to Earl Grey. The name of Lord Durham's family was Lambton. And the development of the coal industry made him rich.

February 24, 1831: . . . Lord Durham has volunteered to give up his salary as Privy Seal, which is no great sacrifice, considering how long he is likely to enjoy it, and everybody gives him credit for having suggested the relief to coals for his own interest. Lady Holland, who has got a West Indian estate, attacked him about the sugar duties, and asked him if they would not reduce them. He said, "No." She retorted, "That is because you have no West Indian estate; you have got your own job about coals done, and you don't care about us."

December 4, 1831: Dined with Talleyrand yesterday. He complained to me of Durham's return, and of "*sa funeste influence sur Lord Gray*"; that because he had been at Brussels and at Paris, he fancied nobody but himself knew anything of foreign affairs.

Durham, apparently, wanted on one occasion (November 27, 1832) to "unfrock the Bishop of Durham," because he was "a greater man in the county than himself."

March 15, 1833: . . . Lords King and Wharncliffe were talking in the House of Lords before business began, and . . . Lord Grey came in, and joined them, and he said, "King, I wish you would not go on as you do about the Church. In God's name, why can't you be quiet?" "Aye," said Wharncliffe, "and you see he is not content with speaking, but he writes also in the newspaper in the same strain." "Well, Grey," said King, "it is very true, I have done so and I will tell you why I have—Durham advised me. He told me long ago to do so, and when I objected that it would annoy you, he said, 'Oh, you don't know Grey, he is like a woman, and requires pressing,' and that is the reason I did it." Lord Grey looked annoyed and walked away. It is difficult to say which is most admirable, the brutality of King or the imbecility of Grey.

Durham was "looked upon as a man of extreme and dangerous opinions by the Conservatives." And according to Greville (March 15, 1833), he was "the most ill-conditioned, ill-behaved coxcomb that ever was suffered to swagger and bully in a Cabinet."

November 27, 1832: . . . One of his [Lord Grey's] daughters is ill and this, together with threats of depriving Lady Durham of all intercourse with her Father, are the means he employs to torment and terrify Lord Grey.

August 19, 1834: Grey and Durham do not speak. Since the first change in the Ministry (that which brought Auckland in) when he was not invited to join them, he quarrelled with his father-in-law certainly, and when Lady Grey went to see Lady Durham, who has lately miscarried, Durham did not condescend to come down to her, tho' he was in the house at the time.

August 22, 1834: It was only yesterday that I put down that Lord Grey and Lambton do not speak, and directly after I saw an account in the papers of a dinner given to him at Newcastle or some such place at which they appeared together, and flummeried one another in their speeches, very vigorously.

Durham, then, was "furious" over any "negotiations" that might lead to a "compromise" on the Reform Bill:

December 11, in the evening [1831]: . . . Lord Grey is always the object of his rage and impertinence, because he is the only person whom he dares attack. After dinner he made a violent sortie on Lord Grey (it was at Althorp's), said he would be eternally disgraced if he suffered any alterations to be made in this Bill, that he was a betrayer of the cause, and, amongst other things, reproached him with having kept him in town on account of this Bill in the summer, "and thereby having been the cause of the death of his son." Richmond said in his life he never witnessed so painful a scene, or one which excited such disgust and indignation in every member of the Cabinet. Lord Grey was ready to burst into tears, said he would much rather work in the coal mines than be subject to such attacks, on which the other muttered, "and you might do worse," or some such words. After this Durham got up and left the room. Lord Grey very soon retired too, when the other Ministers discussed this extraordinary scene, and considered what steps they ought

to take. They thought at first that they should require Durham to make a public apology (i. e. before all of them) to Lord Grey for his impertinence, which they deemed due to *them* as he was *their* head, and to *Althorp* as having occurred in his house, but as they thought it was quite certain that Durham would resign the next morning, and that Lord Grey might be pained at another scene, they forebore to exact this. However, Durham did not resign; he absented himself for some days from the Cabinet, at last returned as if nothing had happened. . . . Melbourne, who was present at this scene, said, "If I had been Lord Grey, I would have knocked him down.'

March 12, 1832: Durham made another exhibition of temper at the Cabinet dinner last Wednesday. While Lord Grey was saying something, he rudely interrupted him, as his custom is. Lord Grey said, "But, my dear Lambton, only hear what I was going to say," when the other jumped up and said, "Oh, if I am not to be allowed to speak I may as well go away," rang the bell, ordered his carriage, and marched off.

Yet, Greville has to admit that despite the "various reports of dissensions" at Downing Street, . . . "the Government are resolved the Bill shall pass."

September 22, 1831: . . . They are conscientiously persuaded that this Bill is the least democratical Bill it is possible to get the country to accept, and that if offered in time this one will be accepted.

What welded the Cabinet together was "the feeling out of doors." In fact (July 26th) "nothing will do for them [the newspapers] but Reform." Even the *Times*, to-day so Conservative, was "moving heaven and earth to stir up the country and intimidate the Peers, many of whom are frightened enough already." At the mere suggestion of compromise, the "rage and fury" of Barnes, the editor, "exceeded all bounds." He was (November 21, 1831) "evidently a desperate Radical."

September 22, 1831: . . . I had heard before that the country is not enamoured of this Bill, but I fear that it is true that they are only indifferent to the Conservative clauses of it (if I may so term them), and for that reason it may be doubtful whether

there would not be such a clamour raised in the event of the rejection of this Bill as would compel the Ministers to make a new one, more objectionable than the old.

Over Ernest Jones, the Chartist, even Greville had to be perforce abusively respectful:

Newmarket, October 1, 1831: . . . I met Lord Wharncliffe, and asked him about his interview with Radical Jones. This blackguard considers himself a sort of chief of faction, and one of the heads of the *sans-culottins* of the present day. He wrote to Lord Wharncliffe and said he wished to confer with him, that if he would grant him an interview he might bring any person he pleased to witness what passed between them. Lord Wharncliffe replied that he would call on him, and should be satisfied to have no witness. Accordingly he did so, when the other in very civil terms told him that he wished to try and impress upon his mind (as he was one of the heads of anti-Reform in the House of Lords) how dangerous it would be to reject this Bill, that all sorts of excesses would follow its rejection, that their persons and properties would be perilled, and resistance would be unavailing, for that they [the Reformers] were resolved to carry their point. Lord Wharncliffe asked whether if this was conceded they would be satisfied. Jones replied, "Certainly not"; that they must go a great deal further, that an hereditary peerage was not to be defended on any reasonable theory. Still, he was not for doing away with it, that he wished the changes that were inevitable to take place quietly, without violence or confusion. After some more discourse in this strain they separated, but very civilly, and without any intemperance of expression on the part of the Reformer.

In England over Reform, as in Ireland over Emancipation, the serious thing was that the people were organizing. At Birmingham and elsewhere there began to be "unions."

And when Ministers like Althorp and Russell wrote letters to Attwood, the "union" leader, there was (October 15th) "a furious attack" on them in the House of Commons.

The Duke (November 11th) "had written to the King a memorial upon the danger of the associations that were on

foot," and Greville was much relieved when Lord Melbourne told him (November 21st) that the Government "were going to put forth a proclamation against 'Attwood and the Birmingham fellows,' which was grateful to my ears." He adds (November 22d) that "the proclamation against the unions . . . was not ready and the King signed a blank."

Lord Grey told him that "the union had already determined to dissolve itself." And why not? "Attwood and the Birmingham fellows" had brought Reform into practical politics. "There had been alarming accounts" (September 9, 1830) "from the manufacturing districts of a disposition to rise on the part of the workmen which had kept Lord Hill (commanding the troops) in town."

At Bristol and other cities, the "unsettlement" culminated in riots:

London, November 11, 1831: . . . The country was beginning to slumber after the fatigues of Reform, when it was rattled up by the business of Bristol, which for brutal ferocity and wanton, unprovoked violence may vie with some of the worst scenes of the French Revolution, and may act as a damper to our national pride. The spirit which produced these atrocities was generated by Reform, but no pretext was afforded for their actual commission; it was a premature outbreaking of the thirst for plunder, and longing after havoc and destruction, which is the essence of Reform in the mind of the mob. The details are ample and to be met with everywhere; nothing could exceed the ferocity of the populace, the imbecility of the magistracy, or the good conduct of the troops. More punishment was inflicted by them than has been generally known, and some hundreds were killed or severely wounded by the sabre. One body of dragoons pursued a rabble of colliers into the country, and covered the fields and roads with the bodies of wounded wretches, making a severe example of them. In London there would probably have been a great uproar and riot, but fortunately Melbourne, who was frightened to death at the Bristol affair, gave Lord Hill and Fitzroy Somerset *carte blanche*, and they made such a provision of military force in addition to the civil power that the malcontents were paralysed. The Bristol business has done some good, inasmuch as it has opened people's eyes (at least so it is said), but if we are to go on as we do with

a mob-ridden government and a foolish King, who renders himself subservient to all the wickedness and folly of his Ministers, where is the advantage of having people's eyes open, when seeing they will not perceive, and hearing they will not understand?

CHAPTER XXX

SAILOR WILLIAM AT SEA

HERE, then, was the King, waiting to be crowned, and his Lords and Commons all at loggerheads over a detail like the Reform of the Constitution. In fact, the people were so rude as to celebrate their favourite politics:

April 29, 1831: . . . There was an illumination, got up by the foolish Lord Mayor, which of course produced an uproar and a general breaking of obnoxious windows. Lord Mansfield and the Duke of Buccleuch went to Melbourne in the morning and remonstrated, asking what protection he meant to afford to their properties. A gun (with powder only) was fired over the heads of the mob from Apsley House, and they did not go there again. The Government might have discouraged this manifestation of triumph, but they wished for it for the purpose of increasing the popular excitement.

May 7, 1831: . . . The King has put off his visit to the City because he is ill, as the Government would have it believed, but really because he is furious with the Lord Mayor at all the riots and uproar on the night of the illumination. That night the Queen went to the Ancient Concert, and on her return the mob surrounded the carriage; she had no guards, and the footmen were obliged to beat the people off with their canes to prevent their thrusting their heads into the coach. She was frightened and the King very much annoyed. He heard the noise and tumult, and paced backwards and forwards in his room waiting for her return. When she came back Lord Howe, her chamberlain, as usual preceded her, when the King said, "How is the Queen?" and went down to meet her. Howe, who is an eager anti-Reformer, said, "Very much frightened, sir," and made the worst of it. She was in fact terrified, and as she detests the whole of these proceedings, the more distressed and disgusted. The King was very angry and immediately declared he would not go to the City at all.

May 14, 1831: . . . Melbourne has written a letter to the Lord Mayor assuring him that ill health is the only obstacle to the King's visit to the City, and that there is no foundation for the report of his displeasure, the Lord Mayor's explanation having proved quite satisfactory. This is not true, I believe, but they make him say so.

The King had been "extremely opposed to the Dissolution" which gave the Reformers a majority, but what could he do, "a mere puppet in the hands into which he may happen to fall"? Besides, from the Reformers' standpoint the Dissolution had been a great success. How could the King fail "to become identified" (May 28, 1831) with Reform when "he sees himself popular and applauded to the skies," while "the country in expectation of the passing of the Bill is in a state of profound tranquillity?" The Whigs gave King William "an ample share of the praise of it."

Hence, while "the King was full of regrets at the extent of the measures into which he had been hurried" and while "a most indecent though effectual use of the King's name has been made" by the Whigs, his Majesty wrote to Earl Grey telling him "that he thought it of the greatest importance at the present moment to confer upon him a signal mark of his regard and of his satisfaction with the whole of his conduct":

May 28, 1831: Yesterday Lord Grey was invested with the blue ribband, though there is no vacancy; the only precedent is that of Lords Liverpool and Castlereagh (which was thought wrong), but it was on the occasion of the peace after Bonaparte's overthrow and when Castlereagh returned with such *éclat* from Paris that the whole House of Commons rose and cheered him as he entered it.

June 5, 1831: . . . The Royal Family came to the course [at Ascot] the first day with a great *cortège*—eight coaches and four, two phaëtons, pony sociables, and led horses—Munster riding on horseback behind the King's carriage. Augustus (the parson) and Frederick driving phaëtons. The Duke of Richmond was in the King's calèche and Lord Grey in one of the coaches. The reception was strikingly cold and indifferent, not half so good as that which the late King used to receive. William was bored to death with the races, and his own horse

broke down. On Wednesday he did not come; on Thursday they came again. Beautiful weather and unprecedented multitudes. The King was much more cheered than the first day, or the greater number of people made a greater noise. A few cheers were given to Lord Grey as he returned, which he just acknowledged and no more.

On the whole, then, Greville (May, 1831) did not "believe that he [the King] has any doubts or fears at present." On June 5, 1831, he writes as follows:

"We dined at the Castle; each day the King asked a crowd of people from the neighbourhood. We arrived at a little before seven; the Queen was only just come in from riding, so we had to wait till near eight. Above forty people at dinner, for which the room is not nearly large enough; the dinner was not bad, but the room insufferably hot. The Queen was taken out by the Duke of Richmond, and the King followed with the Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, the Queen's sister. He drinks wine with everybody, asking seven or eight at a time. After dinner he drops asleep. We sat for a short time. Directly after coffee the band began to play; a good band, not numerous, and principally of violins and stringed instruments. The Queen and the whole party sat there all the evening, so that it was, in fact, a concert of instrumental music. The King took Lady Tavistock to St. George's Hall and the ballroom, where we walked about, with two or three servants carrying lamps to show the proportions, for it was not lit up. The whole thing is exceedingly magnificent, and the manner of life does not appear to be very formal, and need not be disagreeable but for the bore of never dining without twenty strangers. The Castle holds very few people, and with the King's and Queen's immediate suite and *toute la bâtardise* it was quite full. The King's four sons were there, *signoreggianti tutti*, and the whole thing *donnait à penser* to those who looked back a little and had seen other days. We sat in that room in which Lyndhurst has often talked to me of the famous five hours' discussion with the late King, when the Catholic Bill hung upon his caprice. Palmerston told me he had never been in the Castle since the eventful day of Herries' appointment and non-appointment; and how many things have happened since. What a *changement de décoration*; no longer

George IV, capricious, luxurious, and misanthropic, liking nothing but the society of listeners and flatterers, with the Conyngham tribe and one or two Tory Ministers and foreign Ambassadors; but a plain, vulgar, hospitable gentleman, opening his doors to all the world, with a numerous family and suite, a Whig Ministry, no foreigners, and no toad-eaters at all. Nothing can be more different, and looking at him one sees how soon this act will be finished, and the same be changed for another probably not less dissimilar. Queen, bastards, Whigs, all will disappear, and God knows what replaces them."

There arose the question whether it would not be well to cancel the Coronation:

July 5, 1831: . . . Lord Grey sent for me yesterday morning to talk over the coronation, for in consequence of what the Duke of Wellington said in the House the night before he thinks there must be one. The object is to make it shorter and cheaper than the last, which occupied the whole day and cost 240,000l.

As a compromise, the ceremony was "confined to the Abbey" and was to "cost as little money and as little trouble as possible." As Clerk of the Council (July 10th) Greville had the duty of "settling everything," and, despite politics, the Duke and Earl Grey were "mighty polite." The Lord Chamberlain's estimates of cost were "£70,000 and upwards" but (August 12th) we read that "they were brought under £30,000."

July 14, 1831: . . . Yesterday a Council was held at St. James's for the coronation; the Princes, Ministers, Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London were present. The King read an address to the Lords desiring that his coronation might be short, and that all the ceremonies might be dispensed with except those in the church. Lord Grey had composed a paper in which he had made the King say that these ceremonies were at variance with the genius of the age we live in, and suited to another period of society; but the Archbishop objected to these expressions, and thought it better to give the injunction without the comments; so Lord Grey wrote another and shorter paper. . . . The Duke of Gloucester ["Silly Billy"] was very indignant at not having been summoned in a more respectful way than by a common circular, and complained to the Lord

President. I told him to throw it all on me. He had been grumbling to the Duke of Sussex before, who did not care.

July 15, 1831: A Committee of Council sat yesterday at the Office about the coronation; present, the Cabinet, Dukes of Gloucester and Sussex, Archbishop and Bishop of London; much discussion and nothing done. Brougham raised every sort of objection about the services and the dispensing with them, and would have it the King *could* not dispense with them; finally, the Attorney General and Solicitor General were sent for to the House of Lords, and desired to reconsider the Proclamation.

July 20, 1831: . . . The Committee of Council met again on Friday last, when the Proclamation was settled. A Court of Claims is to sit, but to be prohibited from receiving any claims except those relating to the ceremonies in the Abbey. The Lords went to St. James's and held the Council, at which the King made a little speech, to the effect that he would be crowned to satisfy the tender consciences of those who thought it necessary, but that he thought that it was his duty (as this country in common with every other, was labouring under distress) to make it as economical as possible.

Stoke, August 28, 1831: . . . The King did a droll thing the other day. The ceremonial of the coronation was taken down to him for approval. The homage is first done by the spiritual Peers, with the Archbishop at their head. The first of each class (the Archbishop for the spiritual) says the words, and then they all kiss his cheek in succession. He said he would not be kissed by the bishops, and ordered that part to be struck out. As I expected, the prelates would not stand it; the Archbishop remonstrated, the King knocked under, and so he must undergo the salute of the spiritual as well as of the temporal Lords.

August 31, 1831: . . . Another Coronation Committee yesterday, and, I am happy to say, the last, for this business is the greatest of all bores. There is a furious squabble between the Grand Chamberlain and the Earl Marshal (who is absent and has squabbled by deputy) about the box of the former in Westminster Abbey. At the last coronation King George IV gave Lord Gwydir *his* box in addition to his own, and now Lord Cholmondeley [who was grand chamberlain every alternate life] claims a similar box. This is resisted. The present King

disposes of his own box (and will probably fill it with every sort of *canaille*); the Lords won't interfere, and the Grand Chamberlain protests, and says he has been shamefully used, and there the matter stands. The Grand Chamberlain is in the wrong.

September 3, 1831: At Broom House the last three days. On Wednesday a Council was held. Very few of the Ministers stay for the Councils; small blame to them, as the Irish say, for we are kept about three times as long by this regular, punctual King as by the capricious, irregular Monarch who last ruled over us. This King is a queer fellow. Our Council was principally for a new Great Seal and to deface the old Seal. The Chancellor claims the old one as his perquisite. I had forgotten the hammer, so the King said, "My Lord, the best thing I can do is to give you the Seal, and tell you to take it and do what you please with it." The Chancellor said, "Sir, I believe there is some doubt whether Lord Lyndhurst ought not to have half of it, as he was Chancellor at the time of your Majesty's accession." "Well," said the King, "then I will judge between you like Solomon; here" (turning the Seal round and round), "now do you cry heads or tails?" We all laughed, and the Chancellor said, "Sir, I take the bottom part." The King opened the two compartments of the Seal and said, "Now, then, I employ you as ministers of taste. You will send for Bridge, my silversmith, and desire him to convert the two halves each into a salver, with my arms on one side and yours on the other, and Lord Lyndhurst's the same, and you will take one and give him the other, and both keep them as presents from me."

September 8, 1831: . . . While I am writing, the King and Queen with their *cortège* are passing down to Westminster Abbey to the coronation, a grand procession, a fine day, an immense crowd, and great acclamations. . . .

I must say the King is punctual; the cannon are firing to announce his arrival at the Abbey, and my clock is at the same moment striking eleven; at eleven it was announced that he would be there.

September 17, 1831: The coronation went off well, and whereas nobody was satisfied before it, everybody was after it. . . .

The talk of the town has been about the King and a toast he gave at a great dinner at St. James's the other day. He had

ninety guests—all his Ministers, all the great people, and all the foreign Ambassadors. After dinner he made a long, rambling speech in French, and ended by giving as "a sentiment," as he called it, "The land we live in." This was before the ladies left the room. After they were gone he made another speech in French, in the course of which he travelled over every variety of topic that suggested itself to his excursive mind, and ended (with a very coarse toast) thus: *Je vous ai déja donné un sentiment et à present je vais vous en donner un autre. Je vous donnerai, donc, les yeux qui tuent, . . .*" and the words "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*" Sefton, who told it to me, said he never felt so ashamed; Lord Grey was ready to sink into the earth; everybody laughed of course, and Sefton, who sat next to Talleyrand, said to him, "*Eh bien, que pensez-vous de cela?*" With his unmoved, immovable face he answered only, "*C'est bien remarquable.*"

It was thus a king, crowned and anointed, who had to handle the deadlock over Reform.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE THIRD ATTACK

THE question that faced King William IV was simple. Would he or not (May 7, 1831) agree to "make a large batch of peers to secure the [Reform] Bill in the House of Lords"?

February 24, 1831: . . . Nobody has the least idea how Reform will go, or of the nature of what they mean to propose, but the King said to Cecil Forrester yesterday, who went to resign his office of Groom of the Bedchamber, "Why do you resign?" He said he could not support Government or vote for Reform. "Well, but you don't know what it is, and you might have waited till it came on, for it probably will not be carried"; and this he repeated twice.

Wellington was convinced that with the King refusing peers, Reform could be defeated:

December 3, 1831: . . . The Duke admitted the force against them, but thought it would be possible to govern the country without Reform "if the King was not against them"—an important increment of his conditions; there is no doubt that "the King's name is a tower of strength, which they upon the adverse faction want."

At coronations, it is the custom to create peers. And naturally the Government tried to add votes in the Upper House to the support of the Reform Bill. The King was not too pleased about it. On September 3, 1831, "the current talk of the day" was that he was "unwilling to make all the peers that are required."

September 8, 1831: . . . His Majesty, I hear, was in great ill-humour at the levee yesterday; contrary to his usual custom he sent for nobody and gave no audiences, but at ten minutes after one flounced into the levee room; not one Minister was come but the Duke of Richmond. . . . He attacked the officer of the Guards for not having his cap on his head, and sent for the

officer on guard, who was not arrived, at which he expressed great ire. It is supposed that the peerages have put him out of temper. His Majesty did a very strange thing about them. Though their patents are not made out, and the new peers are no more peers than I am, he desired them to appear as such in Westminster Abbey and do homage. . . . Howe told me yesterday morning in Westminster Abbey that Lord Cleveland is to be a duke, though it is not yet acknowledged if it be so. There has been a battle about that; they say that he got his boroughs to be made a marquis and got rid of them to be made a duke.

The new peers—"a set of horrid trash most of them"—were not "enough to carry the Bill." And the Coronation had thus failed to settle the crisis.

Greville himself did not believe that the peers would hold out. They "will trot round as they did about the Catholic question," so he wrote, "when it comes to the point."

Hence arose the group of peers, called "the Waverers"—described by Greville (April 15, 1832) as "a patched-up, miscellaneous concern at best, of men who were half-reasoned, half-frightened over." One of their leaders was Lord Harrowby (March 28, 1832) who was "peevish, ungracious and unpopular." The other was Lord Wharncliffe who "carried no great weight and on the whole perhaps is rather ridiculous." And so, "neither of our cocks is good for fighting."

It is Lord Dover who "makes lists [of Waverers], manages proxies, and does all the little jobbing, whipping in, [and] busy work." And Greville himself pulled the wires.

The plan (October 11, 1831) was "to bring about a fair compromise and to have a Bill introduced next season (1832) which may be so framed as to secure the concurrence of both Houses."

The first step was to conciliate the Duke of Wellington. But there was not much success. The Duke told Lord Wharcliffe—

London, January 20, 1832: . . . that he did not care to be a great man (he meant by this expression a man of great wealth and station), and that he could contentedly sink into any station that circumstances might let him down to, but he never would consent to be a party directly or indirectly to such a measure as this.

The Duke was thus revealed as "a great man in little things but a little man in great matters—I mean, in civil affairs." Not that Wellington was entirely his own master. "The old Tories" had never forgiven him for his surrender on the Catholic question and he had now a chance of "reconciliation" with his party. Duke and Die-Hards were thus "firmly knit in opposition to the present Government."

And so, while Lord Wharncliffe, back from Yorkshire (November 14, 1831), "gives a bad account of the public mind" and "thinks there is a strong revolutionary spirit abroad," the Die-Hards study tactics at Westminster. "Every small victory [of the Opposition] in the House of Commons is probably equal to a great [prospective] defeat" of Reform in the Lords.

"The Waverers" thus had to contemplate "a regular and declared separation from the Duke *upon this question*." Even Wharncliffe (January 24, 1832) "was frightened to death at the idea of taking this step, lest it should give umbrage to the Tories, and he should find himself without any support at all." Their "banner" of moderation did not appeal to "the violence of the noisy fools of the party, and of the women."

The Tories were, indeed, "obstinate as mules," and it was "the obstinate of both parties who were winning." In February, 1832, Greville found Lord Harrowby "half dead with a headache and dreadfully irritable" because "these besotted predestined Tories *will* follow the Duke [while] the Duke *will* oppose all Reform because he said he would."

It was Greville who wrote to Wharncliffe, urging him "to speak to the King." After all (December 11, 1831) his Majesty "knows nothing of what is going on—he reads no newspapers and the Household tells him nothing." Wharncliffe took the hint and (January 13, 1832) was with the King for an hour, telling him—we must add, not very truly—that "there would be no necessity of creating peers if the Government would be conciliatory and moderate in the Committee of the House of Commons." The object of the Waverers was thus to weaken the Bill:

London, January, 20, 1832: . . . Wharncliffe came to town on Wednesday, and came straight to my office to give me an account of his interview with the King. . . . He . . . implored the King well to consider the consequences of such a *coup d'état*

as this creation of peers would be; to look at what had happened in France, and to bear in mind that if this was done for one purpose, and by one government, the necessity would infallibly arise of repeating it again by others or for other objects. He was with the King an hour dilating upon this theme. The King was extremely kind, heard him with great patience, and paid him many compliments.

In the Cabinet, there was a desperate battle. And, at first, the idea was to create a few peers as a warning:

Panshanger, January 6, 1832: . . . There has been another contest in the Cabinet about the peers, which has ended in a sort of compromise, and five are to be made directly, two new ones and three eldest sons called up.

Gorhambury, January 7, 1832: . . . Lord Grey wrote to Palmerston saying the King had received his proposition [about the peers] very well, but desired to have his reasons in writing, and to-day at twelve there was to be another Cabinet on the subject, in order probably that "the reasons" might go down by the post. It was realized, however, that half measures would be useless:

January 13, 1832: . . . This morning Melbourne [a Moderate] went up to another Cabinet, armed with another fact with which I supplied him. Lord Craven declared at his own table that if the Government made peers *he would not vote with them*, and if he was sent for he should reply that as they could create peers so easily they might do without him.

"Sixty peers" (October 10, 1831) and not one less would be needed to carry the Bill—"it would be to create another House of Lords." The only minister (February 7, 1832) blind to "the desperate nature of the step" was Durham.

Lord Holland's view was nonchalant:

March 9, 1832: . . . What did it signify (he said) whether peers were made now or later? that the present House of Lords never could go in with a Reformed Parliament, it being opposed to all the wants and wishes of the people, hating the abolition of tithes, the press, and the French Revolution, and that in order to make it harmonize with the Reformed Parliament it must be amended by an infusion of a more Liberal cast.

The Cabinet, as usually happens in a crisis, hardened. Take the Duke of Richmond. Though "his understanding lies in a nutshell and his information in a pinshead" (July 31, 1833) and he is given to "pert smartness" and "cheering offensively" in the Upper House, yet according to Lord Melbourne (September 28, 1832) he is "not unimportant" in the Cabinet because "he stood up to Durham . . . so that the ingredients of this Cabinet seem to be put there to neutralize one another, and to be good for nothing else."

Even Richmond, "the most violently opposed of the whole Cabinet to peer-making," came into line and confessed himself to be "ready to make any number if necessary."

As Melbourne told Greville (February 23, 1832) it was the King who had now to be "reconciled to the measure." They had "got the foolish old man in town" in order to "talk him over more readily."

Gradually, he "agreed to make as many [peers] as they [the Government] pleased." But he surrendered "*multa gemens*, . . . was very much alarmed and could not endure the thought of this measure."

April 8, 1832: . . . He objects to increasing the peerage, and wants to call up eldest sons and make Irish and Scotch peers, that he did not say positively he would make the peers, but that he would be in the way and come up when it was necessary. They think that he has some idea that his pledging himself beforehand (though in fact he did so two months ago) might be drawn into an improper precedent. However this may be, his reluctance is so strong that a great deal may be made of it.

Thus (February 17th), Lord Grey was able to show the Waverers "a letter from the King containing the most unlimited power for the purpose [of creating peers] and said that, armed with that authority, if the Bill could be passed in no other way, it must be so." The effect of this threat was immediate.

February 17, 1832: . . . A minute was drawn up to this effect, of which Wharncliffe showed me a copy last night.

"Lords Harrowby and Wharncliffe cannot give any names, or pledge themselves to any particular persons or numbers who will support their views, but they have no doubt in their own

minds that there will be, *in the event of no creation of peers*, a sufficient number to carry the second reading of the Bill."

It was thus for the second reading that the Waverers, using the King's pledge as a threat, began to organize a majority. They talked to the Bishops who in the House of Lords had never been popular:

London, October 8, 1820: I came to town with Payne on Friday, having won a little at Newmarket. He told me a good story by the way. A certain bishop in the House of Lords rose to speak, and announced that he should divide what he had to say into twelve parts, when the Duke of Wharton interrupted him, and begged he might be indulged for a few minutes, as he had a story to tell which he could only introduce at that moment. A drunken fellow was passing by St. Paul's at night, and heard the clock slowly chiming twelve. He counted the strokes, and when it had finished looked towards the clock and said, "Damn you! Why couldn't you give us all that at once?" There was an end of the bishop's story.

The Waverers thought that "altogether," they could "count upon nine bishops." The Archbishop, though he "appeared well disposed," was too cautious to "pledge himself"—being "on and off, can't make up his mind":

February 9, 1832: Yesterday I met Lord Grey and rode with him. . . . I said . . . that I expected the Archbishop and Bishop of London would go with him, and that they would carry the bench. He said the Bishop of London he had already talked to, that the Archbishop was such a poor, miserable creature that there was no dependence to be placed on him, that he would be frightened and vote any way his fear directed. Then he asked, how many had they *sure?* I said, "At this moment not above eight Lords and eight bishops." He said that was not enough. I said I knew that, but he must have patience, and should remember that when the Duke of Wellington brought the Catholic Bill into the House of Commons he had a majority on paper against him in the House of Lords of twenty-five, and he carried the Bill by a hundred.

February 23, 1832: . . . The Archbishop will not decide; there is no moving him. Curious that a Dr. Howley, the other day

Canon of Christ Church, a very ordinary man, should have in his hands the virtual decision of one of the most momentous matters that ever occupied public attention. There is no doubt that his decision would decide the business so far.

Those were days when Bishops believed in the golden rule:

December 22, 1830: Dudley showed me Phillpotts' [Bishop of Exeter] correspondence with Melbourne and minutes of conversation on the subject of the commendam of the living of Stanhope; trimming letters. The Bishop made proposals to the Government which they rejected, and at last, after writing one of the ablest letters I ever read, in which he exposed their former conduct and present motives, he said that as the Ministers had thought fit to exert the power they had over him, he should show them that he had some over them, and appeal to public opinion to decide between them. On this they gave way, and agreed to an arrangement which, if not satisfactory to him, will leave him as to income not much worse off than he was before.

In subsequent fulmination, the prelate made good:

April 14, 1832: . . . The night before Phillpotts, the Bishop of Exeter, made a grand speech against the Bill, full of fire and venom, very able. It would be an injury to compare this man with Laud; he more resembles Gardiner; had he lived in those days he would have been just such another, boiling with ambition, an ardent temperament, and great talents. He has a desperate and a dreadful countenance, and looks like the man he is.

October 14, 1831: . . . It was most indecent and disgusting to hear Brougham from the Woolsack, in a strain of the bitterest irony and sarcasm, but so broad as to be without the semblance of disguise, attack the bench of bishops. I am of opinion that it would have been far better never to have let them back into the House of Lords, but now that they are there I would not thrust them out, especially at this moment.

January 15, 1835: . . . Some reformer was clamouring for the expulsion of the Bishops from the House but [Alvanley] said he would not have them all go; he would leave two: "To keep up the breed, I suppose," said the other.

The second reading was thus carried by nine:

Newmarket, April 22, 1832: . . . By-the-bye, it is perfectly true that (if I have not mentioned it before) the royal carriages were all ready the morning of the decision of the second reading to take the King to the House of Lords to prorogue Parliament, and on Tuesday the Peers would have appeared in the *Gazette*.

But the King's pledge only affected the second reading. And even the Waverers looked to "alterations in Committee." Yet what alterations? "Lord Grey considers the great principles of the Bill of such vital importance that he could not agree to any alteration in them."

Hoping still for concessions, Wharncliffe and Harrowby (March 10th) met Grey and Lansdowne. But "Harrowby was headachy and out of sorts."

March 10, 1832: . . . The capture of Vandamme was the consequence of a bellyache, and the metropolitan representation depended on a headache. If the truth could be ascertained, perhaps many of the greatest events in history turned upon aches of one sort or another. Montaigne might have written an essay on it.

For among the Reformers, there was no inclination to surrender. As "zealous Protestants bellow for the whole Bible," so did they insist on "the whole Bill." And after hearing Greville's account of a futile interview with the Prime Minister, Harrowby—

February 9, 1832: . . . said their insolence had been hitherto so great in refusing to listen to any terms (at the meeting of the six), and in refusing every concession in the House of Commons and not tolerating the slightest alterations that he despaired of doing anything with them.

The Duke of Wellington was not less difficult to deal with. Lord Howe, as Queen Adelaide's Chamberlain, had received Harrowby's circular which—as an opponent of the Reform—he had revealed to the Duke, than which "nothing could be more uncandid and unjustifiable." The Duke was "evidently piqued and provoked to the quick" by symptoms of mutiny in his regiment.

Wellington had written to Wharncliffe, therefore, in great "ill-humour" admitting that "some reform was necessary" (which he had always denied) but declaring, "he would neither propose anything himself, nor take this measure, nor try and amend it."

February 7, 1832: . . . [The Duke] was aware of the consequences of the course he should adopt himself, and wished the House of Lords to adopt, viz. the same as last year, but that be those consequences what they might, the responsibility would not lie on his shoulders, but on those of the Government; he acknowledged that a creation of peers would swamp the House of Lords, and, by so doing, destroy the Constitution, but the Government would be responsible, not he, for the ruin that would ensue.

The crux of the Bill was Schedule A which abolished fifty-six rotten boroughs. The Commons refused to hear "counsel for the condemned boroughs." And members deeply pledged to Reform were expected to vote straight.

Alderman Thompson, representing the City of London, had shown a tenderness for Appleby in Westmorland. The result was, according to Greville, "one of the most disgraceful scenes [produced by the Reform Bill] ever witnessed":

July 20, 1831: . . . There was a meeting of his ward, or of certain of his constituents, to consider his conduct. He was obliged to appear before them, and, after receiving a severe lecture, to confess that he had been guilty of inadvertence, to make many submissive apologies, and promise to vote no more but in obedience to the Minister.

At "the terrors of this plebeian inquisition," Greville was filled with "wrath and contempt." And there was too Lord Milton who—

July 13, 1831: . . . made a speech just such as any opponent of the Bill might make in the House of Commons, going over the old ground of Fox, Pitt, Burke, and others having sat for rotten boroughs. They were annoyed to the last degree, and the more provoked when reflecting that it was for him Althorp had been led to spend an immense sum of money, and compromise his character besides in the Northamptonshire election.

Over the rotten boroughs even a Waverer like Lord Harrowby turned "snappish and unpleasant," "instantly flew into a rage" and (April 4, 1832) said "he would not be dragged through the mire by those scoundrels. It was an insolence that was not to be borne; let them make their peers if they would, not hell itself should make him vote for *fifty-six;* he would vote for sixty-six or any number but that, that he would not split with the Tories on the first vote."

Indeed, Lord Melbourne himself, a Minister in the Cabinet, said to Greville:

April 1, 1832: . . . "*I do not see how the Government is to be carried on without them.* Some means may be found; a remedy may possibly present itself, and it may work in practice better than we now know of, but I am not aware of any, and I do not see how any government can be carried on when these are swept away." This was, if not his exact words, the exact sense, and a pretty avowal for a man to make at the eleventh hour who has been a party concerned in this Bill during the other ten. I told him I agreed in every respect, but that it was too late to discuss this now, and that the rotten boroughs were past saving.

Even after Reform, this is how it worked:

December 4, 1835: . . . Lord Segrave has got the Gloucestershire Lieutenancy, and this appointment, disgraceful in itself, exhibits all the most objectionable features of the old borough-mongering system, which was supposed to be swept away. (He turned out a good Lord Lieutenant.) He was in London as soon as the breath was out of the Duke of Beaufort's body, went to Melbourne, and claimed this appointment on the score of having three members, which was more than any other man in England now returned. "My brothers," he said, "the electors do not know by sight; it is my influence which returns them." The appeal was irresistible, and "We are three" was as imperative with Melbourne as "We are seven" was with the Duke of Newcastle. The scarcity of the commodity enhances its value, and now that nominations are swept away, the few who are still fortunate enough to possess some remnants are great men; and Segrave's three brothers, thrown (as they would without scruple have been) into the opposite scale,

(against Melbourne's government) would have nearly turned it. The man [Lord Segrave] is an arrant blackguard, has figured disreputably in more than one Court of Justice, purchased another man's wife [Mrs. Bunn] with whom he openly lives at B. . . . Castle, for years acted on the Cheltenham stage, and I believe on other stages, and is notorious for general worthlessness. His brother who is by law Earl of Berkeley has been brought up in brutal ignorance and seclusion, in order that he may be deterred from assuming the title, to which his family have persuaded him he has no *moral* right, and they further induced him to surrender the property he inherited with 18,000 a year to Segrave. In return they made him a gamekeeper and Segrave gives him a small allowance, not however sufficient for any purpose of luxury or enjoyment. There is a very respectable Whig (Lord Ducie) in the county, whom everybody pointed out as the fittest successor to the late Duke; but he has not three members, and if he had, he would not shake them *in terrorem* over Melbourne's head.

Over the rotten boroughs, Greville's pet Waverers abandoned Reform and killed the Bill again in Committee by an adverse majority of 35 votes. The measure had been spared the sword, only to be stabbed with a dagger.

CHAPTER XXXII

BRITAIN'S BASTILLE

In May, 1832, Great Britain had been brought to the brink of civil war. The country was organizing. The peers were irreconcilable.

The King himself had not liked the pledge to make peers to carry the second reading of the Reform Bill:

April 8, 1832: . . . He will resist still more making peers when the Bill is in committee to carry the details, some of which he himself wishes to see altered.

April 6, 1832: . . . I heard yesterday, however, from Keate, who is attending me (and who is the King's surgeon, and sees him when he is in town), that he saw his Majesty after the levee on Wednesday, and that he was ill, out of sorts, and in considerable agitation; that he enquired of him about his health, when the King said he had much to annoy him, and that "many things passed there (pointing to the Cabinet, out of which he had just come) which were by no means agreeable, and that he had had more than usual to occupy him that morning." Keate said he was very sure from his manner that something unpleasant had occurred. This was, I have since discovered, the question of a creation of peers again brought forward, and to which the King's aversion has returned, so much so that it is doubtful if he will after all consent to a large one.

His Majesty decided, therefore, to try a change of Government:

London, May 12, 1832: . . . The day after the debate Grey and Brougham went down to Windsor and proposed to the King to make fifty peers. They took with them a minute of Cabinet signed by all the members except the Duke of Richmond. Palmerston proposed it in Cabinet, and Melbourne made no objection. His Majesty took till the next day to

consider, when he accepted their resignations, which was the alternative they gave him. . . . The King took leave of his Ministers with a great effusion of tenderness, particularly to Richmond, whom he entreated to remain in office; but I take it that he easily consoles himself, and does not care much more for one Minister than another.

Greville puts it that "Lord Grey threw up the [Reform] Bill and the Government in a passion."

May 14, 1832: . . . It is supposed that this *coup* has been preparing for some time. All the Royal Family, bastards and all, have been incessantly *at* the King, and he has probably had more difficulty in the long run in resisting the constant importunity of his *entourage*, and of his womankind particularly, than the dictates of his Ministers; and between this gradual but powerful impression, and his real opinion and fears, he was not sorry to seize the first good opportunity of shaking off the Whigs. When Lord Anglesey went to take leave of him at Windsor he was struck with the change in his sentiments, and told Lady Anglesey so, who repeated it to my brother.

"The joy of the King at what he thought was to be his deliverance from the Whigs" had been "unbounded."

London, May 17, 1832: . . . His ignorance, weakness, and levity put him in a miserable light, and prove him to be one of the silliest old gentlemen in his dominions; but I believe he is mad, for yesterday he gave a great dinner to the Jockey Club, at which (notwithstanding his cares) he seemed in excellent spirits; and after dinner he made a number of speeches, so ridiculous and nonsensical, beyond all belief but to those who heard them, rambling from one subject to another, repeating the same thing over and over again, and altogether such a mass of confusion, trash and imbecility as made one laugh and blush at the same time. . . . While the Duke and Lyndhurst were with him, at one of the most critical moments (I forget now at which) he said, "I have been thinking that something is wanting with regard to Hanover. Duke, you are now my Minister, and I beg you will think of this; I should like to have a slice of Belgium, which would be a convenient addition to Hanover. Pray remember this," and then resumed the subject they were upon.

Apparently, there was a misunderstanding:

Belvoir, January 8, 1834: . . . The King had given his word that he had never promised to make a single peer. Doubts arose whether he had not told a lie; they pressed him on this point [Wellington and Lyndhurst]; he persisted in his denial, upon which they requested Taylor might be sent for, and all the correspondence produced, when they found he was pledged up to the throat, and without reserve. The King then attempted to get out of it by saying he had consented to call up the sons of Scotch peers and give to Irish peers English peerages, which he did not consider a creation of peers!

The King believed in the Duke of Wellington and at dinner (June, 1831) "was to give him a very fine sword." Doubtless, even the Duke could go too far. During the struggle over Reform he "had written a letter which had been laid before the King and had given him great offense, being a letter that was unbecoming in any subject to write." But in troublous times, it was well to have the army at your back.

London, May 12, 1832: . . . There is so much of wonder, and curiosity, and expectation abroad that there is less of abuse and exasperation than might have been expected, but it will all burst forth. The town is fearfully quiet. What is odd enough is that the King was hissed as he left London the other day, and the Duke cheered as he came out of the Palace. There have been some meetings, with resolutions to support the Bill, to express approbation of the Ministers, and to protest against the payment of taxes, and there will probably be a good deal of bustle and bluster here and elsewhere; but I do not believe in real tumults, particularly when the rabble and the unions know that there is a government which will not stand such things, and that they will not be able to bandy compliments with the Duke as they did with Althorp and John Russell, not but what much dissatisfaction and much disquietude must prevail. The funds have not fallen, which is a sign that there is no alarm in the City. . . . Talleyrand is of course in a state of great consternation, which will be communicated like an electrical shock to the powers specially favoured and protected by the late Government—Leopold and Dom Pedro, for instance.

Monday, May 14, 1832: Nothing more was known yesterday, but everybody was congregated at the clubs, asking, discussing, and wondering. There was a great meeting at Apsley House, when it was supposed everything was settled. The Household went yesterday to St. James's to resign their sticks and badges; amongst the rest Lord Foley. The King was very civil to him; made him sit down and said, "Lord Foley, you are a young man." "Sir, I am afraid I cannot flatter myself that I have any right to that appellation." "Oh, yes; you are a young man —at all events in comparison with me—and you will probably come into office again; but I am an old man, and I am afraid I shall not have the pleasure of seeing you there."

The King sent for Lord Lyndhurst. And he then "went to the Duke, who (as is known) agreed to form a government, never doubting that he was to be himself Prime Minister." Indeed, Greville himself was at first under the impression that the Duke had "kissed hands."

London, May 12, 1832: . . . The first act of the Duke was to advise the King to reject the address of the Birmingham Union, which he did, and said he knew of no such body. All very proper.

"The Duke's worshippers (a numerous class) call this the finest action of his life."

But there was one Tory who kept his head. He was Sir Robert Peel. The Duke invited Peel to join him, even as Prime Minister, but, in refusal, Peel was "inexorable," at which aloofness "the Tories are very indignant."

Peel did not merely stand aside. With a profound "craft," he put forward Manners Sutton, of all men, the Speaker of the House of Commons, as the indispensable Prime Minister:

Euston, October 26, 1832: . . . Peel, full of ambition, but of caution, animated by deep dislike and jealousy of the Duke (which policy induced him to conceal, but which temper betrayed), thought to make Manners Sutton play the part of Addington, while he was to be another Pitt; he fancied that he could gain in political character, by an opposite line of conduct, all that the Duke would lose; and he resolved that a government should be formed the existence of which should depend

upon himself. Manners Sutton was to be his creature; he would have dictated every measure of Government; he would have been their protector in the House of Commons; and, as soon as the fitting moment arrived, he would have dissolved this miserable Ministry and placed himself at the head of affairs.

In fact, "Peel endeavoured to seize the power, but to shield himself from responsibility and danger," and "rejoiced at the scrape into which he saw the Duke was getting himself."

Manners Sutton became loquacious:

London, May 17, 1832: . . . At an interview with the Duke and Lyndhurst at Apsley House he declared his sentiments on the existing state of affairs in a speech of three hours, to the unutterable disgust of Lyndhurst, who returned home, flung himself into a chair, and said that "he could not endure to have anything to do with such a *damned tiresome old bitch.*"

Euston, October 26, 1832: . . . He talked such incredible nonsense (as I have before related) that when he was gone they all lifted up their hands and with one voice pronounced the impossibility of forming any Government under such a head. Baring was then asked why he had made Sutton's coming into office the condition of his own acceptance, and why he had wished him to be Prime Minister. He said that he had never desired any such thing himself, and had hardly any acquaintance with Sutton, except that as Speaker he was civil to him, and he dined with him once a year, but that when he had gone to consult Peel, Peel had advised him to insist upon having Sutton, and to put him at the head of the Government. . . . On Saturday the great dinner at the Conservative Club took place, at which a number of Tories, principally Peers, with the Duke and Peel, were present. A great many speeches were made, all full of enthusiasm for the Duke, and expressing a determination to support *his* government. Peel was in very ill humour and said little; the Duke spoke much in honour of Peel, applauding his conduct and saying that the difference of their positions justified each in his different line. The next day some of the Duke's friends met, and agreed that the unanimous desire for the Duke's being at the head of the Government which had been expressed at that dinner, together with the unfitness of Sutton, proved the absolute necessity of the Duke's

being Premier, and it was resolved that a communication to this effect should be made to Peel. Aberdeen charged himself with it and went to Peel's house, where Sutton was at the time. Peel came to Aberdeen in a very bad humour, said he saw from what had passed at the dinner that nobody was thought of but the Duke, and he should wash his hands of the whole business; that he had already declined having anything to do with the Government, and to that determination he should adhere.

At this momentous crisis, Lord Harrowby was asked to be Prime Minister and, writes Greville, "a purer and more disinterested statesman never existed." But his fault was "indecision" and he "refused the post." There only remained the Duke, and one idea was that he should accept office and then himself pass a Reform Bill!

At the very turn of the crisis, however, there occurred what will ever be regarded as the most astounding lapse of memory in the annals of mankind:

Belvoir, January 8, 1834: . . . When the Duke accepted the commission to form a government, it was resolved to prorogue Parliament, and Lyndhurst was desired by the King to go to Lord Grey and tell him such was his pleasure. Lyndhurst forgot it! In after times, those who write the history of these days will probably discuss the conduct of the great actors, and it will not fail to be matter of surprise that such an obvious expedient was not resorted to, in order to suspend violent discussions. Among the various reasons that will be imagined and suggested, I doubt if it will occur to anybody that the real reason was that it was *forgotten.*

The "forget" was fatal to the Duke and the Die-Hards. With Parliament prorogued, the Commons would be silenced. But let the Commons meet and who could answer for that House? At first, members had not been "so violent as might have been expected." But as the position began to be disclosed and as the Duke's plan of governing by the sword alone was realized, the floodgates were unbarred:

London, May 17, 1832: . . . On that evening [Monday] ensued the memorable night in the House of Commons, which

everybody agrees was such a scene of violence and excitement as never had been exhibited within those walls. Tavistock told me he had never heard anything at all like it, and to his dying day should not forget it. The House was crammed to suffocation; every violent sentiment and vituperative expression was received with shouts of approbation, yet the violent speakers were listened to with the greatest attention. Tom Duncombe made one of his blustering Radical harangues, full of every sort of impertinence, which was received with immense applause, but which contrasted with an admirable speech, full of dignity, but also of sarcasm and severity, from John Russell—the best he ever made. The conduct of the Duke of Wellington in taking office *to carry the Bill*, which was not denied, but which his friends feebly attempted to justify, was assailed with the most merciless severity, and (what made the greatest impression) was condemned (though in more measured terms) by moderate men and Tories, such as Inglis and Davies Gilbert. Baring, who spoke four times, at last proposed that there should be a compromise, and that the ex-Ministers should resume their seats and carry the Bill. This extraordinary proposition was drawn from him by the state of the House, and the impossibility he at once saw of forming a new government, and without any previous concert with the Duke, who, however, entirely approved of what he said. After the debate Baring and Sutton went to Apsley House, and related to the Duke what had taken place, the former saying he would face a thousand devils rather than such a House of Commons. From that moment the whole thing was at an end, and the next morning (Tuesday) the Duke repaired to the King, and told him that he could not form an administration. This communication, for which the debate of the previous night had prepared everybody, was speedily known, and the joy and triumph of the Whigs were complete.

Even Wellington had quailed before that storm. With Lyndhurst, he advised the King to summon Lord Grey back to office and promised that opposition to the Bill in the House of Lords would cease:

May 19, 1832: . . . What was to be done—Peers or no Peers? A Cabinet sat nearly all day, and Lord Grey went once or

twice to the King. He, poor man, was at his wits' end, and tried an experiment (not a very constitutional one) of his own by writing to a number of peers, entreating them to withdraw their opposition to the Bill. These letters were written (I think) before the debate. On Thursday nothing was settled, and at another meeting of the Cabinet a minute was drawn up agreeing to offer again the same advice to the King. Before this was acted upon Richmond, who had been absent, arrived, and he prevailed upon his colleagues to cancel it. In the meantime, the Duke of Wellington, Lyndhurst, and other peers had given the desired assurances to the King, which he communicated to Lord Grey. These were accepted as sufficient securities, and declarations made accordingly in both Houses of Parliament. If the Ministers had again gone to the King with this advice, it is impossible to say how it would have ended, for he had already been obstinate, and might have continued so on this point, and he told Lord Verulam that he thought it would be contrary to his coronation oath to make peers. Our princes have strange notions of the obligations imposed by their coronation oath.

May 31, 1832: . . . A calm has succeeded the storm. Last night Schedules A and B were galloped through the Committee, and they finished the business. On Thursday next the Bill will probably be read a third time (the day of the Derby). In the House of Lords some dozen Tories and Waverers have continued to keep up a little skirmish, and a good deal of violent language has been bandied about, in which the Whigs, being the winners, have shown the best temper. In society the excitement has ceased, but the bitterness remains. The Tories are, however, so utterly defeated, and the victory of their opponents is so complete, that the latter can afford to be moderate and decorous in their tone and manner; and the former are exceedingly sulky, cockering up each other with much self-gratulation and praise, but aware that in the opinion of the mass of mankind they are covered with odium, ridicule, and disgrace. Peel and the Duke are ostensibly great friends, and the ridiculous farce is still kept up of each admiring what he would not do himself, but what the other did.

June 18, 1832: . . . It is one of the great evils of the recent convulsion that the King's imbecility has been exposed to the

world, and in his person the regal authority has fallen into contempt; his own personal unpopularity is not of much consequence as long as it does not degrade his office; that of George IV never did, so little so that he could always as King cancel the bad impressions which he made in his individual capacity, and he frequently did so.

June 25, 1832: . . . The event of the races was the King's having his head knocked with a stone. It made very little sensation on the spot, for he was not hurt, and the fellow was a miserable-looking ragamuffin. It, however, produced a great burst of loyalty in both Houses, and their Majesties were loudly cheered at Ascot. The Duke of Wellington, who had been the day before mobbed in London, also reaped a little harvest of returning popularity from the assault, and so far the outrages have done rather good than harm.

June 15, 1833: . . . His Majesty was very indignant with the Duke, and said it was the second time he had got him into a scrape, had made a fool of him last year, and now wanted to do the same thing again. Some pretend that all this indignation is simulated; the man is, I believe, more foolish than false.

While the Duke's shoulders were broad enough to bear the brunt of political disaster, Lyndhurst suffered a severe blow. The office of Lord Chief Justice, promised to him by Grey, fell vacant and the promise no longer held good:

November 7, 1832: . . . Lyndhurst will be overwhelmed with anguish and disappointment at finding himself forever excluded from the great object of his ambition, and in which his professional claims are so immeasurably superior to those of his successful competitor; nor has he lost it by any sacrifice of interest to honour, but merely from the unfortunate issue of his political speculations. When he was made Chief Baron a regular compact was made, a secret article, that he should succeed on Tenterden's death to the Chief Justiceship; which bargain was of course cancelled by his declaration of war on the Reform question and his consequent breach with Lord Grey; though by far the fittest man, he was now out of the question.

Lady Lyndhurst's blandishments had been, once more, in vain. Lyndhurst, however, greeting Lord Chief Justice Denman,

just appointed, was able to "shake hands with much politeness and grimace."

The King survived. On New Year's Day, there was "a dinner and dancing" at the Pavilion in Brighton, "and the King danced a country dance with Lord Amelius Beauclerc, an old admiral."

London, January 11, 1833: . . . The stories of the King are uncommonly ridiculous. He told Madame de Ludolf, who had been Ambassadress at Constantinople, that he desired she would recommend Lady Ponsonby to all her friends there, and she might tell them she was the daughter of one of his late brother's sultanas (Lady Jersey). His Majesty insisted on Lord Stafford's taking the title of Sutherland, and ordered Gower to send him an express to say so. One day at dinner he asked the Duke of Devonshire "*where he meant to be buried*"!

At Brighton, confesses Greville, "they are a bad set, with a good deal of the coulisses in their dispositions and all squabbling with, and hating each other, a strange court, with an odd mixture of vulgarity, folly, *tracasserie* and magnificence."

Next year, 1833, at Ascot:

London, June 11, 1833: . . . The weather was charming, the course crowded, the King received decently. His household is now so ill managed that his grooms were drunk every day, and one man (who was sober) was killed going home from the races. Goodwin told me nobody exercised any authority, and the consequence was that the household all ran riot.

CHAPTER XXXIII

CINDERELLA AT KENSINGTON

In the Memoirs of Charles Greville, whether published in the original edition or suppressed, there is no mention of the birth of that small mite of a princess who, for sixty-five years, was to reign with glory over Greater Britain. It was on May 24, 1819, that the event took place and the first home of the future monarch was Kensington Palace. Here you may still see her Dolls' House and the room where she slept with her mother, in which room, moreover, Queen Mary herself was born. Of Kensington Palace, Victoria always remembered with affection the door knockers, and Kensington Gardens were her playground.

Her father was the Duke of Kent. And when, as sometimes happened in the best regulated reign, the young Queen showed a girlish obstinacy, Greville was not surprised. "Everybody," said he to Lord Melbourne, on February 19, 1840, "knows her father was the greatest rascal that ever went unhung, and they will say that it is the bad blood coming out in her." To this, Melbourne replied that "she had none of her father's faults." And Greville retorted, "Certainly not, but the evil disposition which showed itself in him in one way might show itself in her in another."

When the future King Edward VII was born, the Prince Consort himself, as an anxious father, was disturbed over heredity:

June 14, 1843: . . . The Duke of Bedford told me the other day that Prince Albert talked to his brother, Lord Wriothesley (with whom as one of their chaplains he is, it seems, in the habit of conversing), about the future education of the Prince of Wales [afterward King Edward VII], and he said that "the greatest object must be to make him as unlike as possible to any of his great-uncles." This was an imprudent and un-

gracious speech, and not at all justifiable. There is not perhaps one of them whom it is desirable he should closely resemble, but there are some who possessed qualities in which it will be well that he should be like them. His own grandfather was by far the worst of the family, and it will be fortunate if no portion of that blood is eventually found flowing in his veins, and tainting his disposition.

Even in her cradle, the future Queen was involved in the toils of etiquette. For on December 24th, when she was seven months old, Greville—telling us also that "the frost is intense" and that "the town is empty"—discloses an argument between her father, the Duke of Kent, and the Prince Regent, afterward King George IV. The numerous baptismal appellations of the young lady were to include Georgiana, after the Sovereign, and Alexandrina, after the Czar of Russia. Her father "insisted upon Alexandrina being her first name." But the Prince Regent, being himself a George, objected to this precedence and "sent for Lieven [the Russian Ambassador] and made him a great many compliments (*en le persiflant*) on the Emperor's being godfather, but informed him that the name of Georgiana could be second to no other in this country, and therefore she could not bear it at all." Enough that the infant was to be known to history neither as Georgiana Alexandrina nor as Alexandrina Georgiana but as Victoria, Queen, and Empress of India.

On January 23, 1820, the Duke of Kent died. "May the Almighty protect my wife and child," said he, "and forgive all the sins I have committed."[1] To his wife, his words were, "Do not forget me." Providence did protect his child. And among her first cares as Queen, seventeen years later, was "the payment of her father's debts which she is resolved to discharge."

It is here that the House of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha enters the narrative. There was the Duke himself whose son, Albert, became the Prince Consort. There was his brother, Leopold, who had been elected the first King of the Belgians. And there was a certain Princess Victoria, sister to these brothers, who had been married to a mere Prince of Leiningen, a "mediatized" royalty, only reckoned as belonging to "the third

[1] *Letters of Queen Victoria, 1837–1861*, Vol. I, p. 9.

class" in the *Almanac de Gotha.* The Princess of Leiningen had been widowed and her rank as such was comparatively obscure. But, for dynastic reasons, she was married to the Duke of Kent, by which fortune she became the mother of the heiress to the British Throne.

Victoria herself wrote of "my sad childhood." And on the day of her accession, she confided to her journal that she was "not in all things inexperienced." To begin with, there was an attempt by King George IV himself to assume the responsibility for her upbringing. In discussing the Duchess of Kent, the Duke of Wellington tells the story:

September 8, 1831: . . . What he then told me throws some light upon her ill humour and displays her wrong-headedness. In the first place the late King disliked her; the Duke of Cumberland too was her enemy, and George IV, who was as great a despot as ever lived, was always talking of taking her child from her, which he inevitably would have done but for the Duke, who, wishing to prevent quarrels, did all in his power to deter the King, not by opposing him when he talked of it, which he often did, but by putting the thing off as well as he could. However, when the Duchess of Cumberland came over, and there was a question how the Royal Family would receive her, he thought he might reconcile the Cumberlands to the Duchess of Kent by engaging her to be civil to the Duchess of Cumberland, so he desired Leopold to advise his sister (who was in the country) from him very strongly to write to the Duchess of Cumberland and express her regret at being absent on her arrival, and so prevented from calling on her. The Duchess sent Leopold back to the Duke to ask why he gave her this advice? The Duke replied that he should not say why, that he knew more of what was going on than she possibly could, that he gave her this advice for her own benefit, and again repeated that she had better act on it. The Duchess said she was ready to give him credit for the goodness of his counsel, though he would not say what his reasons were, and she did as he suggested. This succeeded, and the Duke of Cumberland ceased to blow the coals.

Next, there was Sir John Conroy who was described by Greville (July 4, 1833) as "a ridiculous fellow a compound of

'Great Hussy' and the Chamberlain of the Princess of Navarre," who claimed to be "Her Royal Highness's *confidential adviser.*" Officially, Conroy was private secretary to the Duchess.

It was from the Duke of Wellington that Greville learned the truth about the relations between the Duchess of Kent and her favourite: "I said I concluded he [Conroy] was her lover. And he [the Duke] said he supposed so."

To the Princess Victoria, the behaviour of her mother, be it conduct or misconduct, was a humiliation. "Whether she secretly suspects the nature of her mother's connection with him," wrote Greville on July 28, 1837, "or is only animated by that sort of instinctive aversion, which is frequently engendered without any apparent cause, is difficult to discover." Anyway, of Conroy and the Duchess we read: "There is good reason to believe that she [Victoria] thinks that she has been ill-used by both of them for some time past." In a passage, dated March 25, 1838, and hitherto unpublished, Greville writes:

"It is impossible to account for the conduct of the Duchess of Kent and Conroy toward the princess. Whatever may have been the real amount of coercion or unkindness practised, it was enough to breed in her mind detestation of him, and no doubt a considerable degree of alienation from her mother; nor do they appear to have been the least aware of the strength either of her feelings or her character."

One story was that it had been the Baroness Lehzen who, as the Queen's friend and companion, had "instilled into Victoria a dislike and bad opinion" of Conroy.

August 15, 1839: The cause of the Queen's alienation from the Duchess and hatred of Conroy the Duke said was unquestionably owing to her having witnessed some familiarities between them. What she had seen, she repeated to the Baroness Spaeth, and Spaeth not only did not hold her tongue, but (he thinks) remonstrated with the Duchess herself on the subject. The consequence was that they got rid of Spaeth, and they would have got rid of Lehzen too if they had been able, but Lehzen, who knew very well what was going on, was prudent enough not to commit herself, and she was besides powerfully protected by George IV and William IV, so that they did not dare to attempt to expel her.

August 30, 1837: . . . It is not easy to ascertain the exact cause of her [Victoria's] antipathy to him [Conroy], but it has probably grown with her growth, and results from divers causes. The person in the world she loves best is the Baroness Lehzen, and Lehzen and Conroy were enemies. There was formerly a Baroness Spaeth at Kensington, lady-in-waiting to the Duchess, and Lehzen and Spaeth were intimate friends. Conroy quarrelled with the latter and got her dismissed, and this Lehzen never forgave.

The Duchess of Kent quarrelled with the rest of the Royal Family, and when Greville asked Wellington why she "set herself in such opposition to the Court," the Duke answered that "Sir John Conroy was her adviser, that he was sure of it."

Sir John Conroy assumed the airs of a Prime Minister:

September 8, 1831: . . . When the Regency Bill was framed, the Duke desired the King's leave to wait upon the Duchess of Kent and show it to her, to which his Majesty assented, and accordingly he wrote to her to say he would call upon her the next day with the draft of the Bill. She was at Claremont, and sent word that she was out of town, but desired he would send it to her in the country. He said she ought to have sent Sir John Conroy to him, or have desired him to go to her at Claremont, which he would have done, but he wrote her word that he could not explain by letter so fully what he had to say as he could have done in a personal interview, but he would do so as well as he could. In the meantime Lord Lyndhurst brought on the measure in the House of Lords, and she sent Conroy up to hear him. He returned to Claremont just after the Duchess had received the Duke's letter. Since that he has dined with her.

Even Leopold, brother of the Duchess, had to submit to Conroy's etiquette:

September 8, 1831: . . . Some time after, when the Duchess [of Kent] saw the Duke [of Wellington], she thanked him for the message he had sent her, but begged him, "whenever he had anything to say to her again to communicate with herself or her servant Sir John Conroy, and not with her brother [Leopold], who had nothing to do with her concerns, nor she

with his." His appropriating some thousands a year to her daughter's education and her own convenience she reckoned "no concern in her affairs."

At King George's Court, little Victoria had a friend:

August 28, 1845: . . . I met him [Melbourne] at dinner yesterday, and he said that the Queen had a regard for Lady Conyngham, and felt grateful to her for her conduct to her mother and herself in George IV's time. It was through her influence that they were invited to his Court, and that any civilities were shown them.

At the age of fourteen, the young heiress to the throne appeared in public:

May 29, 1829: . . . Yesterday the King gave a dinner to the Dukes of Orleans and Chartres, and in the evening there was a child's ball. It was pretty enough, and I saw for the first time the Queen of Portugal (Donna Maria II, daughter of Don Pedro and fourteen years old) and our little Victoria. The Queen was finely dressed, with a ribband and order over her shoulder, and she sat by the King. She is good-looking and has a sensible Austrian countenance. In dancing she fell down and hurt her face, was frightened and bruised, and went away. The King was very kind to her. Our little Princess is a short, plain-looking child, and not near so good-looking as the Portuguese. However, if nature has not done so much, fortune is likely to do a great deal more for her. The King looked very well, and stayed at the ball till two. There were very few people, and neither Arbuthnot nor Mrs. A. was asked. I suspect this is owing to what passed in the House about opening the Birdcage Walk [by St. James's Park]. It puts the King in a fury to have any such thing mentioned, not having the slightest wish to accommodate the public, though very desirous of getting money out of their pockets.

June 26, 1829: . . . I don't think I mentioned that when he [King George IV] talked of giving the child's ball Lady Maria Conyngham said, "Oh, do; it will be so nice to see the *two little Queens* dancing together" (the little Queen of Portugal and the Princess Victoria), at which he was beyond measure provoked.

Kings do not like even their Conynghams to anticipate a demise of the Crown.

Many years later, Greville noticed (November 27, 1853) that at a Council "the Queen [Victoria] was afflicted by the Queen of Portugal's death, though they never saw each other but once when they were children."

With the death of King George IV and the failure of heirs nearer to the throne than her daughter, the Duchess of Kent was conscious of an increasing claim to recognition:

September 8, 1831: . . . Matters went on quietly till the King died. As soon as he was dead the Duchess of Kent wrote to the Duke and desired that she might be treated as a Dowager Princess of Wales, with a suitable income for herself and her daughter, who she also desired might be treated as Heiress Apparent, and that she should have the sole control over the allowance to be made for both. The Duke replied that her proposition was altogether inadmissible, and that he could not possibly think of proposing anything for her till the matters regarding the King's Civil List were settled, but that she might rely upon it that no measure which affected her in any way should be considered without being imparted to her and the fullest information given her. At this it appears she took great offence, for she did not speak to him for a long time after.

September 6, 1831: . . . The other day the King desired Adolphus Fitzclarence who commands the royal yacht, to inform the Duchess of Kent who was at Cowes, that the yacht was there, and at her disposal whenever she chose to make use of it. He wrote to her to that effect; she took no sort of notice of him or his letter, and a few days after, Sir John Conroy (her secretary) wrote an order to the boatswain, desiring him to bring the yacht for the Duchess on such a day.

July 4, 1833: At Court yesterday, and Council for a foolish business. The King has been (not unnaturally) disgusted at the Duchess of Kent's progresses with her daughter through the kingdom, and amongst the rest with her sailings at the Isle of Wight, and the continual popping in the shape of salutes to her Royal Highness. He did not choose that this latter practice should go on, and he signified his pleasure to Sir James Graham and Lord Hill, for salutes are matter of general order,

both to army and navy. They (and Lord Grey) thought it better to make no order on the subject, and they opened a negotiation with the Duchess of Kent, to induce her of her own accord to waive the salutes, and when she went to the Isle of Wight to send word that, as she was sailing about for her amusement, she had rather they did not salute her whenever she appeared. The negotiation failed, for the Duchess insisted upon her right to be saluted, and would not give it up. Kemp told me he had heard that Conroy . . . had said, "that . . . he could not recommend her to give way on this point." As she declined to accede to the proposals, nothing remained but to alter the regulations, and accordingly yesterday, by an Order in Council, the King changed them, and from this time the Royal Standard is only to be saluted when the King or the Queen is on board.

Burghley, September 21, 1835: . . . Idled on at Doncaster to the end of the week, and came here on Saturday to meet the Duchess of Kent. They arrived from Belvoir at three o'clock in a heavy rain, the civic authorities having turned out at Stamford to escort them, and a procession of different people all very loyal. When they had launched, and the Mayor and his brethren had got dry, the Duchess received the address, which was read by Lord Exeter as Recorder. It talked of the Princess as "destined to mount the throne of these realms." Conroy handed the answer, just as the Prime Minister does to the King. They are splendidly lodged, and great preparations have been made for their reception.

London, September 27, 1835: . . . The dinner at Burghley was very handsome; hall well lit; and all went off well, except that a pail of ice was landed in the Duchess's lap, which made a great bustle. Three hundred people at the ball, which was opened by Lord Exeter and the Princess, who, after dancing one dance, went to bed. They appeared at breakfast the next morning at nine o'clock, and at ten set off to Holkham.

The Duchess of Kent did not enjoy the society of Mrs. Jordan's children:

September 5, 1831: . . . She has always chosen to be peculiarly uncivil to his [King William's] children, and will not be person-

ally acquainted with any of them, and this she perseveres in, even at Windsor Castle in the King's own house, where she is a guest, and forgetting that the women, who are all married, have their husbands' rank, in which the stain of their own birth is merged, and that Lord Munster being a peer of the realm, has a constitutional position of his own. So however it is, and the last time she was at Windsor, the Queen, aware of this, settled that all the Royal Family should breakfast together, and all the guests and household (in which the King's children were included), separately.

Lord Howe was present at the breakfast and told Greville what happened:

September 6, 1831: . . . The arrangement about the breakfast was made, and Munster [the King's son] knew it, but did not choose to conform to it. Howe said that Munster had been told forty times that he was not to breakfast with the King and Queen except when he was invited, but that he said he would whenever he pleased, and accordingly there was no keeping him out, that this morning they had done breakfast, when he lounged into the room, with a newspaper in his hand, and sat himself down, in the coarse vulgar way which is peculiarly his own. The Duchess said nothing, though she looked very black, but the Queen was extremely annoyed and angry and got up and walked out of the room. The Duchess followed her, and she said afterwards to the Queen that she thought none of the family were to have been there. This was impertinent enough. Howe said it was true that the Duchess seized every possible occasion of showing her impertinence and hostility to the King and Queen, who were resolved not to quarrel with her, that it was extraordinary, as previously to his accession they had been the best friends, that the Duchess was under great obligations to the Queen in various ways especially on account of her daughter's marriage, which the Queen had made.

September 5, 1831: . . . The other day the Queen wrote the Duchess a letter, and sent it to Lord Errol [the King's son-in-law], who was in the Isle of Wight, desiring he would give it to her. He accordingly waited upon her with the letter, when she refused to see him, and desired he would give the letter to Sir John Conroy.

It was under these circumstances that the Princess Victoria was formally introduced to the Court:

February 25, 1831: A drawing room yesterday, at which the Princess Victoria made her first appearance, a short vulgar-looking child. I was not there. Lady Jersey made a scene with Lord Durham. She got up and crossed the room to him and said, "Lord Durham, I hear that you have said things about me which are not true, and I desire that you will call upon me to-morrow with a witness to hear my positive denial, and I beg that you will not repeat any such things about me," or, as the Irishman said, "words to that effect." She was in a fury, and he, I suppose, in a still greater. He muttered that he should never set foot in her house again, which she did not hear, as after delivering herself of her speech she flounced back again to her seat, mighty proud of the exploit. It arose out of his saying that he should make Lady Durham demand an audience of the Queen to contradict the things Lady Jersey had said of her and the other Whig ladies.

. . . All this comes of talking. The wisest man mentioned in history was the vagrant in the Tuileries Gardens some years ago, who walked about with a gag on, and when taken up by the police and questioned why he went about in that guise, he said he was imprudent, and that he might not say anything to get himself into jeopardy, he had adopted this precaution.

The importance of the Princess was appreciated:

Doncaster, September 15, 1835: . . . There are vast crowds of people to see the Princess Victoria, who comes over from Wentworth to-day, and the Duc de Nemours is here.

The alternative to her was the Duke of Cumberland:

January 25, 1831: . . . The King is ill. I hope he won't die; if he does, and the little girl, we shall have Cumberland, and (though Lyndhurst said he would make a very good King the other night) that would be a good moment for dispensing with the regal office.

Over King William's Coronation, the Duchess turned sulky:

September 6, 1831: . . . When the Coronation was settled Howe wrote by the King's order to the Duchess to know whom

she chose should carry her coronet. No answer was sent. At last the King, having asked repeatedly for her answer, desired Howe to write again, and said, I will get you an answer, and wrote with his own hand Wm R at the bottom of the paper to show that it was written by his order. This brought a reply from Sir John Conroy, not from the Duchess, to say that if she attended at all, Lord Morpeth should carry her coronet. When it came to the point, she sent word that the fatigue would be too much for the Princess Victoria's health, and she should not attend.

On her eighteenth birthday, the Princess Victoria became of legal age. And the struggle between King William and her mother reached a climax:

June 11, 1837: . . . I met Adolphus Fitzclarence at the course, who gave me an account of the King's state, which was bad enough, though not for the moment alarming; no disease, but excessive weakness without power of rallying. He also gave me an account of the late Kensington quarrel. The King wrote a letter to the Princess offering her £10,000 a year (not out of his privy purse), which he proposed should be at her own disposal and independent of her mother. He sent this letter by Lord Conyngham with orders to deliver it into the Princess's own hands. Conyngham accordingly went to Kensington (where Conroy received him) and asked to be admitted to the Princess. Conroy asked by what authority. He said by his Majesty's orders. Conroy went away, and shortly after Conyngham was ushered into the presence of the Duchess and Princess, when he said that he had waited on her Royal Highness by the King's commands to present to her a letter with which he had been charged by his Majesty. The Duchess put out her hand to take it, when he said he begged her Royal Highness's pardon, but he was expressly commanded by the King to deliver the letter into the Princess's own hands. Her mother then drew back and the Princess took the letter, when Conyngham made his bow and retired. Victoria wrote to the King, thanking him and accepting his offer. He then sent to say that it was his wish to name the person who should receive this money for her, and he proposed to name Stephenson. Then began the dispute. The Duchess of Kent objected to the arrangement,

and she put forth her claim, which was that she should have £6,000 of the money and the Princess £4,000. How the matter had ended Adolphus did not know when I saw him. [It never was settled.]

August 30, 1836: . . . At the dinner on his birthday the King gave the Princess Victoria's health rather well. Having given the Princess Augusta's he said, "And now, having given the health of the oldest, I will give that of the youngest member of the Royal Family. I know the interest which the public feel about her, and although *I have not seen so much of her as I could have wished,* I take no less interest in her, and the more I do see of her, both in public and in private, the greater pleasure it will give me." The whole thing was so civil and gracious that it could hardly be taken ill, but the young Princess sat opposite, and hung her head with not unnatural modesty at being thus talked of in so large a company.

The quarrel flamed into a scene:

September 21, 1836: . . . This, however, was nothing compared with what took place at Windsor with the Duchess of Kent, of which I heard something a long time ago (August 30th), but never the particulars till Adolphus Fitzclarence told them to me last night. It is very remarkable that the thing has not been more talked about. The King invited the Duchess of Kent to go to Windsor on the 12th of August to celebrate the Queen's birthday (13th), and to stay there over his own birthday, which was to be kept (*privately*) on the 21st (the real day, but falling on Sunday) and *publicly* the day following. She sent word that she wanted to keep her own birthday at Claremont on the 15th (or whatever the day is), took no notice of the Queen's birthday, but said she would go to Windsor on the 20th. This put the King in a fury; he made, however, no reply, and on the 20th he was in town to prorogue Parliament, having desired that they would not wait dinner for him at Windsor. After the prorogation he went to Kensington Palace to look about it; when he got there he found that the Duchess of Kent had appropriated to her own use a suite of apartments, seventeen in number, for which she had applied last year, and which he had refused to let her have. This increased his ill-humour, already excessive. When he arrived at Windsor and went into

the drawing room (at about ten o'clock at night), where the whole party was assembled, he went up to the Princess Victoria, took hold of both her hands, and expressed his pleasure at seeing her there and his regret at not seeing her oftener. He then turned to the Duchess and made her a low bow, almost immediately after which he said that "a most unwarrantable liberty had been taken with one of his palaces; that he had just come from Kensington, where he found apartments had been taken possession of not only without his consent, but contrary to his commands, and that he neither understood nor would endure conduct so disrespectful to him." This was said loudly, publicly, and in a tone of serious displeasure. It was, however, only the muttering of the storm which was to break the next day. Adolphus Fitzclarence went into his room on Sunday morning and found him in a state of great excitement. It was his birthday, and though the celebration was what was called private, there were a hundred people at dinner, either belonging to the Court or from the neighbourhood. The Duchess of Kent sat on one side of the King and one of his sisters on the other, the Princess Victoria opposite. Adolphus Fitzclarence sat two or three from the Duchess and heard every word of what passed. After dinner, by the Queen's desire, "His Majesty's health and long life to him" was given, and as soon as it was drunk he made a very long speech, in the course of which he poured forth the following extraordinary and *foudroyante* tirade: "I trust in God that my life may be spared for nine months longer, after which period, in the event of my death, no regency would take place. I should then have the satisfaction of leaving the royal authority to the personal exercise of that young lady" (pointing to the Princess), "the heiress presumptive of the Crown, and not in the hands of a person now near me, who is surrounded by evil advisers, and who is herself incompetent to act with propriety in the station in which she would be placed. I have no hesitation in saying that I have been insulted —grossly and continually insulted—by that person, but I am determined to endure no longer a course of behaviour so disrespectful to me. Amongst many other things I have particularly to complain of the manner in which that young lady has been kept away from my Court; she has been repeatedly kept from my drawing rooms, at which she ought always to have

been present, but I am fully resolved that this shall not happen again. I would have her know that I am King, and I am determined to make my authority respected, and for the future I shall insist and command that the Princess do upon all occasions appear at my Court, as it is her duty to do." He terminated his speech by an allusion to the Princess and her future reign in a tone of paternal interest and affection, which was excellent in its way.

This awful philippic (with a great deal more which I forget) was uttered with a loud voice and excited manner. The Queen looked in deep distress, the Princess burst into tears, and the whole company were aghast. The Duchess of Kent said not a word. Immediately after they rose and retired, and a terrible scene ensued; the Duchess announced her immediate departure and ordered her carriage, but a sort of reconciliation was patched up, and she was prevailed upon to stay till the next day. The following morning, when the King saw Adolphus, he asked him what people said to his speech. He replied that they thought the Duchess of Kent merited his rebuke, but that it ought not to have been given there; that he ought to have sent for her into his closet, and have said all that he felt and thought there, but not at table before a hundred people. He replied that he did not care where he said it or before whom, that "by God, he had been insulted by her in a measure that was past all endurance, and he would not stand it any longer."

Nothing can be more unaccountable than the Duchess of Kent's behaviour to the King, nothing more reprehensible; but his behaviour to her has always been as injudicious and undignified as possible, and this last sortie was monstrous. It was his duty and his right to send for her, and signify to her both his displeasure at the past and his commands for the future; but such a gross and public insult offered to her at his own table, sitting by his side and in the presence of her daughter, admits of no excuse. It was an unparalleled outrage from a man to a woman, from a host to his guest, and to the last degree unbecoming the station they both of them fill. He has never had the firmness and decision of character a due display of which would have obviated the necessity of such bickerings, and his passion leads him to these indecent exhibitions, which have not the effect of correcting, and cannot

fail to have that of exasperating her, and rendering their mutual relations (including that of the girl) more hopelessly disagreeable.

November 7, 1836: . . . Adolphus Fitzclarence . . . added one item, that the day following the Queen was not ready for dinner, and when dinner was announced and he [the King] was waiting he asked, "Where's the Queen?" They told him she was waiting for the Duchess of Kent, when he said loud enough for everybody to hear, "That woman is a nuisance."

CHAPTER XXXIV

A DOUBTFUL MILLENNIUM

The Reform Bill, now the law of the land, created a new franchise. The House of Commons, therefore, was no longer representative of the electors, and, according to precedent, there had to be a dissolution.

Greville remarked to Lyndhurst that the Bill "had procured virtually a complete revolution in this country."

"Aye," replied the Tory leader, "much more than that of '88," which merely changed the Dynasty.

Even the Waverers doubted whether the standards of public life would be maintained:

February 1, 1834: Lord Wharncliffe has been here and is gone. He, like Harrowby, is very dismal about the prospects of the country, and thinks we are gravitating towards a revolution. He says that the constituency of the great towns is composed of ultra-Radicals, and that no gentleman with really independent and conservative principles can sit for them, that the great majority of the manufacturers and of the respectable persons of the middle class are moderate, and hostile to subversion and violent measures, but that their influence is overwhelmed by the numerical strength of the low voters, who want to go all lengths. He says that he has received greater marks of deference and respect in his own country, and especially at Sheffield, where a short time ago he would have been in danger of being torn to pieces, than he ever experienced, but that he could no more bring a son in for Sheffield than he could fly in the air. Sir John Beckett is just gone to stand for Leeds, and certainly the catechism to which he was there forced to submit is very ominous. A seat in the House of Commons will cease to be an object of ambition to honourable and independent men, if it can only be obtained by cringing and servility to the rabble of great towns, and when it shall be established that the member is to be a slave, bound hand and foot

by pledges, and responsible for every vote he gives to masters who are equally tyrannical and unreasonable.

In the House of Commons, thus chosen, "there were 350 new members (or some such number)" and the "anti-Reformers, with a sort of melancholy triumph, boast that their worst expectations have been fulfilled."

"What," exclaims Greville, "would be Canning's indignation if he could look from his grave and see these new Reformers, who ape him in his worst qualities, and who blunder and bluster in the seat which he once filled with such glory and success?" In fact, "independence [of a member of Parliament] relates nowadays more to constituents than to the governing power. Nobody is suspected of being dependent on the Crown or the Minister, and the question is if a man be independent of the popular cry or of his own constituency."

February 22, 1833: . . . Formerly new members appeared with some modesty and diffidence, and with some appearance of respect for the assembly into which they were admitted; these follows behave themselves as if they had taken it by storm, and might riot in all the insolence of victory. There exists no *party* but that of the Government; the Irish act in a body under O'Connell to the number of about forty; the Radicals are scattered up and down without a leader, numerous, restless, turbulent, and bold—Hume, Cobbett, and a multitude such as Roebuck, Faithfull, Buckingham, Major Beauclerck, &c. (most of whom have totally failed in point of speaking)—bent upon doing all the mischief they can and incessantly active; the Tories without a head, frightened, angry, and sulky; Peel without a party, prudent, cautious, and dexterous, playing a deep waiting game of scrutiny and observation.

Greville discusses the situation in terms that curiously anticipate the comments, ninety years later, on the emergence of a Labour party. Says he, "it speedily became manifest [September 3, 1833] that in point of ability, it [the House] was not only inferior to the last but perhaps to any Parliament that has sat for many years." The new members (February 22, 1833) displayed "presumption, impertinence, and self-sufficiency."

February 10, 1833: . . . Everybody agrees that the aspect of the House of Commons was very different—the number of strange faces; the swagger of O'Connell, walking about incessantly, and making signs to, or talking with, his followers in various parts; the Tories few and scattered; Peel no longer surrounded with a stout band of supporters, but pushed from his usual seat, which is occupied by Cobbett, O'Connell, and the Radicals; he is gone up nearer to the Speaker.

There could be discovered (September 3, 1833) "not one man among them of shining or remarkable talent." Hume, the Radical, "cut no figure," and others, who had enjoyed a reputation outside the House, "soon found their level and sunk into insignificance."

For instance there was "Orator" Hunt, who, after the massacre at Peterloo, had spent three years in prison. At Preston, he defeated Stanley himself:

December 19, 1830: . . . Stanley told me that his election [at Preston] was lost by the stupidity or ill-will of the returning officer, who managed the booths in such a way that Hunt's voters were enabled to vote over and over at different booths, and that he had no doubt of reducing his majority on a scrutiny.

February 9, 1831: . . . Hunt spoke for two hours last night; his manner and appearance very good, like a country gentleman of the old school, a sort of rural dignity about it, very civil, good-humoured, and respectful to the House, but dull; listened to, however, and very well received.

Every House has its freak:

Brighton, December 17, 1832: . . . Gully's history is extraordinary. He was taken out of prison twenty-five or thirty years ago by Mellish to fight Pierce, surnamed the "Game Chicken," being then a butcher's apprentice; he fought him and was beaten. He afterwards fought Belcher (I believe), and Gresson twice, and left the prize ring with the reputation of being the best man in it. He then took to the turf, was successful, established himself at Newmarket, where he kept a hell, and began a system of corruption of trainers, jockeys, and boys, which put the secrets of all Newmarket at his disposal, and in a few

years made him rich. At the same time he connected himself with Mr. Watt in the North, by betting for him, and this being at the time when Watt's stable was very successful, he won large sums of money by his horses. Having become rich he embarked in a great coal speculation, which answered beyond his hopes, and his shares soon yielded immense profits. His wife, who was a coarse, vulgar woman, in the meantime died, and he afterwards married the daughter of an innkeeper, who proved as gentlewomanlike as the other had been the reverse, and who is very pretty besides.

Then there was the Agrarian Cobbett, prosecuted for his politics, who was saved by a letter from Brougham:

July 10, 1831: . . . They have made a fine business of Cobbett's trial; his insolence and violence were past endurance, but he made an able speech. The Chief Justice was very timid, and favoured and complimented him throughout; very unlike what Ellenborough would have done. The jury were shut up the whole night, and in the morning the Chief Justice, without consulting either party, discharged them, which was probably on the whole the best that could be done. Denman told me that he expected they would have acquitted him without leaving the box, and this principally on account of Brougham's evidence, for Cobbett brought the Chancellor forward and made him prove that *after* these very writings, and while this prosecution was hanging over him, Brougham wrote to his son, "Dear Sir," and requesting he would ask his father for some former publications of his, which he thought would be of great use on the present occasion in quieting the labourers. This made a great impression, and the Attorney General never knew one word of the letter till he heard it in evidence, the Chancellor having flourished it off, as is his custom, and then quite forgotten it. The Attorney told me that Gurney overheard one juryman say to another, 'Don't you think we had better stop the case? It is useless to go on.' The other, however, declared for hearing it out, so on the whole it ended as well as it might, just better than an acquittal, and that is all.

Cobbett was elected for Oldham and even Greville writes (December 18, 1832), "I am glad that Cobbett is in Parliament."

February 1, 1833: The Reformed Parliament opened heavily (on Tuesday), as Government think satisfactorily. Cobbett took his seat on the Treasury Bench, and spoke three times, though the last time nobody would stay to hear him. He was very twaddling.

The former ploughboy had a tilt with Peel:

May 19, 1833: . . . Peel compelled old Cobbett to bring on his motion for getting him erased from the Privy Council, which Cobbett wished to shirk from. He gave him a terrible dressing, and it all went off for Peel in the most flattering way.

On the petition to admit dissenters to Cambridge (March 29th) "Old Cobbett made as mischievous a speech as he could to blow the coals between the parties."

On all this, it is, perhaps, worth while to note that Greville had been no more satisfied with the House of Commons before Reform than he was afterward:

June 26, 1829: . . . Tierney said it was very lamentable that there should be such a deficiency of talent in the rising generation, and remarkable how few clever young men there are now in the House of Commons.

Every House of Commons is thus a disappointment. Yet the Mother of Parliaments has a way of going on:

September 5, 1833: At Court yesterday, the Speaker [Rt. Hon. Manners Sutton, afterward Viscount Canterbury] was made a Knight of the Bath, to his great delight. It is a reward for his conduct during the Session, in which he has done Government good and handsome service. He told them before it began that he would undertake to ride the new House, but it must be with a snaffle bridle.

September 3, 1833: . . . The House appeared at first to be very unruly, not under the command of Government, talkative, noisy, and ill-constituted for the transaction of business. After a little while it got better in this respect, the majority, however, though evidently determined to support Government, would not be *commanded* by it, and even men in place often took up crotchets of their own, and voted against Government measures; but whenever the Ministers seemed to be in danger they

always found efficient support, and on the Malt tax the House even stultified itself to uphold them.

Even Stapleton, private Secretary to Canning, had advocated (December 19, 1830) "the propriety and feasibility of setting up some dyke to arrest the torrent of innovation and revolution that is bursting in on every side." But Greville, with a deeper sagacity, had expressed "doubt of there being any great desire of change among the mass of people in England." Indeed, there might be disillusion of many hopes:

March 15, 1831: . . . When it [Reform] comes into operation how disappointed everybody will be, and first of all the people; their imaginations are raised to the highest pitch, but they will open their eyes very wide when they find no sort of advantage accruing to them, when they are deprived of much of the expense and more of the excitement of elections, and see a House of Commons constructed after their own hearts, which will probably be an assembly in all respects inferior to the present. Then they will not be satisfied, and as it will be impossible to go back, there will be plenty of agitators who will preach that we have not gone far enough; and if a Reformed Parliament does not do all that popular clamour shall demand, it will be treated with very little ceremony.

The actual result of the upheaval was an overwhelming triumph of common sense:

London, January 11, 1833: . . . Everything seems prosperous here; the Government is strong, the House of Commons is thought respectable on the whole and safe, trade is brisk, funds rising, money plentiful, confidence reviving, Tories sulky.

September 3, 1833: . . . The great measures, some of the greatest that any Parliament ever dealt with, were got through with marvellous facility. They did not for the most part come on till late in the session, when the House had got tired, and the East India Charter Bill was carried through most of the stages in empty Houses. The measures have generally evinced a Conservative character, and the Parliament has not shown any disposition to favour subversive principles or to encourage subversive language. It has been eminently liberal in point of money, granting all that Ministers asked without the slightest

difficulty; twenty millions for the West Indians [compensation for slaves], a million for the Irish clergy, were voted by acclamation. . . . Notwithstanding apprehensions and predictions, the Government has contrived to carry on the business of the country very successfully, and great reforms have been accomplished in every department of the State, which do not seem liable to any serious objections, and in the midst of many troubles, of much complaining and bickering; the country has been advancing in prosperity, and recovering rapidly from the state of sickly depression in which it lay at the end of last year. . . . Some months ago there appeared every prospect of a war in Europe; the French were in Belgium, whence many predicted they would never be got away; Ireland was in a flame, every post brought the relation of fresh horrors and atrocities; in England trade was low, alarm and uncertainty prevalent, and a general disquietude pervaded the nation, some fearing and others desiring change, some expecting, others dreading the great things which a reformed Parliament would do. . . . The hopes and the fears of mankind have been equally disappointed, and after all the clamour, confusion, riots, conflagration, furies, despair, and triumphs through which we have arrived at this consummation, up to the present time, at least, matters remain pretty much as they were, except that the Whigs have got possession of the power which the Tories have lost. We continue at peace, and with every prospect of so being for some time, we are on good terms with France, and by degrees inducing the French to extend their incipient principles of free trade, to the benefit of both countries. In Ireland there has never been a period for many years when the country was so quiet; it may not last, but so it is at the present moment. In England trade flourishes, running in a deep and steady stream, there are improvement and employment in all its branches. The landed interest has suffered and suffers still, but the wages of labour have not fallen with the rents of landlords, and the agricultural labourers were never better off. Generally there is a better spirit abroad, less discontent, greater security, and those vague apprehensions are lulled to rest which when in morbid activity, carrying themselves from one object to another, are partly the cause and partly the effect of an evil state of things. We hear nothing now of associations, unions,

and public meetings, and (compared with what it was) the world seems in a state of repose.

Spring Rice, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, "affected to be very cheerful yesterday and said it would all come right"; also, "all London is intent upon morning amusements—morning parties which are extended into the night"; and "while the revenue presents an excess of two millions and everything flourishes political excitement is impossible."

September 10, 1833: . . . After dinner on Friday I had rather a curious conversation with Esterhazy [the Austrian Ambassador] who said he wanted to know what I thought of the condition of this country. I told him that I thought everything was surprisingly improved, and gave my reasons for thinking so. He then went off and said that these were his opinions also, and he had written home in this strain, that Neumann (who wrote in the spirit of a disappointed Tory rather than of an impartial Foreign Minister) had deceived his government, giving them very different accounts, that it was no use telling them what they might wish to hear, but that he was resolved to tell them the truth, and make them understand how greatly they were deceiving themselves if they counted upon the decadence or want of power of this country; a great deal more of the same sort, which proves that the Austrian Court were all on the *qui vive* to find out that we are paralysed, and that their political conduct is in fact influenced by their notion of our actual position. They probably hardly knew what they would be at, but their hatred and dread of revolutionary principles are so great that they are always on the watch for a good opportunity of striking a blow at them, which they know they can only do through England and France.

On the horizon, there was, however, a cloud as of a working man's hand:

April 21, 1834: . . . This is the day for the procession of the trade unions, and all London is alive with troops, artillery and police. I don't suppose anything will happen, and so much has the general alarm of these unions subsided that there is very little apprehension, though some curiosity to see how it goes off.

April 23, 1834: Nothing could go off more quietly than the procession on Monday. There were about 25,000 men, mostly well dressed, no noise or tumult, a vast crowd. It was a failure altogether; Melbourne's answer was good. They say 250,000 men are enrolled in the unions, and the slang name for those who won't belong to them is "dungs"; the intimidation used is great.

August 26, 1834: . . . Tommy Duncombe is the greatest political comedy going, he is engaged in a mediation between the master builders and the operatives, who have quarrelled about the unions, and an express came to him from Cubitt (the building firm) after dinner.

The "comedy" was an early—perhaps the first—attempt at industrial conciliation in the modern sense of the phrase.

One social fact was the administration of local justice by magistrates, appointed by the Lord Chancellor and the Lords Lieutenant of the Counties. For many years, the Tory control of the bench was a bitter grievance:

May 2, 1839: . . . The Duke of Newcastle has been dismissed from the Lieutenancy of Nottinghamshire, as he ought to have been long ago. I met the Duke of Wellington at the Ancient Concert, and asked him the reason, which he told me in these words: "Oh, there never was such a fool, as he is; the Government have done quite right, quite right, they could not do otherwise." There was a correspondence between him and the Chancellor about the appointment of some magistrates: he recommended two gentlemen of Derbyshire as magistrates of Nottinghamshire, and the Chancellor told him he meant to appoint likewise two others, one of whom was a Mr. Paget. The Duke replied that he objected to Mr. Paget—first, because he was a man of violent political opinions; and, secondly, because he was a Dissenter. The Chancellor told him that Mr. Paget was not a man of violent political opinions, and as to his being a Dissenter, he considered that no objection, and that he should therefore appoint him, together with the gentlemen recommended by the Duke. The Duke wrote a most violent answer. . . . Upon this, Lord John Russell wrote him word that "Her Majesty had no further occasion for his services as Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Notts."

Yesterday morning the Duke of Newcastle went to Apsley House and said to the Duke of Wellington, "You have heard what has happened to me?" "Not I," said the Duke, "I have heard nothing"; and then the Duke of Newcastle gave him Lord John's letter to read. "Well," said he, "but there is a correspondence alluded to in this letter: where is it?" and then the Duke of Newcastle put into his hands the correspondence with the Chancellor. As soon as the Duke of Wellington had read it, he said, "They could not do otherwise; no Government could be carried on if such a letter as this was submitted to." "What shall I do?" said the Duke of Newcastle. "Do?" said the Duke: "Do nothing."

The Duke of Wellington (January 13, 1842) told Greville that "he never himself made a clergyman a magistrate if he could help it."

Sometimes, even Radical magistrates were impulsive. A Welshman, called John Frost, was made a magistrate by Lord John Russell and proceeded to lead a mob of 200,000 riotous Chartists. The Mayor of Newport used troops:

December 14, 1839: . . . On Monday last I went to Windsor for a Council. There we had Sir Thomas Phillips, the Mayor of Newport, who came to be knighted. They were going to knight him, and then dismiss him, but I persuaded Normanby that it would be a wise and popular thing to keep him there and load him with civilities—do good to the Queen, encourage others to do their duty—and send him back rejoicing to his province, to spread far and wide the fame of his gracious reception. He said that etiquette would not permit one of his rank in life to be invited to the Royal table. I said, that this was all nonsense; if he was good enough to come and be knighted, he was good enough to dine there, and that it was a little outlay for a large return. He was convinced; spoke to Melbourne, who settled it, and Phillips stayed. Nothing could answer better, everybody approved of it, and the man behaved as if his whole life had been spent in Courts, perfectly at his ease without rudeness or forwardness, quiet, unobtrusive, but with complete self-possession, and a *nil admirari* manner which had something distinguished in it. The Queen was very civil

to him, and he was delighted. The next morning he went to Normanby and expressed his apprehension that he might not have conducted himself as he ought, together with his grateful sense of his reception; but the apology was quite needless.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE GLEAM OF EMERALD

One question sometimes annoyed people. Was England still to govern Ireland? During a century of Union, it was not easy to find a Lord Lieutenant who could keep a stiff upper lip in Dublin. They all were apt to waver:

May 2, 1847: . . . He [Lord John Russell] thinks of taking this opportunity of abolishing the office of Lord Lieutenant and making a Secretary of State for Ireland, who is not to reside permanently but go there occasionally, and he destines this office for Clarendon.

Of Lords Lieutenant, Greville offers us a selection, always amusing and only sometimes discreet. There was Bessborough who, in some ways, was excellent—

November 28, 1846: . . . but the effect of his public conduct is marred by the inconceivable folly of his conduct with Mrs. Maberly who exhibits herself as the reigning favourite of the Vice Regal Court with an ostentatious effrontery, which produces universal ridicule and disgust. His infatuation exceeds all belief, and there is no end to what is said and written on the subject.

August 18, 1846: . . . Last night John Russell gave up the Arms Bill altogether. It was the best course he had left, but it has been an unlucky affair altogether. The real cause of it was that Bessborough, instead of being here to concert measures with the Government and to handle such a matter carefully, was dangling after Mrs. Maberly and neglecting his business.

June 7, 1847: . . . It was his [Bessborough's] misfortune to be always under the dominion of women, under that of Mrs. Fox for twenty-five years, and much more unhappily under that of Mrs. Maberly for the last two. The first was very harmless, the last as mischievous as possible. What is most extraordinary

but which I believe to be beyond all doubt, is that in neither the old nor the new liaison was there ever any improper intimacy. He was a modest if not a chaste man, and singular as it is, he made himself the devoted slave of these ladies, without exacting the usual wages of such service. Those who know him best, and who know all that passed with both of them, have no doubt whatever that such is the fact.

"The ridiculous and unbecoming liaison" could not but "prove seriously mischievous in Ireland." For Bessborough, when he should have been in the House of Lords, had "gone according to custom with her to Worthing," which "seriously embarrasses and annoys his colleagues."

November 28, 1846: . . . All Irish letters are full of stories, and all the people who come from Dublin have some anecdote or other to tell of this ridiculous and disgraceful liaison. It puts his family in despair and exasperates and annoys his colleagues to the greatest degree. One of the things I heard was (from a letter which the Duke of Bedford received and read to me) that when his box arrived from England with letters from John Russell he handed them over to her to read and to tell him their contents!! The writer said he (or she for he did not tell me who it was) was present and saw this.

June 7, 1847: . . . It is perhaps fortunate for himself that he died when he did, for his unfortunate attachment (which amounted to infatuation) to Mrs. Maberly would have proved an intolerable scandal, have bred disputes between him and his family and colleagues and probably have produced some disgraceful catastrophe before long. They say that nothing was ever like her impudence or his infatuation. She meddled with everything and there is very little doubt that she would have made a traffic of his patronage, if she possibly could. Curry Connillan (who was his secretary, and whom Clarendon keeps) told Clarendon that she used to insist on places for people and that he was obliged to make the resistance that Bessborough had not energy to offer, that Bessborough looked to him for support against himself and Mrs. Maberly said, when she found herself thwarted:

"I see that I have no chance of getting anything I want unless I can secure *your* interest, Mr. Connillan."

The Lord Lieutenant selected by Wellington was his comrade in arms, the Marquis of Anglesey:

May 3, 1854: . . . A more gallant spirit, a finer gentleman, and a more honourable and kind-hearted man never existed. His abilities were not of a very high order, but he had a good fair understanding, excellent intentions, and a character remarkably straightforward and sincere. In his youth he was notoriously vain and arrogant, as most of his family were, but as he advanced in age, his faults and foibles were diminished or softened, and his virtues and amiable disposition manifested themselves the more. He distinguished himself greatly in the command of the cavalry in Sir John Moore's retreat, but was not employed in the Duke's army during the subsequent years of the Peninsular war. In the Waterloo campaign he again commanded the cavalry, not, as was supposed, entirely to the Duke's satisfaction, who would have preferred Lord Combermere in that post.

According to the Duke of York, whose "prejudice" against Wellington was "exceedingly strong," the Duke was "false and ungrateful" to Anglesey:

June 24, 1821: . . . He never gave sufficient credit to his officers, . . . was unwilling to put forward men of talent who might be in a situation to claim some share of credit, the whole of which he was desirous of engrossing himself. He says that at Waterloo he got into a scrape and avowed himself to be surprised, and he attributes in great measure the success of that day to Lord Anglesey, who, he says, was hardly mentioned, and that in the coldest terms, in the Duke's despatch.

At Waterloo, Anglesey was hit:

November 18, 1838, Wolbeding: Came here to-day and brought Lord Fitzroy Somerset [afterward Raglan] with me, who told me a great deal about the Duke and their old campaigns. He never saw a man so cool and indifferent to danger, at the same time without any personal rashness or bravado, never putting himself in unnecessary danger, never avoiding any that was necessary. He was close to the Duke, his left arm touching the Duke's right, when he was shot in the arm at Waterloo, and so was Lord Anglesey when he received his wound in the leg. When Lord Anglesey was shot he turned to

the Duke and said, "By G—— I have lost my leg." The Duke replied, "Have you? by G——."

"For this wound," added Greville on May 3, 1854, "Lord Anglesey was entitled to a very large pension, of which he never would take a shilling."

About Anglesey's lost leg, it pleased King George IV to be jocular:

May 29, 1829: . . . The day before yesterday there was a review for the Duke of Orleans, and the Marquis of Anglesey, who was there at the head of his regiment, contrived to get a tumble, but was not hurt. Last night at the ball the King said to Lord Anglesey, "Why, Paget, what's this I hear? They say you rolled off your horse at the review yesterday." The Duke, as he left the ground, was immensely cheered, and the people thronged about his horse and would shake hands with him. When Lord Hill went to the King the day before to give him an account of the intended review and the dispositions that had been made, he said, "Hill, if I can throw my leg over your Shropshire horse, don't be surprised if you see me amongst you."

A man as equitable as Anglesey, alarmed George IV:

January 12, 1829: . . . He [the King] is furious with Lord Anglesey, but he will be very much afraid of him when he sees him. Mount Charles was in the room when Lord Anglesey took leave of the King on going to Ireland, and the King said, "God bless you, Anglesey! I know you are a true Protestant." Anglesey answered, "Sir, I will not be considered either Protestant or Catholic; I go to Ireland determined to act impartially between them and without the least bias either one way or the other."

Within a few months, Anglesey was recalled and his place taken by the Duke of Northumberland, that "very good sort of man, with a very narrow understanding, an eternal talker and prodigious bore."

Into the receptive ear of Greville's mother, the Duke poured his excuses. Was not George IV "very much afraid of seeing Anglesey"?

July 10, 1829: . . . "One extraordinary peculiarity about him [the King] is that the only thing he fears is ridicule. He is afraid of nothing which is hazardous, perilous, or uncertain; on the contrary, he is all for braving difficulties; but he dreads ridicule, and this is the reason why the Duke of Cumberland, whose sarcasms he dreads, has such power over him, and Lord Anglesey likewise; both of them he hates in proportion as he fears them."

His Majesty said that Anglesey behaved "as if he were King of Ireland," and in recalling the Lord Lieutenant, Wellington had submitted to "the King's dictation." Greville's mother was thus persuaded that Anglesey was "a great fool." On all this Greville says sharply, "I don't believe a word of it." True, he hints that "the rock Lord A. split upon was his vanity" —that most fatal of all vices in a public man. Vanity as a theorem became, however, untenable. The retiring Lord Lieutenant "behaved very well since the quarrel, declining all honours and expressions of public feeling" and avoiding the theatre in Dublin.

The Duke had his own reasons for being "furious" with the Lord Lieutenant. Anglesey had rightly refused to boycott certain leaders of the Irish people whose "loyalty and respect for the King were undoubted"; and secondly, he declined to put through a little job for Wellington who asked that an Irish pension of £400 a year be conferred on Lady Westmeath—an instance of political corruption at Ireland's expense which had long been a grievance.

The Duke thus "laid a trap" for Anglesey (January 11, 1829), provoking him by letters written "in a very offensive and insulting tone" and saying "you are mistaken if you think you are the first Lord Lieutenant that has administered the laws impartially."

Anglesey thus argued that he was only recalled because, with Catholic Emancipation in the air, "the Duke wished to have all the credit for himself."

Happily, there was a "reconciliation":

May 3, 1854: . . . Their temporary alienation was succeeded by a firm and lasting friendship, and the most enthusiastic admiration and attachment entertained by Lord Anglesey

toward the Duke. For many years before the death of the latter, the two old warriors were the most intimate friends and constant companions, and every vestige of their former differences and antipathies was effaced and had given way to warm sentiments of mutual regard. When the regiment of Guards became vacant, King William sent for Lord Anglesey and announced to him that he was to have it; he of course expressed his acknowledgments; but early the next morning he went to the King and said to him that he felt it his duty to represent to him that there was a man worthier than himself to have the regiment, that Lord Ludlow had lost his arm at their head, and that he could not bear to accept that to which Lord Ludlow was so justly entitled. This remonstrance, so unselfish and honourable, was accepted, and the regiment was conferred on Lord Ludlow.

When, therefore, Lord Grey took office, it was obvious that Lord Anglesey was just the man to send back to Dublin.

At first, it had seemed (November 4, 1829) as if Catholic Emancipation were "producing fresh benefits every day." Indeed "the state of the country is improving." But there were "excesses"—in fact (July 24, 1829), "nothing but massacres and tumults, and all got up by the Protestants, who desire nothing so much as to provoke the Catholics into acts of violence and outrage." The Protestants succeeded. In the year 1832, according to Lord Grey, there had been 9,000 crimes committed including 242 homicides, 1,179 robberies, 401 burglaries, and 598 burnings.

Of O'Connell's influence, there was no serious doubt. He might be "completely beaten [February 9, 1831] by the address of the merchants and bankers," but so great were "his resources for mischief" that he would "rally again before long."

He had been by no means a consistent irreconcilable but had supported the Reform Bill (April 29, 1831) and had "put forth a proclamation entreating [and] commanding peace [and] order." And the Government had "made it up with O'Connell, which is one mouthful of the duty pudding they have had to swallow, as one of their own friends said of them." But there was no real peace:

April 29, 1831: . . . Tom Moore called on me yesterday morn-

ing. He said that he was a Reformer and liked the Bill, but he was fully aware of all that it might produce of evil to the present system. He owned frankly that he felt like an Irishman, and that the wrongs of Ireland and the obstinacy of the faction who had oppressed her still rankled in his heart, and that he should not be sorry at any vengeance which might overtake them at last.

A new movement (December 23, 1830) was "making rapid advances." It was for Repeal of the Union:

December 23, 1830: . . . Moore told me that he had seen extraordinary signs of it, and that men of the middle classes, intelligent, and well educated, wished for it, though they knew the disadvantages that would attend a severance of their connection with England. He said that he could understand it, for as an Irishman he felt it himself.

It was a movement to include all Ireland. O'Connell "has on all occasions caused the orange ribband to be joined to the green"—so inaugurating what became the Free State flag. It was "his first object . . . to make friends of the Orangemen to whom he affects to humble himself."

To repeal, the Lord Lieutenant would not agree:

December 23, 1830: . . . They had an interview of two hours in London, when Lord Anglesey asked him [O'Connell] what he intended to do. He said, "Strive *totis viribus* to affect a repeal of the Union"; when Lord Anglesey told him that he feared he should then be obliged to govern Ireland by force, so that they are at daggers drawn.

By O'Connell's orders, therefore, the Lord Lieutenant was to be denied "a public reception" on entering Dublin—"no honours should be shown." And the "silence and indifference" which greeted Anglesey was a contrast to the "triumphant entry" of his rival. There was—

December 23, 1830: . . . "a meeting at the Council Office on Friday to order a prayer 'on account of the troubled state of certain parts of the United Kingdom'—great nonsense."

December 30, 1830: . . . Lord Anglesey's entry into Dublin turned out not to have been so mortifying to him as was at first reported. He was attended by a great number of people,

and by all the most eminent and respectable in Dublin, so much so that he was very well pleased, and found it better than he expected. War broke out between him and O'Connell without loss of time. O'Connell had intended to have a procession of the trades, and a notice from him was to have been published and stuck over the door of every chapel and public place in Dublin. Anglesey issued his proclamation, and half an hour before the time when O'Connell's notice was to appear had it pasted up, and one copy laid on O'Connell's breakfast table, at which anticipation he chuckled mightily. O'Connell instantly issued a handbill desiring the people to obey, as if the order of the Lord Lieutenant was to derive its authority from his permission, and he afterwards made an able speech. Since the beginning of the world there never was so extraordinary and so eccentric a position as his. It is a moral power and influence as great in its way, and as strangely acquired, as Bonaparte's political power was. . . . He is thoroughly acquainted with the audiences which he addresses and the people upon whom he practises, and he operates upon their passions with the precision of a dexterous anatomist who knows the direction of every muscle and fibre of the human frame. . . . After having been throughout the Catholic question the furious enemy of the Orangemen, upon whom he lavished incessant and unmeasured abuse, he has suddenly turned round, and inviting them to join him on the Repeal question, has not only offered them a fraternal embrace and has humbled himself to the dust in apologies and demands for pardon, but he has entirely and at once succeeded, and he is now as popular or more so with the Protestants (or rather Orangemen) as he was before with the Catholics, and Crampton writes word that the lower order of Protestants are with him to a man.

January 19, 1831: . . . In Ireland there is open war between Anglesey and O'Connell, to whom it is glory enough (of his sort) to be on a kind of par with the Viceroy, and to have a power equal to that of the Government. Anglesey issues proclamation after proclamation, the other speeches and letters in retort. His breakfasts and dinners are put down, but he finds other places to harangue at, and letters he can always publish; but he does not appear in quite so triumphant an attitude as he did. The O'Connell tribute is said to have failed;

no men of property or respectability join him, and he is after all only the leader of a mob; but it is a better sort of mob, and formidable from their numbers.

The excitement was beneficial to Lord Anglesey's health:

January 31, 1831: . . . It is . . . an extraordinary thing, and the most wonderful effect I ever heard of the power of moral causes over the human body, that Lord Anglesey, who has scarcely been out of pain at all for years during any considerable intervals, has been quite free from his complaint (the tic douloureux) since he has been in Ireland; the excitement of these events, and the influence of that excitement on his nervous system, have produced this effect. There is a puzzler for philosophy, and such an amalgamation of moral and physical accidents as is well worth unravelling for those who are wise enough.

It was decided to prosecute O'Connell. And as he was "infallible with the Irish mob," there were "more fears that he will be acquitted than hopes that he will be convicted." His "subscription produced between £7,000 and £8,000."

The weakness of O'Connell was that (January 12, 1831) physically he was "a coward." This indeed was "the best chance of his being beaten at last." We have seen how he dreaded cholera.

The rule had been that men defended their honour by the duel:

May 22, 1831: . . . Formerly, when a man made use of offensive expressions and was called to account, he thought it right to go out and stand a shot before he ate his words, but nowadays that piece of chivalry is dispensed with, and politicians make nothing of being scurrilous one day and humble the next.

We have seen that Canning and Castlereagh so fought; that Wellington was ready to do so; and the Duke of York also, as Greville tells us, had a duel with the Duke of Richmond.

But O'Connell (December 30, 1830) "cares not whom he insults, because, having covered his cowardice with the cloak of religious scruples, he is invulnerable, and will resent no retaliation that can be offered him." A certain "Paul Methuen Esq., M. P. for Wiltshire," was greeted (note: February 25,

1834) with "the memorable but somewhat profane retort, 'Paul, Paul, why persecutest thou me?'"

Of course, Quakers refused to fight duels, but Quakers were usually courteous:

February 17, 1834: . . . O'Dwyer [formerly a reporter] attacked Pease, asked for explanations, his card and address. Pease, who is a Quaker, said "he gave no explanations but on his legs in the House of Commons, had no card and no address."

The aristocracy included Lord Alvanley:

January 23, 1850: . . . He was originally in the army, came early into the world, and at once plunged into every sort of dissipation and extravagance. He was the most distinguished of that set of *roués* and spendthrifts who were at the height of the fashion for some years—consisting of Brummel, Sir H. Mildmay, Lord Sidney Osborne, Foley, John Payne, Scrope Davies, and several others, and when all of them were ruined and dispersed (most of them never to recover), Alvanley still survived, invulnerable in his person, from being a peer, and with the means of existence in consequence of the provident arrangement of his uncle, who left him a considerable property in the hand of trustees, and thus preserved from the grasp of his creditors. . . . He left the friends who assisted him in the lurch without remorse, and such was the *bonhomie* of his character, and the irresistible attraction of his society, that they invariably forgave him, and after exhausting their indignation in complaints and reproaches, they became more intimate with him than before. . . . He had rioted in all the dissipations of play and wine and women, and for many years (a liaison which began when neither was very young, and was the *réchauffé* of an earlier affair, before she was married) he was the notorious and avowed lover of Lady Fitzroy.

O'Connell one day called Lord Alvanley "a bloated buffoon." Though accurate, the description was not regarded in those days as a compliment. O'Connell's son, Morgan, thus "offered to meet Alvanley in lieu of his father."

London, May 17, 1835: . . . All the newspapers are full of details. . . . Alvanley at once said that the boldest course was the best, and he would go out. It was agreed that no time should be lost, so Damer was despatched to Colonel Hodges,

and said Alvanley was ready to meet Morgan O'Connell. "The next morning," Hodges suggested, "No, immediately." The parties joined in Arlington Street and went off in two hackney coaches; . . . The only other persons who came near them were an old Irishwoman and a Methodist parson, the latter of whom exhorted the combatants in vain to forego their sinful purpose, and to whom Alvanley replied, "Pray, sir, go and mind your own affairs, for I have enough to do now to think of mine." "Think of your soul," he said. "Yes," said Alvanley, "but my body is now in the greatest danger." The Irishwoman would come and see the fighting, and asked for some money for her attendance. Damer seems to have been a very bad second, and probably lost his head; he ought not to have consented to the third shots upon any account. Alvanley says he execrated him in his heart when he found he had consented to it. Hodges acted like a ruffian, and had anything happened he would have been hanged. It is impossible to know whether the first shot was fired by mistake or not. The impression on the minds of Alvanley's friends is that it was *not*, but it is difficult to believe that any man would endeavour to take such an advantage. However, no shot ought to have been fired after that. The affair made an amazing noise.

The timidity of the elder O'Connell caused his collapse under the stress of a prosecution:

February 15, 1831: Yesterday morning news came that O'Connell had withdrawn his plea of not guilty and (by his counsel, Mr. Perrin) pleaded guilty, to the unutterable astonishment of everybody, and not less delight. Shiel wrote word that his heart sank at the terror of a jail, and "how would such a man face battle, who could not encounter Newgate?" . . . There is no calculating what may be the extent of the credulity of an Irish mob with regard to him, but after all his bullies and bravadoes this will hardly go down even with them. Shiel says "O'Connell is fallen indeed." I trust, though hardly dare hope, that "he sinks like stars that fall to rise no more."

It was under the irritant of religion that Ireland was so restless:

February 15, 1831: . . . Lord Anglesey . . . wrote word to Lady Anglesey that no one could form an idea of the state of that

country: that fresh plots were discovered every day, that from circumstances [that is, the memory of his previous recall] he had been able to do more than another man would, but that it was not, he firmly believed, possible to save it.

July 15, 1832: . . . The truth is as I told him [Lord John Russell]—that they are, with respect to Ireland, in the situation of a man who has got an old house in which he can no longer live, not tenable; various architects propose this and that alteration, to build a room here and pull down one there, but at last they find that all these alterations will only serve to make the house habitable a little while longer, that the dry rot is in it, and that they had better begin, as they will be obliged to end, by pulling it down and building up a new one. He owned this was true.

July 15, 1832: . . . We may shift and change and wriggle about as much as we will, we may examine and report and make laws, but tithe, the tithe system is at an end. The people will not pay them, and there are no means of compelling them. The march of events is just as certain as that of the seasons.

On July 15, 1832, "John Russell spoke out what ought to have been said long ago, that the Church could not stand, but that the present clergymen must be paid (or compensated)."

Lord Duncannon talked of "the abominations which had been going on under his own eyes":

July 15, 1833: . . . One case he mentions of a man who holds a living of £1,000 a year close to Bessborough, whom he knows. There is no house, no church, and there are no Protestants in the parish. He went there to be inducted, and dined with Duncannon at Bessborough the day after. Duncannon asked him how he had managed the necessary form, and he said he had been obliged to borrow the clerk and three Protestants from a neighbouring parish, and had read the morning and evening service to them within the ruined walls of the old Abbey, and they signed a certificate that he had complied with the forms prescribed by law; he added that people would no longer endure such things.

Peel also was sometimes shocked:

March 14, 1834: . . . He and Stanley met at Madame de Lieven's ball, and Peel said to him, "Why did you let that ap-

pointment take place?" Stanley replied, "The fact is, I could not give the true and only excuse for Plunket, viz. that he had signed the report, but had never read it." Peel said, "You had better give him some other deanery and cancel this appointment."

On the Ecclesiastical Commission, the ecclesiastical conscience was further revealed:

June 27, 1836: . . . The prelates, it seems, have grasped at patronage with all their might, and have taken to themselves that which appertained to the chapters, much to the disgust of the latter; they likewise endeavoured to get hold of that which belongs to the Chancellor, and on this occasion John [Russell] wrote on a slip of paper (which he threw across the table to the Archbishop of York), "I don't object to your robbing one another, but I can't let you rob the Crown." The Archbishop wrote back, "That is just what I expected from you." This shows at least the good-humour that prevails among them.

Even the Tories talked of tampering with the sacred treasures; Lord Alvanley, for instance, who at Apsley House, the Duke's citadel itself, said:

May 2, 1836: . . . in his opinion the only real relief that could be given was some system of poor law, and the payment of the Catholic clergy, bringing that body under the control of the Government, and making it penal to draw contributions from their flocks, and that he trusted their Lordships would be prepared to go so far. He described the effect of this suggestion to have been most ludicrous. The Duke of Newcastle, who sat by him, was ready to bounce off his chair; all sorts of indistinct noises, hems, grunts, and coughs of every variety of modulation and expressive intonation were heard, but no answer and no remark.

Over the schools, "the whole bench of [Protestant] Bishops was in a flame" with what Greville called "disgraceful humbug and cant":

May 9, 1832: . . . The principal subject of discussion this last week has been the Education Board in Ireland, the object of which is to combine the education of Catholics and Protestants by an arrangement with regard to the religious part of their

instruction that may be compatible with the doctrines and practice of both. This arrangement consists in there being only certain selections from the Bible which are admitted generally, while particular days and hours are set apart for the separate religious exercises of each class. . . . While the whole system is crumbling to dust under their feet, while the Church is prostrate, property of all kind threatened, and robbery, murder, starvation, and agitation rioting over the land, these wise legislators are debating whether the brats at school shall read the whole Bible or only parts of it. They do nothing but rave of the barbarism and ignorance of the Catholics; they know that education alone can better their moral condition, and that their religious tenets prohibit the admission of any system of education (in which Protestants and Catholics can be joined) except such a one as this, and yet they would rather knock the system on the head, and prevent all the good that may flow from it, than consent to a departure from the good old rules of Orange ascendency and Popish subserviency and degradation, . . . are equally indifferent to the whole Bible or to parts of it, that they comprehend it not, have no clear and definite ideas on the subject but as matter of debate, vehicle of dispute and dissension . . . when once they [the children] have escaped from the trammels of their school, not one in a hundred will trouble his head about the Bible at all, and not one in a thousand attend to its moral precepts.

In a "silly speech," the Duke "mounted the old broken-down hobby of the Coronation Oath and cut a curvet that alarmed his friends and his enemies." Yet there were unavowed relations even with the Vatican:

June 19, 1831: . . . Aubin, who was to have acted in *Hernani* before the Queen on Wednesday next, is suddenly gone off to Rome as *attaché* to Brook Taylor, who is there negotiating. Taylor happened to be in Italy, and they sent him there, some doubts existing whether they could by law send a diplomatic agent to negotiate with the Pope; but it was referred to Denman, who said there was no danger. He is not accredited, and bears no *official* character, but it is a regular mission.

June 30, 1835: . . . I told him [Lord Melbourne] that I had long been of opinion that the only practicable and sound course

was to open a negotiation with Rome, and to endeavour to deal with the Catholics in Ireland and the ministers of the Catholic religion upon the same plan which had been *mutatis mutandis* adopted universally in Germany and almost all over the Continent, and that there was nothing the Church of Rome desired so much as to cultivate a good understanding with us. He then told me a thing that surprised me, and which seemed to be at variance with this supposition—that an application had been made to the Pope very lately (through Seymour) expressive of the particular wish of the British Government, that he would not appoint M'Hale to the vacant Catholic bishopric, *anybody but him*, notwithstanding which the Pope had appointed M'Hale; but on this occasion the Pope made a shrewd observation. His Holiness said that "he had remarked for a long time past that no piece of preferment of any value ever fell vacant in Ireland that he did not get an application from the British Government asking for the appointment." . . . Can anything be more absurd or anomalous than such relations as these? The law prohibits any intercourse with Rome, and the Government, whose business it is to enforce the law, has established a regular but underhand intercourse, through the medium of a diplomatic agent, whose character cannot be avowed, and the Ministers of this Protestant kingdom are continually soliciting the Pope to confer appointments, the validity, even the existence of which they do not recognize, while the Pope, who is the object of our orthodox abhorrence and dread, good-humouredly complies with all or nearly all their requests. These are the national and legislative follies of this wise and prosperous people.

According to Greville, the Duke regarded the Irish Church at any rate as "a pig not yet fit for killing and he will not let anybody stick it but himself."

It was not only a question whether money should be taken from the Church. Parliament had also to decide what was to be done with the money. Greville considered that the revenues, being ecclesiastical, should be transferred to the Catholics. But when he "came up with Melbourne from London," he was made to realize the difficulties:

September 28, 1832: . . . He talked of Ireland, and the dif-

ficulty of settling the question there, that the Archbishop of Canterbury was willing to reform the Church, but not to alienate any of its revenues. "Not," I asked, "for the payment of a Catholic clergy?" "No, not from Protestant uses." I told him there was nothing to be done but to pull down the edifice and rebuild it. He said you would have all the Protestants against you, but he did not appear to differ. To this things must come at last.

The quarrel with Ireland became chronic. "There really seems to be no end to the base effrontery of this man," wrote Greville of O'Connell on September 14, 1844.

December 13, 1843: . . . Duncannon said the popularity of O'Connell, the Liberator as they all call him, is unbounded, and the Rent this year will be £25,000. He asked the people in his neighbourhood what they were making the great fires for, and they said, "Because the Liberator has *bet* the Attorney General." He asked them why they wished for Repeal, and they said, "Because the Liberator said it would be a great thing for them."

There has been an alliance, for a time, between O'Connell and the Whigs:

July 9, 1837: . . . The only understanding the Government had with O'Connell was one of mutual support in the Irish elections.

February 24, 1835: . . . The union with O'Connell is complete however long it may last, and he has agreed to give up Repeal, and they are to find some lucrative place for him when they get in again. What he wants is to be a Master of the Rolls in Ireland; the rent fails and money he must have. It is a wretched thing that there is no buying that man *now* without disgrace; well would it have been to have made the purchase long ago.

March 31, 1835: . . . There were 260 people at Lord John Russell's dinner, all prepared to go any lengths, and 20 more who were absent put their names down. O'Connell, who declared "it was the most delightful evening he ever passed in his life," publicly acknowledged John Russell as his leader, and the Radicals were all present but Hume.

Riddlesworth, April 16, 1835: . . . Even my Whig-Radical friends write me word that "O'Connell holds the destiny of the

Government in his hands and is acknowledged to be the greatest man going."

November 22, 1835: . . . Burdett has written a letter to the managers of Brookes's, to propose the expulsion of O'Connell. It will do no good; these abortive attempts do nothing towards plucking him down from his bad eminence, and their failure gives him a triumph.

June 21, 1838: O'Connell has declined the Irish Rolls [Mastership of the Rolls]. He says that it has been the object of his ambition all his life, but that at this moment he cannot accept it; that the moderate course which the Government is pursuing (the abandonment of the Appropriation Clause &c.) and his support of that course have already given great umbrage to the violent party in Ireland, and his acceptance of office would be considered as the result of a bargain by which he had bartered the principles he had always maintained in order to obtain this place; that his influence would be entirely lost; a ferment produced in Ireland which he would be unable to suppress, and the Government would be placed in great difficulty.

February 25, 1837: . . . Sheil made a grand declamatory tirade, chiefly remarkable for the scene it produced, which was unexampled in the House, and for its credit may be hoped such as never will occur again. There was a blackguard ferocity in it which would have disgraced the National Convention or the Jacobin Club. Lyndhurst was sitting under the gallery, and Sheil, turning to him as he said it, uttered one of his vehement sentences against the celebrated and unlucky expression of "aliens." The attack was direct, and it was taken up by his adherents, already excited by his speech. Then arose a din and tumultuous and vociferous cheering, such as the walls never echoed to before; they stood up, all turning to Lyndhurst, and they hooted and shouted at him with every possible gesture and intonation of insult. It lasted ten minutes, the Speaker in vain endeavouring to moderate the clamour. All this time Lyndhurst [was] totally unmoved; he neither attempted to stir, nor changed a muscle of his countenance.

Bowood, December 12, 1846: . . . The state of Ireland is to the last degree deplorable, and enough to induce despair. . . . . While menaced with the continuance of famine next year, they will not cultivate the ground, and it lies unsown and untilled.

There is no doubt that the people never were so well off on the whole as they have been this year of famine. Nobody will pay rent, and the savings banks are overflowing. With the money they get from our relief funds they buy arms instead of food, and then shoot the officers who are sent over to regulate the distribution of relief. While they crowd to the overseers with demands for employment, the landowners cannot procure hands, and sturdy beggars calling themselves destitute are apprehended with large sums in their pockets. We are here all of opinion that some tremendous catastrophe is inevitable.

So was broken the truce, and for a second time O'Connell was indicted:

November 25, 1843: We are all occupied with the trials in Ireland. It was very generally thought by the lawyers here that the plea of abatement put in by O'Connell would be admitted and the indictment quashed; but the judges unanimously admitted the demurrer, and overruled the plea.

January 14, 1844: . . . The striking off all the Catholics from the jury is inveighed against here as an act of madness, there as of intolerable injustice and insult. It does appear to be an enormous blunder, and none of the excuses made for it seems even plausible. The Government ought to look far beyond the event of this trial. It would be a thousand times better to have O'Connell acquitted by a mixed jury than convicted by one all Protestant.

February 15, 1844: . . . The poor devils were locked up, without any necessity, from Saturday night till Monday morning, for there would have been no risk in taking the verdict on Sunday. The Chief Justice's charge was more like an advocate's speech than a judicial charge, stronger by far than any of our judges would have thought of delivering.

February 27, 1838: . . . The scene which ensued appears to have been something like that which a meeting of Bedlam or Billingsgate might produce. All was uproar, gesticulation, and confusion. The Irishmen started up one after another and proclaimed their participation in O'Connell's sentiments, and claimed to be joined in his condemnation. They were all the more furious when they found that the conquerors only meant to have him reprimanded by the Speaker, and that there was no

chance of his or their being sent to Newgate or the Tower. At last "*le combat finit faute de combattants*," for John Russell and his colleagues first, and subsequently Peel and his followers, severally made their exits something like rival potentates, and their trains in a tragedy, and when the bellowers found nobody left to bellow to, they too were obliged to move off.

On a technicality, the House of Lords quashed the verdict against O'Connell, which judgment "came on the world like a thunderclap."

The Grange, September 14, 1844: O'Connell, as soon as he got out of prison, made a long speech, full of sound and fury, threatening and abusing everybody, but evidently desirous of finding plausible pretences for suspending all active movements, and for abstaining from doing anything that may bring him again into collision with the law or the Government. The High Tories and their press are exceedingly indignant with Wharncliffe for having interposed to prevent the lay lords voting and overruling the law lords.

Curiously, "that indescribable wretch" Brougham was in doubt whether Wharncliffe, thus insisting on the lay lords waving their privileges, was right—a discussion of which lawyers will perceive the immense constitutional importance.

The murder of Lord Norbury "made a great sensation because the man is so conspicuous":

February 6, 1839: . . . He [Brougham] came out the night of the Address with a very brilliant speech, and with a fierce and bitter philippic against O'Connell for having insinuated that Lord Norbury had been shot by his own son. Last night, O'Connell retaliated in the House of Commons, and denying that he had even thought of, or insinuated any such thing, he hurled back an invective still fiercer, bitterer, more insulting, and very powerful too.

A bill to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland (1848) was passed:

February 9, 1849: . . . Lord Lansdowne, a great Irish proprietor, is filled with horror and dread at the scheme that some propound, of making the sound part of Ireland rateable for the

necessities of the unsound, which he thinks is neither more nor less than a scheme of confiscation, by which the weak will not be saved, but the strong be involved in the general ruin. . . .

Ireland is like a strong man with an enormous cancer in one limb of his body. The distress is confined to particular districts, but there it is frightful and apparently irremediable. It is like a region desolated by pestilence and war. The people really are dying of hunger, and the means of aiding them do not exist. Here is a country, part and parcel of England, a few hours removed from the richest and most civilized community in the world, in a state so savage, barbarous and destitute, that we must go back to the Middle Ages or to the most inhospitable regions of the globe to look for a parallel.

Among Lords Lieutenant was Clarendon, who, sapient man, was quite an optimist:

February 20, 1850: . . . Clarendon told me he expected the Encumbered Estates Act would prove the regeneration of Ireland, and that this measure was entirely done by himself.

Another of Clarendon's cures for Irish troubles:

December 2, 1848: . . . Yesterday, Clarendon went to the Grange on his way to Dublin. I had a long conversation with him before he went. He told me what they are meditating for Ireland. They give up all idea of paying the priests, and laying out money for any purpose but that of emigration. For this, however, they have a great scheme connected with Canadian railways. Their purpose is to establish a vast line of railways in Canada, and to make a large emigration from Ireland for this purpose. A tax on Canadian timber, and a sum of money to be borrowed here, the interest on which Clarendon thinks he can supply (£180,000), are to provide the necessary funds. They have satisfied themselves that this is as much as they can venture to attempt.

In the meantime, Ireland, twice blessed, was to be treated as an enemy:

June 11, 1848: . . . The Duke of Bedford told me yesterday that he has had a letter from Clarendon in which he gave him an account of his mode of proceeding which appeared to him so

dangerous and unwise that he has written strongly to him on the subject and spoken to John [Russell] about it, who agrees with the Duke. It is the employment of spies he objects to and which he says Clarendon is carrying on to an extent as great as the old system of Sidmouth, which excited so much indignation. He is right, for it would make a great uproar here if it were known and materially affect Clarendon's authority in Ireland, and damage the high reputation he has acquired.

CHAPTER XXXVI

GRATITUDE IN POLITICS

Out of the Irish welter, thus described, we must now select one incident, dated 1834, that, with O'Connell still active, determined the fate of a British Government.

The Chief Secretary for Ireland under Lord Grey was Lord Stanley, better known later as the Earl of Derby, twice Prime Minister. It was of Stanley that Bulwer Lytton wrote the lines:

> The brilliant chief, irregularly great,
> Frank, haughty, rash—the Rupert of debate.

Stanley's grandfather, a former Earl (July 6, 1834), who was "a very shrewd and sagacious old man, never would hear of his grandson's [the future Prime Minister's] superlative merits, and always in the midst of his triumphs questioned his ultimate success."

Stanley had a dual mind. It ran to race horses and religion:

May 27, 1833: . . . It was curious to see Stanley. Who would believe they beheld the orator and statesman, only second, if second, to Peel in the House of Commons, and on whom the destiny of the country perhaps depends? There he was, as if he had no thoughts but for the turf, full of the horses, interest in the lottery, eager, blunt, noisy, good-humoured, "has *meditans nugas et totus in illis*"; at night equally devoted to the play, as if his fortune depended on it. Thus can a man relax whose existence is devoted to great objects and serious thoughts.

Stanley (July 18, 1837) was "the most natural character" who "seems never to think of throwing a veil over any part of himself"—"a lively rattling sportsman apparently devoted to racing and rabbit-shooting, gay, boisterous, almost rustic in his manners."

April 10, 1851: . . . A few weeks ago he was on the point of being Prime Minister, which only depended on himself. Then

he stood up in the House of Lords, and delivered an oration full of gravity and dignity, such as became the man who had just undertaken to form an administration. A few days ago he was feasted in Merchant Taylors' Hall, amidst a vast assembly of lords and commoners, who all acknowledged him as their chief. He was complimented amidst thunders of applause upon his great and statesmanlike qualities, and he again delivered an oration, serious as befitted the lofty capacity in which he there appeared. If any of his vociferous disciples and admirers, if some grave members of either House of Parliament, or any distinguished foreigner who knew nothing of Lord Stanley but what he saw, heard, or read of him, could have suddenly found themselves in the betting room at Newmarket on Tuesday evening and seen Stanley there, I think they would have been in a pretty state of astonishment. There he was in the midst of a crowd of blacklegs, betting men, and loose characters of every description, in uproarious spirits, chaffing, rowing, and shouting with laughter and joking. His amusement was to lay Lord Glasgow a wager that he did not sneeze in a given time, for which purpose he took pinch after pinch of snuff, while Stanley jeered him and quizzed him with such noise that he drew the whole mob around him to partake of the coarse merriment he excited.

When Stanley attacked a government (February 22, 1847), he would say, "Oh, yes, I mean to give you a gallop." On the same day (July 5, 1848), he "meditated becoming Prime Minister" and "accepted the office of Steward of the Jockey Club."

London, November 13, 1833: . . . Dined yesterday with Stanley who gave me a commission to bet a hundred for him on Bentley against Berbastes for the Derby, and talked of racing after dinner with as much zest as if he was on the turf.

Stanley's "attachment to the Church" (July 15, 1832) was as sincere as his devotion to the betting book. It was the Protestant Church, however, that he favoured, which "makes him the unfittest man in the country to manage Irish Affairs."

March 26, 1840: . . . O'Connell made a most blackguard speech, alluding with wretched ribaldry to the deathbed of Stanley's mother-in-law, from which he had come to urge his motion,

out of deference to those whom he had brought up for it. One of the worst of those disgraceful and stupid brutalities, which will obliterate (if possible) the fame of the great things O'Connell has done in the course of his career.

February 27, 1833: . . . Stanley rose and made one of the finest speeches that were ever heard, pounding O'Connell to dust and attacking him for his "six hundred scoundrels," from which he endeavoured to escape by a miserable and abortive explanation. Stanley seems to have set the whole thing to rights, like a great man.

Stanley's conscience had tender spots. He had received "a positive pledge . . . that he should not meet Parliament again but as Secretary of State." And he agreed to the abolition of ten Irish bishops—they did not so very much matter—but over a clause "appropriating" certain revenues of the Establishment, there was (May 27, 1834) "the devil to pay."

July 15, 1832: . . . He [Duncannon] then talked of the views of the Protestants, of the Lefroys, &c., that they began to admit the necessity of a change, but by no means would consent to the alienation of Church property from Protestant uses, that they were willing where there was a large parish consisting entirely of Catholics that the tithes should be taken from the rector of such parish and given to one who had a large Protestant flock, an arrangement which would disgust the Catholics as much as or more than any other, and be considered a perfect mockery.

"The devil's own difficulty" with Stanley developed. He resigned and accused the Whigs of being "thimbleriggers at a country fair." "The Tories cheered him lustily":

July 6, 1834: . . . I fully concur in the nearly universal opinion that, however clever and laughable it may have been, it was a most injudicious and unfortunate exhibition, and is calculated to do him a serious and lasting injury. . . . He availed himself of his knowledge that there was nobody on the Treasury Bench who could answer him to fling out this spiteful and intemperate invective. If Brougham could have been thrown for half an hour into the House, "like an eagle into a dovecot," what a grand opportunity there would havebeen for his tremendous sarcasm to vent itself.

Between Stanley and Lord John Russell, there was "very sharp work." The Whigs "left off *noble friending* and took to *noble lording* him, to show that they were quite two."

May 27, 1834: . . . We are now in what is called a mess; the Whigs have put matters in such a condition that they cannot govern the country themselves and that nobody else can govern it either. "Time and the hour ran through the roughest day."

June 1, 1834: . . . I confess myself to be lost in astonishment at the views they [Stanley, etc.] take on this subject; that, after swallowing the camel of the Reform Bill, they should strain at the gnats which were perched upon the camel's back, that they should not have perceived from the first that such reforms as these must inevitably be consequent upon the great measure, and, above all, that the prevalence of public opinion, abstract justice, and the condition of Ireland all loudly call for their adoption.

It was not until 1868—thirty-five years later—that Gladstone dealt with the Irish Church. And in the meantime the Protestant Ascendency lay like a grim shadow athwart John Bull's Other Island.

"There are 20,000 men in Ireland," writes Greville on February 9, 1831, "so Lord Hill [the Commander in Chief] told me last night."

February 16, 1833: . . . Last night Lord Grey introduced his coercive measures in an excellent speech, though there are some people who doubt his being able to carry them through the House of Commons. If he can't, he goes of course; and what next? The measures are sufficiently strong, it must be owned—a *consommé* of insurrection-gagging Acts, suspension of Habeas Corpus, martial law, and one or two other little hards and sharps.

February 27, 1833: . . . I told the Duke what Macaulay had said to Denison: "that if he had had to legislate, he would, instead of this Bill, have suspended the laws for five years in Ireland, given the Lord Lieutenant's proclamation the force of law, and got the Duke of Wellington to go there." He seemed very well pleased at this, and said, "Well, that is the way I governed the provinces on the Garonne in the south of France. I desired the mayors to go on administering the law of the land,

and when they asked me in whose name criminal suits should be carried on (which were ordinarily in the name of the Emperor), and if they should be in the name of the King, I said no, that we were treating with the Emperor at Chatillon, and if they put forth the King they would be in a scrape; neither should it be in the Emperor's name, because we did not acknowledge him, but in that of the Allied Powers."

Even Macaulay wanted Ireland to be governed by Wellington —that is, as a hostile and conquered country.

The Lord Lieutenant was now Wellesley, brother of the Duke. He was regarded (September 5, 1833) as "worn out and effete." Indeed, it was "a ridiculous appointment"—"the very worst they could hit upon"—and Lord Wellesley was "said to be in the hands of Blake the Remembrancer, a dangerous Jesuitical fellow."

Yet by June, 1834, to the surprise of everybody, Wellesley had pacified the country. Indeed, he went so far as to write to London an opinion that the Coercion Bill, as presented by Earl Grey, might be toned down.

It was Lord Wellesley who said of a later Lord Lieutenant, Lord Normanby (March 25, 1839), that "he dramatized royally, and made mercy appear blind instead of justice."

A prospect of peace might seem to have been good news. But so zealous were the Coercionists that it was regarded as a base conspiracy:

July 19, 1834: . . . There certainly never was a more complete underhand intrigue perpetrated than this, and although no official document, or demi-official, will now be produced to reveal the name of the prime mover, everybody's finger is pointed at Brougham, and the young Greys make no secret of their conviction that he is the man.

August 16, 1834: . . . In a speech the other night, by way of putting his audience on a wrong scent with regard to his correspondence with Lord Wellesley, he [Brougham] assured them that that correspondence was on any subject but politics, and in every language except English; and Lemarchant [Brougham's secretary] told somebody that his most difficult employment was to correct and copy out the Chancellor's Greek epigrams to Lord Wellesley, his Greek characters being worse

than his English; while Lord Wellesley sent him very neatly written and prettily composed epigrams in return.

Brougham's turpitude was only half the story. There was an absurd "trash" reported from the Commons. It was suggested that Irish members, denouncing coercion, privately stated that they wanted the Act renewed. Lord Althorp, leader of the House, and Mr. Sheil got so hot about it that, to prevent a hostile meeting, both of them had to be taken into custody by the sergeant at arms.

Greville's own opinion was that coercion need not have been "emasculated, for there would have been no difficulty in passing it through both Houses." In fact, the Cabinet actually tried to obtain from Wellesley a second letter, saying that Coercion was still as essential as ever.

Already the post of Chief Secretary for Ireland had become impossible. An unwilling Lyttelton was forced into it:

July 10, 1834: . . . No man could be less fit for such a situation; his talents are slender, his manners unpopular, and his vanity considerable. When warned against O'Connell he said, "Oh, leave me to manage Dan," and manage him he did with a vengeance, and a pretty Tartar he caught.

O'Connell (February 17, 1834) gave the world an early hint of the Irish genius for politics by laying "a trap" for the Government into which Ministers fell "ding-dong." There was a certain Baron Smith who, though "very able," was "fanciful and disaffected" (January 19, 1831) and "will never suffer any but policemen or soldiers to be hanged of those whom he tries." O'Connell quietly permitted a motion of enquiry to be carried which (February 22) had to be rescinded. And the *volte face* did the Government no good.

This was, however, merely a detail. The ultimate "misconduct" of Lyttelton was more serious. He was detected talking with O'Connell. That a Chief Secretary for Ireland should so demean himself was indeed a "melancholy exhibition":

July 4, 1834: . . . A more disgraceful affair never was seen; the Tories chuckled, the Government and their friends were disgusted, ashamed, and vexed; Durham sat under the gallery and enjoyed the fun.

To give Lyttelton his due, we must add that Greville himself (July 3, 1836) dined with the Irish Members, and even found it "agreeable enough" with "no politics talked."

The Cabinet split and Earl Grey resigned. And the result was a "vast increase . . . to the power and authority of O'Connell."

July 19, 1834: . . . He has long been able to make the Irish believe anything he pleases, and he will certainly have no difficulty in persuading them that he himself has brought this state of things, that he has ousted Lord Grey, introduced Duncannon (who of all the Whigs has been his greatest friend), and expunged the obnoxious clauses from the Coercion Bill, and the fact is that all this is not very far from the truth.

Thus did O'Connell pass his zenith:

June 7, 1847: . . . The death of O'Connell made little or no sensation here. He had quarrelled with half of his followers, he had ceased to be the head of a great party animated by any great principle, or encouraged to pursue any attainable object; the Repeal cause was become despicable and hopeless without ceasing to be noisy and mischievous.

CHAPTER XXXVII

LURE OF ASIA

In the pages of Greville, we must pick our way through the maze of diplomatic intrigue which began with the Battle of Waterloo and culminated forty years later in the Crimean War.

We shall watch the drama develop in Egypt, Turkey, Italy, and the Peninsula, but, amid all the politics and personalities, we must keep clearly in mind that the magnet which determined the event was Asia.

The Indian statesman, Lord William Bentinck, was an uncle of Greville. And, clearly, Greville preferred his aunt, a daughter of the first Earl of Gosford:

May 7, 1843: . . . Though she had passed all her life in the world, been placed in great situations, and had mingled habitually and familiarly with eminent people, she never was the least elated or spoiled by her prosperity. Her mind was pure, simple, natural, and humble. She was not merely charitable, but was charity itself, not only in relieving and assisting the necessitous, but in always putting the most indulgent constructions on the motives and conduct of others, in a childlike simplicity, in believing the best of everybody, and an incredulity of evil report, which proceeded from a mind itself incapable of doing wrong. To parody part of a couplet of Dryden—

> . . innocent within,
> She thought no evil, for she knew no sin.

Hers was one of those rare dispositions which nature had made of its very best materials.

Lord William Bentinck was, in Greville's opinion, too much of a reformer. He had—

February 12, 1836: . . . published an address to the electors of Glasgow which is remarkable, because he is the first man of high rank and station who has publicly professed the ultra-Radical opinions which he avows in this document. It is by no

means well done, and a very silly address in many respects. He is a man whose success in life has been greater than his talents warrant, for he is not right-headed, and has committed some great blunder or other in every public situation in which he has been placed; but he is simple in his habits, popular in his manners, liberal in his opinions, and magnificently hospitable in his mode of life. These qualities are enough to ensure popularity.

In November, 1822, the Directors of the East India Company desired that he proceed to Calcutta, but Lord Liverpool, being a Tory, "interposed his influence to prevent that nomination." In 1827, however, Bentinck became Governor General of Bengal, and in 1833, the first Governor General of India.

It was under Lord William Bentinck that the Hindu practice of burning widows was abolished. "The suttee case," says Greville on July 12, 1832, "was decided at the Privy Council on Saturday last and was not uninteresting." Brougham, as Lord Chancellor, "was prolix and confused," having "hit upon a bit of metaphysics in one of the cases on which he took pleasure in dilating."

On "the column or whatever it be that they have erected to his honour in India," there was inscribed a tribute from the pen of Macaulay:

TO
WILLIAM CAVENDISH BENTINCK,
who during seven years ruled India with eminent prudence,
integrity, and benevolence;
who, placed at the head of a great empire, never laid aside the
simplicity and moderation of a private citizen;
who infused into oriental despotism the spirit of British freedom;
who never forgot that the end of government is the happiness
of the governed;
who abolished cruel rites;
who effaced humiliating distinctions;
who gave liberty to the expression of public opinion;
whose constant study it was to elevate the intellectual and moral
character of the nations committed to his charge;
THIS MONUMENT
was erected by men
who, differing in race, in manners, in language, and in religion,
cherish with equal veneration and gratitude
the memory of his wise, upright, and paternal administration.

Asia, with her nabobs and sultans, had been something of a comedy. There was, for instance, the "quarrel" between the Fourth George, as Prince Regent, and the Persian Ambassador:

June 25, 1819: . . . He wanted to have precedence over all other Ambassadors, and because this was not allowed he was affronted and would not go to Court. This mark of disrespect was resented, and it was signified to him that his presence would be dispensed with at Carlton House, and that the Ministers could no longer receive him at their houses. On Sunday last the Regent went to Lady Salisbury's, where he met the Persian, who, finding he had given offence, had made a sort of apology, and said that illness had prevented him from going to Court. The Regent came up to him and said, "Well, my good friend, how are you? I hope you are better?" He said, "Oh, sir I am very well, but I am very sorry I offended your Royal Highness by not going to Court. Now, sir, my sovereign he tell me to go first, and your Congress, about which I know nothing, say I must go last; now this very bad for me" (pointing to his head) "when I go back to Persia." The Regent said, "Well, my good friend, never mind it now; it does not signify." He answered, "Oh yes, sir; but your Royal Highness still angry with me, and you have not asked me to your party to-morrow night." The Regent laughed and said, "I was only going to have a few children to dance, but if you'd like to come I shall be very happy to see you." Accordingly he went to Carlton House, and they are very good friends again.

In the 'thirties, Asia was taken seriously. And as a gateway to India, Afghanistan was important. The Amir, Shah Soojah, was a British nominee and, in 1841, we see Sir Alexander Burnes occupying Cabul, where things began to go wrong. According to the Duke of Wellington, who had served in India:

January 19, 1843: . . . The great error they committed was in the breach of a fundamental rule universally established in our intercourse with the native powers, that no troops should be employed in the collection of the revenue. They sent Shah Soojah into the country with what they called his own army—in which there was not a single Afghan soldier, for it was collected in Hindostan, and officered by officers borrowed from the British Government—and these troops were employed in col-

lecting tribute and revenue, and this produced all that animosity and hostility to us which were the causes of what afterwards happened."

Burnes was murdered; so was Shah Soojah; and Akbar Khan seized the throne. According to the Duke:

January 19, 1843: . . . "What they ought to have done at first, was this: the moment Burnes was murdered, and the first symptom of an outbreak appeared, they should have occupied the Bala Hissar with 500 or 600 men, instantly taken military possession of Cabul, and of all the forts in the neighbourhood of the entrenchment, calculated the amount of stores and provision requisite, and set about their collection in Cabul itself; and if this had been promptly done they would have been able to maintain themselves without any difficulty, and none of these events would have occurred."

Unfortunately, the General, Elphinstone, was "unfit." And on January 6, 1842, the British forces began their retreat toward the Khyber Pass. A week later, one man only, Dr. Brydon, rode into Jellalabad. In that awful defile, the Khoord Cabul, treachery, aided by winter, had annihilated or captured an entire expedition, consisting of 20,000 men, women, and children.

General Sale was at Jellalabad, his wife was at the point of danger; yet it was only much later that Sale would attempt relief:

February 16, 1842: . . . I read yesterday a letter from Mrs. Sale, at Cabul, to her husband, the General, with an account of the events there, and the heroic conduct of Captain Sturt: a most remarkable letter, exhibiting an interesting mixture of masculine courage and understanding of military details, with touches of feminine nature. The agony of apprehension, apparent in the despatches, and the pressing entreaties of Sale to march back to their relief, show the magnitude of the danger they were in. The feelings of the General must have been bitter when he could not obey the summons, and was obliged to refuse to make any attempt to relieve his comrades and his wife.

March 14, 1842: . . . The Duke of Wellington told me at Court on Friday that there must have been either the grossest

treachery, or the most inconceivable imbecility, and very likely a mixture of both, as they often go together. Auckland [the Governor General], who writes, as is natural, in great despondency, says that the whole thing is unintelligible to him, for, as far as they know, the 5,000 British troops at Cabul were never assailed by above 10,000 or 12,000 Afghans, irregularly armed with matchlocks and spears, while our force was provided with artillery, and all the appurtenances of war. According to all our notions and all former experience, a British force could always put to flight or destroy native tribes ten times more numerous. The Duke said that the captivity of the women would produce an effect from one end of Asia to the other, such as Europeans would form no idea of. But what reflections this event gives rise to as to the uninterrupted current of our past successes, which has been so great that we had got to fancy no reverse of any sort, or in any quarter, could possibly befall us! It is a grievous thing to lose 5,000 men, cut off by a sudden insurrection and perishing, because circumstances beyond the control of man prevented their obtaining succour; but when we hear that such a disaster as this has not befallen us for above fifty years, and we think of all the tremendous defeats, wholesale destructions of men, and miseries inflicted on other lands and other nations, we may well, instead of repining, feel grateful for the impunity we have enjoyed from the evils and afflictions which have been so abundantly poured upon almost every other nation in the world.

Over the disaster, there were embittered debates. But, amid "this scuffle," a disinterested opinion prevailed:

September 3, 1842: . . . A few days ago I met Sir Charles Metcalfe, the greatest of Indian authorities. He was decidedly opposed to the expedition originally, and he told me he never could understand how Auckland could have been induced to undertake it. But he thinks that we have now no alternative, and must reoccupy Cabul and reëstablish our authority. When we have done so, he says, we ought to leave to the Afghans the choice of their ruler, and then make a treaty with him, whoever he may be, and such a one as it is his interest to keep, for he will not keep any other.

September 11, 1842: . . . The English public will be satisfied

if we get back the prisoners, which is what they think most about, and though they will be dissatisfied and disappointed if some sort of vengeance is not executed upon Akbar Khan, they will on the whole be happy to be extricated from such an embarrassing and expensive scrape.

Ultimately the "want of camels" and of "means of transport" was overcome and Cabul was reoccupied:

November 30, 1842: . . . In the midst of all our successes, however, the simple truth is that Akbar Khan and the Afghans have gained their object completely. We had placed a puppet king [Shah Soojah] on the throne, and we kept him there and held military possession of the country by a body of our troops. They resolved to get rid of our king and our troops and to resume their barbarous independence; they massacred all our people, civil and military, and they afterwards put to death the king. We lost all hold over the country except the fortresses we continued to occupy. Our recent expedition was, in fact, undertaken merely to get back the prisoners who had escaped with their lives from the general slaughter, and having got them we have once for all abandoned the country, leaving to the Afghans the unmolested possession of the liberty they had acquired, and not attempting to replace upon their necks the yoke they so roughly shook off. There is, after all, no great cause for rejoicing and triumph in all this.

Of Lord Auckland, when he was ultimately "struck down by a fit of apoplexy on his return from shooting," Greville wrote:

London, January 2, 1849: . . . His government of India was the subject of general applause till just as it was about to close, when the unfortunate Cabul disaster tarnished its fame, and exposed him to reproaches which he did not deserve. . . . Lord Auckland bore this bitter disappointment with the calmness and dignity of a man who felt that he had no cause for self-reproach, probably trusting to an ultimate and unprejudiced estimate of the general merits of his laborious and conscientious administration.

As Governor General, Lord Auckland was succeeded by and entertained a grievance against the somewhat imaginative

Lord Ellenborough. According to Emily Eden, Auckland's sister, "who is a very clever but wrong-headed woman":

December 8, 1842: . . . When Ellenborough came into office, he wrote to Auckland a friendly letter, in which he said what was tantamount to an invitation to him to stay in India. On his arrival at Calcutta, he was Auckland's guest for the first three days, till he was sworn in, and then Auckland was his, and when Auckland's sisters wanted to leave Government House and go and pay a visit to a friend of theirs, Ellenborough would not hear of it, and made such a point of their remaining there till their departure that they did so. He lived with them morning, noon, and night, on terms of the greatest cordiality, and repeatedly expressed his regret that they were going away.

Yet Ellenborough—"a grievous fault"—dared to "proclaim to the world that errors have been committed"—it was a "Proclamation particularly odious." And Auckland did not hesitate to emit his opinion of Ellenborough:

January 24, 1843: . . . We talked a good deal, of course, about Ellenborough and his proceedings. Auckland told us that he had been convinced he was mad from the moment of his landing, for he seemed to have worked himself up during the voyage to a pitch of excitement, which immediately broke forth. The captain of the ship he went in was shocked at the violence he occasionally exhibited, and the strange things he said, that he on several occasions sent his youngsters away, that they might not hear him, and he was strongly impressed with the conviction that he was not in his right mind. He said to Auckland, "that he should come Aurungzebe over them," and repeatedly he used to say, "what a pity it was that he had not come to that country twenty years before, and what he should have made of it if he had." This, too, spoken with perfect complacency to the man who had been governing it for seven years, and after the many eminent men who had preceded him! He told Auckland he intended to turn out the Royal Family from the Palace at Delhi and convert it into a residence for himself. Auckland suggested to him that the fallen representative of the Mogul Emperors had long occupied this vast habitation, which was rather the portion of a town than merely a palace; that there the family had increased till they amounted to nearly

2,000 souls, besides their innumerable followers and attendants, and it would not be a very easy or advisable process to disturb them. Ellenborough answered that it did not signify, out they must go, for he should certainly install himself in the Royal residence of Delhi. Since their departure from India, the letters they have received confirm the impression his conduct made. His talk is inflated with vanity and pride. He says he is not like an ordinary Governor of India, but a Minister, a President of the Board of Control, come there to exercise in person the authority with which he is invested.

Lord Ellenborough's proclamation intimated that "the insult of 800 years was avenged by the carrying off the gates of the Temple of Somnauth as a trophy." And as Governor General he was "certainly not happy in his measures, his manners, or his phrases," which "exasperated the Mahomedan population."

January 19, 1843: . . . I told him [the Duke] that there was but one sentiment of indignation and ridicule at all Lord Ellenborough had been saying and doing. He lifted up his hands and eyes, and admitted that this was only to be expected. I told him that a friend of mine had seen a letter from Ellenborough in which he gave an account of the review he was going to have, when he meant to arrange his army in the form of a star, with the artillery at the point of each ray, and a throne for himself in the centre. "And he ought to sit upon it in a strait waistcoat," said the Duke.

He then talked of the Proclamations pretty much as everybody else does.

But here, as in other cases, one story was true until another was told. Whatever might have been Ellenborough's idiosyncrasies "the Duke of Wellington alone maintained all along that Ellenborough was right," and in this sense (March 19, 1843) 'spoke marvellously well" in the House of Lords—this despite his advanced age. The Indian Blue Book caused "a considerable reaction in Ellenborough's favour."

February 17, 1843: . . . All the charges with which he has been so pertinaciously and violently assailed for many months past, such as cowardice, meanly retiring from the contest, ordering troops to withdraw against the wishes and advice of the gen-

erals, indifference to the fate of prisoners, fall to the ground at once. There is not a shadow of a case against him on any of these points. I can't comprehend why the Government allowed such attacks to go unanswered in any way for such a length of time.

The supreme question was whether India's own warriors would accept British rule. And in 1846, there was fought the Sikh War, resulting in the annexation of the Punjab. The Sikh Army consisted of 30,000 men and seventy cannon:

March 1, 1846: . . . It does appear monstrous too, that a semi-barbarous horde like the Sikhs should take the field with a material so superior to ours, and an artillery with which ours could not cope.

Greville (March 1, 1846) accused Lord Hardinge the Governor General of "mismanagement." But later he modified the charge:

April 4, 1846: . . . The news of the great victory at Sobraon and termination of the Sikh war has put the world in such good spirits, and filled everybody with such joy, that for the time everything else has been almost forgotten. There certainly never was anything more complete than this piece of Indian history, so grand and so dramatic, such a glorious mixture of bravery and moderation, and such a display of national dignity and power. Auckland said to me last night that it was impossible to pick a fault if you wished to do so. He approves of everything that Hardinge has done. The Duke was very energetic in the House of Lords on the thanks; and it is a fine thing for him to have lived to see his military children covering themselves with glory on the scene of his own first achievements half a century ago, and himself still hale, fresh, and his intellect vigorous and unclouded.

Greville adds, however, an astonishing story:

August 5, 1848: . . . It was only the other day that I heard on what a marvellous accident the last great battle depended. Hardinge considered the battle lost, and the destruction of his army inevitable. Not expecting to survive the defeat, he gave his watch and some other things about him to one of his officers, desiring him to have them conveyed to his wife, with the assur-

ance that his last thoughts were with her. At this juncture a staff officer (whose name I did not hear), who from nervousness or fear had lost his head, went to the commander of our cavalry, and told him that he was the bearer of an order to him to retire; that officer asked if he had no written order, he said he had not, but he spoke so positively as to the instruction with which he was charged, that the other believed him and began to draw off his men. This movement was seen by the Sikhs, and, mistaking its purport, they fancied it indicated a disposition to take them in flank and cut off their communications. They were seized with a sudden panic, and immediately commenced their retreat: it was thus that this victory was won when it was all but lost, and won by the mistake or the invention of an officer who in terror or confusion had communicated an order which never was given to him, and which he had himself invented or imagined. It is universally agreed that if we had been defeated in that action our Eastern Empire would have been lost to us, for the prestige of our power would have been lost, and all India would have risen to cast off our yoke. After the action the question arose how this officer was to be dealt with, but it was not considered prudent to bring him to a court martial, when the consequences of his conduct had been such as they were, and the inquiry might have revealed the magnitude of the peril from which we had escaped.

Under the circumstances, "the Duke does not think very highly of Hardinge's military talents."

Such were the grim chances on which depended the fate of the British Empire. The little wars were chronic.

November 19, 1841: Met Captain Elliot at dinner yesterday, who was very amusing with his accounts of China. . . . I am inclined to think that he will be able to vindicate his latest exploit at Canton. . . . He also disapproves of the course we are meditating, and says that we are all wrong to think of waging war with China in any way but by our ships, and, above all, to wish to establish diplomatic relations with her.

There was a certain Sir George Grey, formerly Chief Justice of Bengal, who wore a brown coat and was called "Mr. Pickwick":

January 8, 1842: . . . Accounts from China of fresh successes,

but the capture of Amoy is like an operation in a pantomime rather than in real war. Nobody is killed or wounded, nothing found in the place, which was directly after evacuated. Sir George Grey, who called on me yesterday (and though a ridiculous-looking, not at all a stupid man), said that we had now gone so far, and made such an exposure of the weakness of the Chinese Government, that we had no alternative, and must proceed to the conquest of China, and the foundation or establishment of another Indian Empire; for if we did not, some other power (probably the French) infallibly would. I hope this prediction will not prove true, but it is worth recording.

The Chinese, remarks Greville, "bamboozled and baffled us." It is significant that he says not a word of the British forcing opium on the Chinese. But he does say this:

August 12, 1857: . . . We have had a success in China, but I always tremble for the consequences of our successes there, lest we should be seduced or compelled into making permanent settlements and further extensions of our Empire in the East.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

A STROLLING STATESMAN

When Lord Grey resigned, there arose two questions. The first was whether the King could not now get rid of the Whigs for whom he had no "predilection" and obtain a Tory Government:

March 4, 1833: Sir Thomas Hardy told my brother he thought the King would certainly go mad; he was so excitable, *loathing* his Ministers, particularly Graham, and dying to go to war. He has some of the cunning of madmen, who fawn upon their keepers when looked at by them and grin at them and shake their fists when their backs are turned; so he is extravagantly civil when his Ministers are with him and exhibits every mark of aversion when they are away.

Indeed, only the worst of the Whigs were left. For when Stanley and his friends deserted the Government (June 1st) the King had said "they were the four he liked best." Indeed, he had made a speech to the Bishops which was "matter of considerable triumph to the Conservatives."

Over the ministerial crisis, therefore, the Tories raised a "mighty cock-a-hoop." Fifty of them, dining at the Conservative Club on Waterloo Day (June 18th), were "in arms and eager for the fray." They raised "the senseless cry of the Church in danger."

July 12, 1834: . . . It was generally expected that Peel would be sent for, or the Duke of Wellington. Peel called at Apsley House and was with the Duke a long time yesterday, and afterwards, as the Duke rode through the Park, Ellice, who was sitting on his horse talking to Sir Edward Kerrison, said, "There goes a man who knows more than he did an hour ago."

Yet, owing to some unfathomable "villainy," the Whigs remained in power:

July 17, 1834: . . . They are all in raptures with the King, and with his straightforward dealing on this occasion. In the first instance he desired Melbourne to write to the Duke, Peel, and Stanley, stating his wish that an Administration should be formed upon a wide and comprehensive plan. He wrote accordingly to each, and with his letters he sent copies of his own letter to the King, in which he gave his opinion that the formation of such a government was impossible. The Duke and Peel each replied, with expressions of duty, to his Majesty, that they agreed with Lord Melbourne, but did not see any necessity for giving reasons for their opinions. The King, however, desired to have their reasons, which have since been sent to him by them. Stanley wrote a longer letter, with a peremptory refusal to form part of any such government.

One explanation was "that if Peel took the Government he would be driven out by the House of Commons *instanter*, unless he could show that he had done so in consequence of the King being deserted by the present men." The King was thus influenced by his "exceeding horror of a dissolution."

Another suggestion, however, was that in actual fact the Tories were "prepared to undertake the formation of a government," but that the King had been "grossly deceived" in the matter by "that scoundrel H——." Writes Greville, "I never liked this fellow and always thought him a low blackguard, a bad confidant and 'fidus Achates' for the Duke to have taken up."

In the mind of the King, there was implanted a "resentment" over the "transaction," which emotion rankled. To think that, after all, he might have had the Tories back again! It was too annoying.

What worried Greville was the fear lest the loss of Grey meant "a virtual transfer of the executive power to the House of Commons"—an interesting phrase, used as it was as late as the 'thirties. "We are going on step by step," said Lord Carnarvon to Greville, as they walked to the House, "to an utter subversion of all interests and institutions."

London, February 22, 1833: . . . If this comes to pass the game is up, for this House, like animals who have once tasted blood, if it ever exercises such a power as this, and finds a Ministe-

consenting to hold office on such terms, will never rest till it has acquired all the authority of the Long Parliament and reduced that of the Crown to a mere cypher. It is curious, by-the-bye, that the example of the Long Parliament in a trivial matter has just been adopted, in the sittings of the House at twelve o'clock for the hearing of petitions.

It was no longer possible for the powers that be to nominate members:

May 28, 1834: . . . They will be forced to put peers in the vacant places (in the Government), because nobody can get re-elected. The rotten boroughs now seem not quite such abominations, or at all events they had some compensating advantages.

The second and more delicate question was whether Lord Grey himself had been jockeyed by his friends out of his job. So far as he was himself concerned, he "behaved" (July, 1834) like "a thorough gentleman"—that is, "with great temper and forbearance."

July 19, 1834: . . . [He] made a very handsome speech indeed, throwing his shield over his old colleagues, declaring he neither complained nor had he been ill-used, and entreated that the new Government might be fairly tried, and not embarrassed without cause in the outset.

In fact, Grey "lent his old colleagues his cordial assistance in patching up the broken concern."

If the Whig leader was thus "philosophical," it was because he had to confess to Greville that "this Session had nearly done him up and he must have repose." He could not, however, "repress the pious resentment of his children."

For, according to Greville, "the case is after all a bad one," and it was no wonder that "the Grey family are very indignant, and by no means silent, at the way the Earl has been treated." Indeed, "the Grey women would murder the Chancellor [Brougham] if they could," although, as a matter of fact, Brougham, as his memoirs showed, had—according to Reeve—"more respect and regard for Lord Grey than for any other statesman of the time."

So, into the centre of the stage, there glided Lord Melbourne. How he felt about it was disclosed by his secretary who had

been "a writer and runner for the newspapers." The Secretary was usually called "ubiquity" Young because "he knows many people, many places, and many things."

September 4, 1834: . . . When the King sent for him [Melbourne] he told Young "he thought it a damned bore, and that he was in many minds what he should do—be Minister or no." Young said, "Why, damn it, such a position never was occupied by any Greek or Roman, and, if it only lasts two months, it is well worth while to have been Prime Minister of England." "By God that's true," said Melbourne; "I'll go."

The new Administration was, in fact, "sneered and laughed at."

William Lamb, better known as Lord Melbourne, and his sister Lady Cowper, afterward Lady Palmerston, were believed to be not the children of their putative father, an elder Melbourne, but of a distinguished peer who never married but had numerous illegitimate offspring. Greville (November 29, 1848) says that Melbourne "was certainly a very singular man, resembling in character and manner, as he did remarkably in feature, his father, the late Lord Egremont." Melbourne was thus "exceedingly handsome when first I knew him, which was in 1815 or thereabouts."

It was amid the magnificence of Petworth that Lord Egremont lived:

Petworth, December 20, 1832: Came here yesterday. It is a very grand place; house magnificent and full of fine objects, both ancient and modern; the Sir Joshuas and Vandykes particularly interesting, and a great deal of all sorts that is worth seeing. Lord Egremont was eighty-one the day before yesterday, and is still healthy, with faculties and memory apparently unimpaired. He has reigned here for sixty years with great authority and influence. He is shrewd, eccentric, and benevolent, and has always been munificent and charitable in his own way; he patronizes the arts and fosters rising genius. Painters and sculptors find employment and welcome in his house; he has built a gallery which is full of pictures and statues, some of which are very fine, and the pictures scattered through the house are interesting and curious. Lord Egremont hates ceremony, and can't bear to be personally meddled with; he

likes people to come and go as it suits them, and say nothing about it, never to take leave of him. The party here consists of the Cowpers, his own family, a Lady E. Romney, two nieces, Mrs. Tredcroft a neighbour, Ridsdale a parson, Wynne, Turner the great landscape painter, and a young artist of the name of Lucas, whom Lord Egremont is bringing into notice, and who will owe his fortune (if he makes it) to him. Lord Egremont is enormously rich, and lives with an abundant though not very refined hospitality. The house wants modern comforts, and the servants are rustic and uncouth; but everything is good, and it all bears an air of solid and aristocratic grandeur. The stud groom told me there are 300 horses of different sorts here. His course, however, is nearly run, and he has the mortification of feeling that, though surrounded with children and grandchildren, he is almost the last of his race, and that his family is about to be extinct. Two old brothers and one childless nephew are all that are left of the Wyndhams, and the latter has been many years married. All his own children are illegitimate, but he has everything in his power, though nobody has any notion of the manner in which he will dispose of his property. It is impossible not to reflect upon the prodigious wealth of the earls of Northumberland, and of the proud Duke of Somerset who married the last heiress of that house, the betrothed of three husbands. All that Lord Egremont has, all the Duke of Northumberland's property, and the Duke of Rutland's Cambridgeshire estate belonged to them, which together is probably equivalent to between 200,000l. and 300,000l. a year. Banks told me that the Northumberland property, when settled on Sir H. Smithson, was not above 12,000l. a year.

May 23, 1834: . . . On Monday last I went to Petworth, and saw the finest *fête* that could be given. Lord Egremont has been accustomed some time in the winter to feast the poor of the adjoining parishes (women and children, not men) in the riding house and tennis court, where they were admitted by relays. His illness prevented the dinner taking place; but when he recovered he was bent upon having it, and, as it was put off till the summer, he had it arranged in the open air, and a fine sight it was; fifty-four tables, each fifty feet long, were placed in a vast semicircle on the lawn before the house. Nothing could be

more amusing than to look at the preparations. The tables were all spread with cloths, and plates, and dishes; two great tents were erected in the middle to receive the provisions, which were conveyed in carts like ammunition. Plum puddings and loaves were piled like cannon balls, and innumerable joints of boiled and roast beef were spread out, while hot joints were prepared in the kitchen, and sent forth as soon as the firing of guns announced the hour of the feast. Tickets were given to the inhabitants of a certain district, and the number was about 4,000; but, as many more came, the old peer could not endure that there should be anybody hungering outside his gates, and he went out himself and ordered the barriers to be taken down and admittance given to all. They think 6,000 were fed. Gentlemen from the neighbourhood carved for them, and waiters were provided from among the peasantry. The food was distributed from the tents and carried off upon hurdles to all parts of the semicircle. A band of music paraded round, playing gay airs. The day was glorious—an unclouded sky and soft southern breeze. Nothing could exceed the pleasure of that fine old fellow; he was in and out of the windows of his room twenty times, enjoying the sight of these poor wretches, all attired in their best, cramming themselves and their brats with as much as they could devour and snatching a day of relaxation and happiness. After a certain time the women departed, but the park gates were thrown open: all who chose came in, and walked about the shrubbery and up to the windows of the house. At night there was a great display of fireworks, and I should think, at the time they began, not less than 10,000 people were assembled. It was altogether one of the gayest and most beautiful spectacles I ever saw.

When Lord Egremont "died after a week's illness of his old complaint, an inflammation of the trachea," Greville extolled his "munificence" and recalled his hospitality:

November 14, 1837: . . . Petworth was consequently like a great inn. Everybody came when they thought fit, and departed without notice or leavetaking. . . . He never remained for five minutes in the same place, and was continually oscillating between the library and his bedroom, or wandering about the enormous house in all directions; sometimes he broke off

in the middle of a conversation on some subject which appeared to interest him and disappeared, and an hour after, on a casual meeting, would resume it just where he had left off.

Lord Melbourne married Lady Caroline, a daughter of the Earl of Bessborough, authoress of *Glenarvon* and celebrated because of her passion for and quarrel with Lord Byron:

November 29, 1848: . . . It was at this period that the irregularities of his wife had partly estranged him from her, though they were not yet separated, and he was occasionally amused by her into condonation of her amours, and into a sort of half-laughing, half-resentful reconciliation. They lived in this queer way. He, good-natured, eccentric, and not nice; she, profligate, romantic, and comical. Both were kept together, as they had been brought together, by the influence and management of their common relations and connections; but it was during this period that he devoted himself with ardour to study, and that he acquired the vast fund of miscellaneous knowledge with which his conversation was always replete, and which, mixed up with his characteristic peculiarities, gave an extraordinary zest and pungency to his society. . . . He lived surrounded by books, and nothing prevented him, even when Prime Minister, and with all the calls on his time to which he was compelled to attend, from reading every new publication of interest or merit, as well as frequently revelling amongst the favourite authors of his early studies. His memory was extremely retentive, and amply stored with choice passages of every imaginable variety, so that he could converse learnedly upon almost all subjects, and was never at a loss for copious illustrations, amusing anecdotes, and happy quotations. . . . His mother-in-law, Lady Bessborough, told me that high office was tendered to him many years before he began to play any political part, but at that time he preferred a life of lettered and social idleness, and he would not accept it. He never was really well fitted for political life, for he had a great deal too much candour, and was too fastidious to be a good party man. . . . A sensualist and a Sybarite, without much refinement or delicacy, a keen observer of the follies and vices of mankind, taking the world as he found it, and content to extract as much pleasure and diversion as he could from it, he at one time would

edify and astonish his hearers with the most exalted sentiments, and at another would terrify and shock them by indications of the lowest morality and worldly feelings, and by thoughts and opinions fraught with the most cold-hearted mocking and sarcasm. His mind seems all his life long, and on almost every subject, to have been vigorous and stirring, but unsettled and unsatisfied. It certainly was so on the two great questions of religion and politics, and he had no profound convictions, no certain assurance about either. He studied divinity eagerly and constantly, and was no contemptible theologian; but he never succeeded in arriving at any fixed belief, or in anchoring himself on any system of religious faith. It was the same thing in politics. All the Liberal and Constitutional theories which he had ever entertained had been long ago more than realized, and he was filled with alarm at the prospect of their further extension. All his notions were aristocratic, and he had not a particle of sympathy for what was called progressive reform. He was a vehement supporter of the Corn Laws, abused Peel with all the rancour of a Protectionist, and died in the conviction that his measures will prove the ruin of the landed interests. . . .

He was capricious about money, and generous and stingy by fits and starts. Easy and indolent, he suffered himself to be plundered by his servants, and took little trouble in looking after his affairs. He was fond of his family, and much beloved by them, but, both with regard to them and his friends, he was full of a jealousy and touchiness which made him keenly alive to any appearance of indifference, and equally sensible of any attention that was shown him. This grew into a morbid feeling after his health had given way, and tinged his latter days with melancholy, for he fancied himself neglected and uncared for.

Melbourne's appointment to the Home Office had been condemned by Greville (November 20, 1830) as "bad." He would be "too idle" and (December 1, 1830) "an inefficient successor to Peel." Yet he "surprised all those about him by a sudden display of activity and vigour, rapid and diligent transaction of business for which nobody was prepared" (December 12, 1830). Still he retained "his lazy, listening, silent humour, disposed to hear everything and to say very little."

February 21, 1830: . . . Everybody is surprised at Melbourne's failure the other night; some say he was not well, some that he did not like the business. I doubt if he is up to it; he did not speak like a man that has much in him.

It is significant that Brougham (August 19, 1834) "thought he could more easily *manage* Melbourne than he could Lord Grey." We shall see.

That Melbourne was as advanced a Reformer as Brougham could not be pretended. "Very loose and pliant in politics" (July 15, 1834), he was "supposed to have consented to a measure of which he disapproved because it suited his ease and convenience to do so."

September 28, 1832: . . . It is curious to see the working and counterworking of his real opinions and principles with his false position, and the mixture of bluntness, facility and shrewdness, discretion, levity and seriousness, which, colouring his mind and character by turns, make up the strange compound of his thoughts and his actions.

September 19, 1834: Yesterday at Holland House; nobody there but Melbourne. We were talking of Reform, and Lord Holland said, "I don't know if we were right about Reform, but this I know, that if we were to propose it at all, we were right in going the lengths we did, and this was Canning's opinion." Melbourne said, "Yes, I know it was, and that was mine, and that was the reason why I was against Reform."

September 28, 1832: . . . I came up with Melbourne to London. He is uneasy about the state of the country—about the desire for change and the general restlessness that prevails. We discussed the different members of the Government, and he agreed that John Russell had acted unwarrantably in making the speech he did the other day at Torquay about the Ballot, which, though hypothetical, was nothing but an invitation to the advocates of Ballot to agitate for it; this, too, from a Cabinet Minister!

"Slashing and paradoxical," Melbourne was "considered lax in morals, indifferent in religion." And "unfortunately his reputation is not particularly good."

In one case, the slander was submitted to a jury. Lord

Grantley had a brother-in-law called Norton. Of Mrs. Norton (June, 1836) Greville wrote that "nobody ever imagined that she was a pattern of propriety and decorum." But "the question was not whether she was chaste in her conduct—all the world knew what she was well enough." The question was whether "a very important political effect"—to quote the Nortons—could be produced by an action against Melbourne for £10,000. Norton admitted "the case on which they were going to proceed was a very weak one." And Lady Grantley revealed that her husband "passes his life" with Lord Wynford —a close political associate of Cumberland who was suspected —and according to inferences from Greville, rightly suspected—of being a party to the blackmail. Although Melbourne was not permitted by the practice of the Court to give evidence, he won his case decisively:

May 11, 1836: Great talk about the adjournment of Parliament on the 20th, and about Melbourne's affair with Mrs. Norton, which latter, if it is not quashed by a handsome *douceur* to Norton, will be inconvenient. John Bull fancies himself vastly moral, and the Court is mighty prudish, and between them our offhand Premier will find himself in a ticklish position. He has been served with notices, but people rather doubt the action coming on. I asked the Duke of Wellington a night or two ago what he had heard of it, and what he thought would be the result. He said he had only heard what everybody said, and that nothing would result. I said, "Would Melbourne resign?" "O Lord, no! Resign? Not a bit of it. I tell you all these things are a nine-days' wonder; it can't come into court before Parliament is up. People will have done talking of it before that happens; it will all blow over and won't signify a straw." So spoke his Grace. I doubt not prime ministers, ex and in, have a fellow feeling and sympathy for each other, and like to lay down the principle of such things *not mattering*. I hope, however, that it *will* blow over, for it would really be very inconvenient and very mischievous. The Tories would fall on the individual from political violence, the Radicals on his class or order from hatred to the aristocracy.

May 25, 1836: . . . Lord Melbourne's affair after all is likely to come before a court of law. He is very much annoyed at it, and so are his relations, but nobody expects him to resign. The

Low Tories, the herd, exult at this misfortune, and find a motive for petty political gratification in it, but not so the Duke of Wellington or any of them who are above the miserable feelings of party spite. I am sorry for it, because it is a bad thing to see men in high places dragged through the mire.

June 27, 1836: The town has been full of Melbourne's trial; great exultation at the result on the part of his political adherents, great disappointment on that of the mob of Low Tories, and a creditable satisfaction among the better sort; it was in point of fact a very triumphant acquittal. The wonder is how with such a case Norton's family ventured into court, but (although it is stoutly denied) there can be no doubt that old Wynford was at the bottom of it all, and persuaded Lord Grantley to urge it on for mere political purposes. There is pretty conclusive evidence of this. . . . The King behaved very civilly about it, and expressed his satisfaction at the result in terms sufficiently flattering to Melbourne.

"Such are the ways of the world," adds Greville, "[that] malignity must fasten upon the woman." It was "superlatively ridiculous." For "some of those who took her up before the trial, when her guilt was at least questionable, now affect to be shocked at the evidence of levity and indelicacy which was disclosed."

September 25, 1834: . . . It is astonishing how much he [Melbourne] reads even now that he is Prime Minister. He is greatly addicted to theology, and loves conversing on the subject of religion. ——, who wanted him to marry her (which he won't do, though he likes to talk to her), is the depositary of his thoughts and notions on these subjects, and the other day she told me he sent her a book (I forget what) on the Revelation stuffed with marginal notes of his own. It was not long ago that he *studied* Lardner's book on the *Credibility of the Christian Religion*, and compared it with the Bible as he went along. She fancies that all this reading and reflection have turned him into the right way. I can see no symptom of it at Holland House.

July 15, 1834: . . . Nobody thinks the Government will last long, and everybody "wonders" how Melbourne will do it. He is certainly a queer fellow to be Prime Minister, and he and

Brougham are two wild chaps to have the destinies of this country in their hands.

Said Melbourne one day:

December 13, 1843: . . . "I was quite wrong about that, and acted on that principle." "Why did you?" said Lady Holland. "Oh, I don't know, it was a blunder." There was a sort of candour in all this, like Melbourne and peculiar to him. He is a great disdainer of humbug, and values truth *quand même*, as the French say.

CHAPTER XXXIX

THE VILLAIN

GREVILLE happened to be talking (September 4, 1834) with Ben Stanley, afterward Lord Stanley of Alderley, but known in the meantime as "Sir Benjamin Backbite." They "agreed that by far the ablest [of public men] and at the same time the greatest villains were Brougham and O'Connell and that the latter is probably on the whole the least devoid of principle. Their characters and adventures would be worthy of a Plutarch."

According to Greville, Brougham was a "Jupiter Scapin if ever there was one." And here he was, the Lord High Chancellor:

August 20, 1833: . . . "How," he said, "am I fallen! As member for Yorkshire in the House of Commons, what a position was mine. Sefton tried to comfort him by representing that "the fall" upon the Woolsack was somewhat of the softest, and that a few years ago he would not have considered it so grievous a misfortune if it had been foretold him that he should be seated there at such a time.

However dangerous may be the House of Lords to progressive ideals, the severest critic of Brougham will admit that he seldom if ever failed to sustain his principles:

December 12, 1830: . . . They think Brougham speaks too often in the House of Lords, but he has done very well there; and on Friday he made a reply to Lord Stanhope, which was the most beautiful piece of sarcasm and complete cutting-up (though with very good humour) that ever was heard, and an exhibition to the like of which the Lords have not been accustomed.

February 24, 1831: . . . In the House of Lords they [the Government] have it all their own way. The other night, on Lord Strangford's motion about the Methuen treaty, Brougham exhibited his wonderful powers in his very best style.

Without any preparation for the question, and after it had been exhausted in a very good speech of Goderich's, he got up, and in answer to Strangford and Ellenborough banged their heads together, and displayed all his power of ridicule, sarcasm, and argument in a manner which they could not themselves help admiring. The next night he brought forward his Chancery Reform measure in a speech of three hours, which, however luminous, was too long for their lordships, and before the end of it the House had melted away to nothing. But, notwithstanding this success, he must inwardly chafe at being removed from his natural element and proper sphere of action, and he must burn with vexation at seeing Peel riot and revel in his unopposed power, like Hector when Achilles would not fight.

February 4, 1832: . . . Brougham's speech on the Russian Loan everybody agrees to have been super-excellent—"a continued syllogism from the beginning to the end." Lord Holland said, and the Duke of Wellington (I am told) declared, it was the best speech he had ever heard.

June 24, 1834: . . . The Chancellor made an admirable speech on secondary punishments, connecting with it the question of education. He told me he was called on to pronounce an essay without any preparation, and he did the best he could. I did not hear it, but was told it was excellent. He shines in this sort of thing; his views are so enlarged and philosophical, and they are expressed in such becoming and beautiful language.

August 16, 1834: . . . There were not much more than half a dozen Peers in the House, but many ladies. The Chancellor went down, and, in presence of the ladies, attired in his golden robes (and especially before Mrs. Petre, to whom he makes love), gave a judgment in some case in which a picture of Nell Gwynne was concerned, and he was very proud of the *delicacy* of his judgment. There never was anything like his exhilaration of spirits and good-humour. I don't know what has come to him, except it be that he has scrambled through the session and got Lord Grey out. . . . He is a strange being whom, with all his inconsistencies, and all his knavery, one cannot but admire; so varied and prodigious are his powers. Much more are these lines applicable to him than to his predecessor on the Woolsack:

> Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
> And thin partitions do their bounds divide.

Brougham might arrive for dinner at Holland House (August 8, 1832) "looking like an old-clothes man and dirty as the ground," but of his charm and versatility, there were innumerable anecdotes:

November 15, 1830: . . . In the evening I dined with Lord Sefton to meet Talleyrand and Madame de Dino. There were Brougham and Denman, the latter brought by the former to show Talleyrand to him. After dinner Talleyrand held a circle and discoursed, but I did not come in for his talk. They were all delighted, but long experience has proved to me that people are easily delighted with whatever is in vogue. Brougham is very proud of his French, which is execrable, and took the opportunity of holding forth in a most barbarous jargon, which he fancied was the real accent and phraseology.

December 1, 1830: . . . Brougham has captivated the Archbishop of Canterbury by offering to give livings to any deserving clergyman he would recommend to him. I met him at dinner yesterday in the greatest spirits, elated and not altered by his new dignity.

March 15, 1831: . . . He had a levee the other night, which was brilliantly attended—the Archbishops, Duke of Wellington, Lord Grey, a host of people. Sefton goes and sits in his private room and sees his receptions of people, and gives very amusing accounts of his extreme politeness to the Lord Mayor and his cool *insouciance* with the Archbishop of Canterbury.

July 4, 1834: . . . The Duke of Wellington gave a great ball the other night, and invited all the Ministers. The Chancellor was there till three or four o'clock in the morning and they say it was very amusing to see the Duke doing the honours to him.

Brewing was then the one fashionable industry:

June 7, 1831: Dined with Sefton yesterday, who gave me an account of a dinner at Fowell Buxton's on Saturday to see the brewery, at which Brougham was the "magnus Apollo." . . . They were twenty-seven at dinner. Talleyrand was to have gone, but was frightened by being told that he would get nothing but beefsteaks and porter, so he stayed away. They dined in the brewhouse and visited the whole establishment. Lord Grey was there in star, garter, and ribband. There were people ready to show and explain everything, but not a bit—

Brougham took the explanation of everything into his own hands—the mode of brewing, the machinery, down to the feeding of the cart horses. After dinner the account books were brought, and the young Buxtons were beckoned up to the top of the table by their father to hear the words of wisdom that flowed from the lips of my Lord Chancellor. He affected to study the ledger, and made various pertinent remarks on the manner of book-keeping. There was a man whom Brougham called "Cornelius" (Sefton did not know who he was) with whom he seemed very familiar. While Brougham was talking he dropped his voice, on which "Cornelius" said, "Earl Grey is listening," that he might speak louder and so nothing be lost. . . . These people are all subscribers to the London University, and Sefton swears he overheard Brougham tell them that "Sir Isaac Newton was nothing compared to some of the present professors," or something to that effect. I put down all this nonsense because it amused me in the recital, and is excessively characteristic of the man, one of the most remarkable who ever existed. Lady Sefton told me that he went with them to the British Museum, where all the officers of the Museum were in attendance to receive them. He would not let anybody explain anything, but did all the honours himself. At last they came to the collection of minerals, when she thought he must be brought to a standstill. Their conductor began to describe them, when Brougham took the words out of his mouth, and dashed off with as much ease and familiarity as if he had been a Buckland or a Cuvier. Such is the man, a grand mixture of moral, political, and intellectual incongruities.

September 19, 1831: . . . Talleyrand, Madame de Dino, and Alava came to Stoke yesterday. Talleyrand had a circle, but the Chancellor talked too much, and they rather spoilt one another. He said one neat thing. They were talking of Madame d'Abrantès's *Memoirs*, and of her mother, Madame Pernon. My father said, "*M. de Marbœuf était un peu l'amant de Madame Pernon, n'est-ce pas?*" He said, "*Oui, mais je ne sais pas dans quelles proportions.*"

Where Brougham failed was in tact. The Lord President was Lansdowne and a colleague in the Cabinet. Yet for Lansdowne, Brougham did not attempt to conceal "a prodigious contempt."

The family name of the Lansdownes is Petty-Fitzmaurice and (January 24, 1833) Brougham referred to the noble marquis as "Mother Elizabeth." According to Greville, "He probably arrives at the soubriquet through Petty, Betty, and so on." As Greville put it (March 19, 1834), "They certainly can't get the best of him at the *gab*."

May 24, 1834: The Chancellor, who loves to unbosom himself to Sefton because he knows the latter thinks him the finest fellow breathing, tells him that it is nuts to him to be attacked by the noble Lords in the Upper House, and that they had better leave him alone if they care for their own hides. Since he loves these assaults, last night he got his bellyful, for he was baited by a dozen at least, and he did not come out of the *mêlée* so chuckling and happy as usual.

July 13, 1834: . . . The only excuse for him is—what many people believe—that there is a taint of madness about him. The other night in his reply to the Duke of Wellington's violent and foolish speech, he chose to turn upon Lord Rolle, a very old man and a choleric, hard-bitten old Tory. Rolle was greatly exasperated, and after he sat down went up to him on the Woolsack and said, "My Lord, I wish you to know that I have the greatest contempt for you both in this House and out of it."

Wynford, who "attacked Brougham's Bill . . . got lashed in return with prodigious severity." And over compensation for lost patronage, usually enjoyed by Tories, Brougham was polite but firm:

August 1, 1832: . . . "Compensation?" said Brougham. "No, by G——; no compensation. Leave them out, if you please. They chose to attack me, and they shall have enough of it."

Friday, July 12, 1833: . . . He [Lyndhurst] and Brougham each spoke for two hours or more, and both with consummate skill, the latter especially in his very best style, and with extraordinary power and eloquence. It would not perhaps be easy to decide which made the ablest speech; that of Lyndhurst was clear, logical, and profound, replete with a sort of judicial weight and dignity, with a fine and cutting vein of sarcasm constantly peeping from behind a thick veil of complimentary phraseology. Brougham more various, more imaginative, more impassioned, more eloquent, and exceedingly dexterous. Un-

able to crush Lyndhurst, he resembled one of Homer's heroes, who, missing his great antagonist, wreaked his fury on some ignominious foe, and he fell upon Wynford with overpowering severity. As somebody told me who heard him, "He flayed him alive, and kept rubbing salt upon his back." It appears to have been a great exhibition. There was Lyndhurst after his speech, drinking tea, not a bit tired, elated and chuckling: "Well, how long will the Chancellor speak, do you think eh? We shall have some good fun from him. What lies he will tell, and how he will misrepresent everything! Come, let's have done our tea, that we mayn't miss him, eh?"

At a levée (March 24, 1831), Brougham was "very good fun." Yet he was not always discreet:

March 17, 1831: . . . Brougham has been getting into a squabble with the military. At the drawing room on Thursday they refused to let his carriage pass through the Horse Guards, when he ordered his coachman to force his way through, which he did. He was quite wrong, and it was very unbecoming and undignified. Lord Londonderry called for an explanation in the House of Lords, when Brougham made a speech, and a very lame one. He said he ordered his coachman to go back, who did not hear him and went on, and when he had got through he thought it was not worth while to turn back. The Lords laughed. A few days after he drove over the soldiers in Downing Street, who were relieving guard; but this time he did no great harm to the men, and it was not his fault, but these things are talked of.

Some manuscripts sent to Sir Walter Scott had been lost, apparently, in transmission:

January 19, 1831: . . . I said [to Ellis] how surprising this was, for nothing was so rare as a miscarriage by the post. He said, "Not at all, for I myself lost *two reviews* in the same way. I sent them both to *Brougham* to forward to Jeffrey (for the *Edinburgh*), and *they were both lost in the same way!*" That villain Brougham!

June 18, 1834: . . . An odd thing happened to Brougham the other day. He got a note from Althorp while he was sitting in his court about the insolence and violence of the *Times*, and that its lies and abuse of the Government ought to be put a stop to by some means. The Chancellor tore the note up, and after

(By permission of the National Portrait Gallery, London)

LORD BROUGHAM
by James Lonsdale

finishing his business departed. Two hours after, Lemarchant got a note from the editor to say that the note had been picked up, put together, and was in his possession. Brougham was furious, and sent to ask the name of the person who gave it, promising to forgive him if it was given up, and threatening if it was not to dismiss every officer in his court, and not to replace any of them till the culprit was discovered.

They were lawyers in those days:

February 18, 1848: . . . There is a good saying going about of the Court of Exchequer and its Barons; it runs thus—Parke settles the law, Rolfe settles the fact, Alderson settles the bar, Platt settles nothing. Pollock unsettles everything.

February 21, 1830: . . . Lord Holland told stories of Lord Thurlow, whom he mimics, they say, exactly. When Lord Mansfield died, Thurlow said, "I hesitated a long time between Kenyon and Buller. Kenyon was very intemperate, but Buller was so damned corrupt, and I thought upon the whole that intemperance was a less fault in a judge than corruption, not but what there was a damned deal of corruption in Kenyon's intemperance."

November 27, 1842: . . . The Court of Queen's Bench is in such a lamentable state, that it is impossible ever to tell what they will do there, that Denman has just law enough to lead him almost always wrong, John Williams has no law at all, Wightman is idle and Coleridge weak. And Martin told me besides, that it would be a blessing to the country to give Denman 10,000 a year and let him retire from the Bench, where he does nothing but harm. This is miserable work, for till this second-rate Whig adherent was promoted by his friends, the Chief Justice of England has for nearly a century past been a lawyer of great eminence and authority. Mansfield, Kenyon, Ellenborough, and Tenterden (none of them without faults) were great men in their profession. Denman is as honest as any of them, but has neither learning nor decision.

December 14, 1830: . . . Dined yesterday at Agar Ellis's with eighteen people. Brougham in great force and very agreeable, and told some stories of Judge Allan Park, who is a most ridiculous man, and yet a good lawyer, a good judge, and was a most eminent counsel.

Park is extraordinarily ridiculous. He is a physiognomist, and is captivated by pleasant looks. In a certain cause, in which a boy brought an action for defamation against his schoolmaster, Campbell, his counsel, asked the solicitor if the boy was good-looking. "Very." "Oh, then, have him in court; we shall get a verdict." And so he did. His eyes are always wandering about, watching and noticing everything and everybody. One day there was a dog in court making a disturbance, on which he said, "Take away that dog." The officers went to remove another dog, when he interposed. "No, not that dog. I have had my eye on that dog the whole day, and I will say that a better behaved little dog I never saw in a court of justice."

One of Brougham's best speeches was one of his last at the Bar, made in moving for a new trial on the ground of misdirection in a great cause (Tatham and Wright) about a will. He said that on that occasion Park did what he thought no man's physical powers were equal to; he spoke in summing up for eleven hours and a half and was as fresh at the end as at the beginning.

March 15, 1831: . . . I hear of Brougham from Sefton, with whom he passes most of his spare time, to relieve his mind by small talk, *persiflage*, and the gossip of the day. He tells Sefton "that he likes his office, but that it is a mere plaything and there is nothing to do; his life is too idle, and when he has cleared off the arrears, which he shall do forthwith, that he really does not know how he shall get rid of his time"; that "he does not suffer the prolixity of counsel, and when they wander from the point he brings them back and says, 'you need not say anything on that point; what I want to be informed upon is so.'"

Brougham's rivals in the legal profession did not concede his preëminence. We read that Lord Lyndhurst "ridicules his pretensions to such wonderful doings" as a judge. There was no "short cut to judicial eminence":

May 22, 1831: . . . Without labour and reading he cannot administer justice in that court, although no doubt his great acuteness and rapid perception may often enable him at once to see the merits of a case and hit upon the important points.

There was also Sir John Leach, who had hoped himself to hold the Great Seal:

March 17, 1831: . . . Notwithstanding his [Brougham's] vapouring about the Court of Chancery, and treating it as such child's play, Leach affirms (but he is disappointed and hates him) that he is a very bad judge and knows nothing of his business. "He was a very bad advocate; why should he make a good judge?"

November 22, 1830: . . . I wish Leach could have heard Brougham. He threatened to sit often at the Cockpit, in order to check Leach, who, though a good judge in his own court, was good for nothing in a Court of Appeal; he said that Leach's being Chancellor was impossible, as there were forty-two appeals from him to the Chancellor, which he would have had to decide for himself.

Leach comforted himself (November 21, 1830) by the thought that grapes, when out of reach, are often sour. "Perhaps he might have been miserable," so he said, "*in another situation.*"

A third critic was even more important:

January 19, 1831: . . . Brougham has had a violent squabble in his Court with Sugden (then at the Bar), who having bullied the Vice-Chancellor and governed Lyndhurst, has a mind to do the same by Brougham; besides, he hates him for the repeated thrashings he got from him in the House of Commons, and has been heard to say that he will take his revenge in the Court of Chancery. The present affair was merely that Brougham began writing, when Sugden stopped and told him "it was no use his going on if his Lordship would not attend to the argument," and so forth.

August 20, 1833: . . . Lemarchant told me that the cause of Sugden's inveterate animosity against Brougham was this—that in a debate in the House of Commons, Sugden in his speech took occasion to speak of Mr. Fox, and said that he had no great respect for his authority, on which Brougham merely said, loud enough to be heard all over the House, and in that peculiar tone which strikes like a dagger, "Poor Fox." The words, the tone, were electrical, everybody burst into roars of laughter. Sugden was so overwhelmed that he said afterwards it was

with difficulty he could go on, and he vowed that he never could forgive this sarcasm.

This little feud continued. And (July 29th) we have Brougham extolling Sugden as "a crawling reptile," when there was "a great breeze"—none the less entertaining because it is against the rules for peers and commoners at Westminster to join in each other's debates. Blame the reporters, was the Speaker's way of enabling the discussion to go on. And the *Times* was indignant.

Sir Edward Sugden, if a crawling reptile, at least crawled upward. He became Lord Chancellor of Ireland:

March 20, 1835: . . . Sir E. Sugden has resigned the Chancellorship of Ireland because his wife is not received at Court. He might have ascertained very easily beforehand what would happen, or have contrived to keep her away from Dublin, but he has acted like a great fool. Lady Sugden was his kitchenmaid, and after having had two or three children by her, he married her, and begot divers others. It was understood when he took the Great Seal that he declined being made a peer, on account of the illegitimacy of his eldest son. Half the world had never heard of Lady Sugden, or knew anything of her history; and as she is an excellent woman, charitable and kind-hearted, I fancy she has moved without obstruction in his natural circle of society. He went to Ireland before any Lord Lieutenant [Haddington] was named, and Lady Sugden was received as a matter of course. When Lady Haddington was apprised of her origin and history, she foresaw the difficulty, and asked the Queen what she was to do. Her Majesty told her to do what she pleased, but that certainly she could not be received at Court here. The Lady Lieutenant therefore was compelled to decline receiving her, for all Ireland would have been affronted had she received at the Castle a lady not presentable at St. James's. Sugden was very angry, and his indignation arose principally, it would seem, from Lady Canterbury's having been received at Court, which he considers (with some reason) as a case equally flagrant. Her reception was a matter of bargain, I forget at this moment on what occasion, and certainly a strong measure. She lived for some years with Stewart of Killimoor, and by him had three daughters; afterwards mar-

ried Mr. Purves, who found it convenient to let these children pass for his own and assume his name, but nothing could be more notorious than the original connection, and the real paternity. She lived with the Speaker [our friend Manners Sutton who was created Lord Canterbury] during Purves's life, but they managed their matters with great skill or else good luck, for she had no children by him till after they were married, and then two, who appeared as triumphant witnesses of her immaculate virtue.

In Lord Derby's government, Sugden, a sound lawyer, became Lord Chancellor. The crawling reptile thus emerged as Baron St. Leonards.

In the legal fraternity, then, Brougham was not a favourite. "It is curious [December 6, 1833], considering his station, to hear the lawyers talk of him, the contempt they universally have for him professionally."

March 16, 1834: . . . They think he has degraded the profession, and his tricks are so palpable, numerous, and mean, that political partiality can neither screen nor defend them.

For instance, he insisted on his technical right to hear an appeal in lunacy against his own judgment:

December 8, 1831: . . . The Chancellor is in a great rage with me. There is an appeal to the Privy Council from a judgment of his (in which he was wrong), the first appeal of the kind for above a hundred years; I told him it was ready to be heard, and begged to know if he had any wish as to who should be summoned to hear it. He said very tartly, "Of course I shall have somebody to hear it *with me*." I said, "Do you mean to hear it yourself, then?" "And pray why not? Don't I hear appeals from myself every day in the House of Lords? Didn't you see that I could not hear a case the other day because Lord Lyndhurst was not there? I have *a right* to hear it. I sit there as Privy Councillor." "Oh," I said, "you have certainly *a right* if you choose it." "You may rely upon it I shall do nothing unusual in the Privy Council," and then he flounced off in high dudgeon.

Brougham's judgment was reversed:

London, June 11, 1833: . . . Lord Eldon made a longish speech, very clear, and very decided against it, interlarded with profes-

sions of his "sincere" respect for the person who delivered the judgment. . . . It is remarkable that his last act should be to reverse a judgment of Brougham's, Brougham being Chancellor and himself nothing.

April 25, 1834: . . . Old Eldon got a fall as he came into the house, and hurt his head. Brougham and the rest were full of civilities and tenderness, but he said, "It was of no consequence, for the *brains* had been knocked out long ago."

The Privy Council had to hear a petition from the London University "praying for a charter." There were "counter petitions of Oxford and Cambridge and the medical bodies"—universities, like railways, disliking competition. Of the hearings, Greville writes:

May 11, 1834: . . . Brougham is a bad presiding judge, for he will talk so much to the counsel, and being very anxious to abbreviate the business, he ought to have avoided saying pungent things, which elicited rejoinders and excited heat. The extreme gravity and patient attention of old Eldon struck me forcibly as contrasted with the air of *ennui*, the frequent and audible yawns, and the flippant and sarcastic interruptions of the Chancellor. Wetherell made a very able speech, which he afterwards published. The most striking incident occurred in an answer of Bickersteth's to one of the Chancellor's interruptions. He said, talking of degrees, "Pray, Mr. Bickersteth, what is to prevent the London University granting degrees *now?*" to which he replied, "The universal scorn and contempt of mankind." Brougham said no more; the effect was really fine.

Half the criticism of Brougham, as Greville admits, "was due to prejudice—he is probably not near as bad as they make out." The Vice-Chancellor, Sir Launcelot Shadwell, on the other hand, called on Greville and told him that "he had taken the trouble to examine the hearings, decrees, and orders, and he found that there was scarcely a shade of difference between what had been done severally by Eldon, Lyndhurst, and Brougham in equal spaces of time."

March 29, 1834: . . . This is a clear case for the Chancellor, and it is only fair that it should be known. His friends think him much altered in spirits and appearance; he has never

shaken off his unhappiness at his brother's death, to whom he seems to have been tenderly attached. It is only justice to acknowledge his virtues in private life, which are unquestionably conspicuous. I am conscious of having often spoken of him with asperity, and it is some satisfaction to my conscience to do him this justice.

According to Lyndhurst (November 17, 1834) Brougham "had lost an immense sum of money by being security for his brother who *had failed as a wine merchant.*" Brougham thus had—

November 22, 1830: . . . solid merits, of liberality, generosity, and charity; for charity it is to have taken the whole family of one of his brothers who is dead—nine children—and maintained and educated them.

July 20, 1831: . . . The other day Lord Wellesley (a member of Parliament) carried off his daughter, a ward in Chancery, from her guardians, and secreted her. The matter was brought before the Chancellor, who sent for Wellesley. He came, and refused to give her up; so Brougham committed him to the Fleet Prison. The matter was brought the next day before the House of Commons, and referred to their Committee of Privileges; and in the meantime Brougham has been making a great splutter about his authority and his Court both on the judicial bench and from the Woolsack. The lawyers in the House of Commons were divided as to Wellesley's right of privileges in such a case.

Oatlands, July 31, 1831: . . . Lord Wellesley has given up his daughter and has been let out of the Fleet. I met the Solicitor General yesterday, who told me this, and said that Brougham has been in the midst of his blustering terribly nervous about it. This was clear, for both he and Wellesley were waiting for the report of the Committee of the House of Commons, though Brougham affected to hold it cheap, and talked very big of what he should do and should have done had it been unfavourable to his authority.

Wellesley "knocked under."

Brougham (December 1, 1830) was "full of projects of reform in the administration of Justice and talks of remodelling

the Privy Council as a Court of Appeal which would be of great use." Yet, even so, Greville could not forgive the Chancellor for his "tricks in small things":

March 13, 1833: . . . This is the way Brougham goes to work: He resolves to alter; he does not condescend to communicate with the Privy Council, or to consult those who are conversant with its practice, or who have been in the habit of administering justice there; he has not time to think of it himself; he tosses to one of his numerous employees (for he has people without end working for him) his rough notion, and tells him to put it into shape; the satellite goes to work, always keeping in view the increase of the dignity, authority, and patronage of the Chancellor, and careless of the Council, the King, and the usages of the Constitution. What is called *the Bill* is then, for form's sake, handed over to the Lord President [Lord Lansdowne], with injunctions to let nobody see it, as if he was conspiring against the Council, secure that if he meets with no resistance but what is engendered by the native energies of Lord Lansdowne's opposition he may enact anything he pleases. Lord Lansdowne sends it to me (a long Act of Parliament), with a request that I will return it "*by the bearer*," with any remarks I may have to make on it. The end is that I am left, *quantum impar*, to fight this with the Chancellor.

Brougham "smuggled his Privy Council Bill through the House of Lords without the slightest notice or remark." And it is certainly astonishing that this measure (December 6, 1833) should have been regarded as "only a part of his own plan" to make himself Prime Minister. "All his schemes tended to that end," said "his friend," the Vice Chancellor.

November 28, 1833: . . . His restless and versatile mind will then find sufficient occupation, and there is no department of government which he does not think himself capable of presiding over, leaving as he would do all troublesome details to be worked out by others.

Brougham was never Prime Minister. Indeed, he did not long remain Lord Chancellor. For he had got on the nerves of King William IV who was "exasperated to a great pitch by the

mountebank exhibitions"—especially in Scotland—of his Lord Chancellor:

September 23, 1834: . . . I asked him [Melbourne] if the King and Brougham were well together. He shook his head: "Not at all."

CHAPTER XL

SAILOR WILLIAM MUTINIES

THE train was now laid for one of the most amusing explosions in the history of England. King William had "long nourished" what Greville calls "the execution of a project"—namely, "delivering himself from the Whigs whenever he could."

As a rule, speeches from the throne are written for his Majesty:

February 6, 1834: . . . It is comical to compare the language of the very silly old gentleman who wears the crown, in his convivial moments, and in the openness of his heart, with that which his Ministers cram into his mouth, each sentiment being uttered with equal energy and apparent sincerity.

"Nothingy—a word I have coined"—that was Greville's description of this particular pronouncement.

The King liked to do a little literary work on his own behalf.

"The King and Taylor [his secretary] both love letter writing [June 30, 1833] and both are voluminously inclined." One letter to Lord Grey consisted of seven sheets—"for Taylor writes and the King approves . . . what a mass of silly verbiage there must have been to wade through."

One day, the King learned (June 28, 1833) that certain bishops had "voted against his government upon a question purely political [the Portuguese] in which the interests of the Church were in no way concerned." He proceeded to "write to the Archbishop of Canterbury a severe reproof"—this to be "for the edification of the Episcopal bench." In the House of Lords, nothing was said "about the subject":

June 28, 1833: . . . The Archbishop, the most timid of mankind, had the prudence (I am told) to abstain from communicating the letter to the bishops, and held a long consultation with the Archbishop of York as to the mode of dealing with this

puzzling document. If he had communicated it, he would as a Privy Councillor have been responsible for it, but what answer he made to the King I know not. Never was there such a proceeding, so unconstitutional, so foolish; but his Ministers do not seem to mind it, and are rather elated at such a signal proof of his disposition to support them.

The Government were "not displeased at such an evidence of the King's good will." That was a fool's paradise, not long to be enjoyed.

It should be realized that he [King William] sat, not on one throne but on two. If he was only a constitutional monarch, in England, he was an autocrat—if only a mild one—in Hanover. Indeed, as an absentee sovereign, he handed a revenue of £16,000 a year to his brother, the Duke of Cambridge. And in Hanover, a King could still select the advisers that he wanted. His Majesty could not get it out of his head that when Earl Grey resigned, it was only a trick that prevented his having the Duke.

August 16, 1834: . . . The King, who is fond of meddling in the Council business instead of repeating like a parrot what is put in his mouth, made a bother and confusion about a fancy matter, and I was forced to go to Taylor and beg to explain it to him, which I did after the House of Lords. The King was quite knocked up and easily satisfied, for he neither desired nor could have understood any explanations.

There was also the Queen to be considered:

June 9, 1836: Dined at St. James's yesterday with the Jockey Club. The King made a speech about himself and the Queen and the turf; he told us "the Queen was an excellent woman, as we all knew, and that of all the societies which he had to entertain (which in his capacity were many and various) we were the most truly British." He was very tired and withdrew early. Wharncliffe said he was weary and dejected.

June 19, 1835: . . . I overtook Adolphus Fitzclarence in the Park, who rode with me, and gave me an account of his father's habits and present state of mind. The former are as follows: He sleeps in the same room with the Queen, but in a separate bed; at a quarter before eight every morning his *valet de chambre*

knocks at the door, and at ten minutes before eight exactly he gets out of bed, puts on a flannel dressing gown and trousers, and walks into his dressing-room and goes at once to the ——. Let who will be there, he never takes the slightest notice of them till he emerges from this temple, when, like the *malade imaginaire*, he accosts whoever may be present with a cheerful aspect. He is long at his ablutions, and takes up an hour and a half in dressing. At half-past nine he breakfasts with the Queen, the ladies, and any of his family; he eats a couple of fingers and drinks a dish of coffee. After breakfast he reads the *Times* and *Morning Post*, commenting aloud on what he reads in very plain terms, and sometimes they hear "That's a damned lie," or some such remark, without knowing to what it applies. After breakfast he devotes himself with Sir Herbert Taylor to business till two, when he lunches (two cutlets and two glasses of sherry); then he goes out for a drive till dinner time; at dinner he drinks a bottle of sherry—no other wine—and eats moderately; he goes to bed soon after eleven. He is in dreadfully low spirits and cannot rally at all.

The Queen's Chamberlain had been Lord Howe. And he, though holding office under Grey, displayed "anti-Whig propensities."

The Whigs dismissed Lord Howe. And Queen Adelaide was in great "wrath" and "thought herself grossly ill-used." She protested that "neither the King nor Lord Grey told her of it . . . if they had she would have consented to the sacrifice at once with a good grace."

The Whig dynasty of Spencer was descended from a masterful Duchess of Marlborough:

Woburn Abbey, December 15, 1841: . . . She gave a great dinner on her birthday to all her family, and she said that "there she was, like a great tree, herself the root, and all her branches flourishing round her," when John Spencer (her grandson) said to his neighbour that the "branches would flourish more when the root was under ground." This produced great hilarity, which attracted the notice of old Sarah, who insisted on knowing the cause, when John Spencer himself told her his own *bon mot*, at which—and no wonder—she took great offence. She after-

wards forgave him, and desired him to marry. He expressed his readiness to marry anybody she pleased, and at last she sent him a list, alphabetically arranged, of suitable matches. He said he might as well take the first on the list, which happened to be letter C, a Carteret, daughter of Lord Granville's, and her he accordingly married.

The heir to the earldom was a wholly blameless member of the House of Commons called Lord Althorp, whom everybody called "Jack."

Brighton, April 5, 1843: . . . When Lord Grey was sent for by King William to form an administration, he went to Althorp and asked him what place he would have. Althorp said he would not have any. Lord Grey said, "If you won't take office with me, I will not undertake to form the Government, but will give it up." "If that's the case," said the other, "I must; but if I do take office, I will be Chancellor of the Exchequer and lead the House of Commons." "Lead the House of Commons?" said Lord Grey; "but you know you can't speak!" "I know that," he said, "but I know I can be of more use to you in that capacity than in any other, and I will either be that or nothing."

At first (February 24, 1831) Althorp was "wretched":

February 15, 1831: . . . A more miserable figure was never cut than his; but how should it be otherwise? A respectable country gentleman, well versed in rural administration, in farming and sporting, with all the integrity of £15,000 a year in possession and £50,000 in reversion, is all of a sudden made leader in the House of Commons without being able to speak and Chancellor of the Exchequer without any knowledge, theoretical or practical, of finance.

On the Malt Tax (April 28, 1833), for which, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, Althorp was responsible, the Government was defeated, but neither he nor his colleagues resigned.

July 3, 1833: . . . Everybody talking yesterday of Althorp's exhibition in the House of Commons the night before. . . . It is too ludicrous, too melancholy to think of the finances of this country being *managed* by such a man: what will not people endure? What a strange medley politics produce: a wretched

clerk in an office who makes some unimportant blunder, some clerical error, or who exhibits signs of incapacity for work, which it does not much signify whether it be well or ill done, is got rid of, and here this man, this good-natured, popular, liked-and-laughed-at good fellow, more of a grazier than a statesman, blurts out his utter ignorance before a Reformed Parliament, and people lift up their eyes, shrug their shoulders, and laugh and chuckle, but still on he goes.

In the House of Commons, it is not cleverness but character that counts.

"Nobody," added Greville, "imputes to Althorp a spark of ambition, and ample credit is given him for the most disinterested motives, and for making a great personal sacrifice in retaining his present situation."

February 17, 1834: . . . No matter how he blunders in word or deed, he smiles in dogged good-humour at ridicule or abuse; his intentions are good, his mind is straightforward, and his conscious rectitude, his personal popularity, enable him to commit his blunders with impunity; but the authority of Government suffers in his hands.

April 5, 1843: . . . He became the very best leader of the House of Commons that any party every had. Peel said that he never failed on every question to say a few words entirely to the point, and no argument open to reply escaped him. The whole House liked him, his own party followed him with devoted attachment. This was a curious piece of confidence and self-reliance in a very modest man.

It was the reward of "good-humour, judgment, firmness, discretion, businesslike talents, and gentlemanlike virtues."

September 17, 1845: . . . Neither Pitt the father nor Pitt the son, in the plenitude of their magnificent dictatorships, nor Canning in the days of his most brilliant displays of oratory and wit, nor Castlereagh, returning in all the glory of an ovation from the overthrow of Napoleon, could govern with the same sway the most unruly and fastidious assembly which the world ever saw.

Brighton, April 5, 1843: . . . There is an anecdote of him, exemplifying the reliance placed in his word . . . During the

discussion of some bill, a particular clause was objected to, and by his own friends. Althorp said that he knew when the bill was framed, very cogent reasons were produced in favour of this clause, but to say the truth he could not at the moment recollect what they were. He invited them to waive these objections in deference to these excellent but unknown reasons, and they did so at his request. It would be long enough before Canning or Peel would have obtained such a mark of confidence from their supporters.

"Jack" was thus a parliamentarian whose prestige grew from day to day. But nobody pretended that he was indispensable. "His career as Chancellor of the Exchequer being now terminated," the *Times* had said, "we hope that his successor may exhibit a more ample and well-digested knowledge of the public resources, and come better prepared both to defend his measures and to execute them."

On November 10, 1835, Earl Spencer died. As his heir, Althorp entered the House of Lords. In the House of Commons, the leadership was vacant.

Melbourne went to Brighton, therefore, and proposed to the King a successor to Althorp. And of what followed, "the statements [were] so different and yet so positive" that Greville surmises "a fearful lie somewhere which I suppose will come out in time."

There were two men in the Government whom the King detested. One was Brougham, yet (November 26, 1834) to have "insisted upon the dismissal of Brougham" would have broken up the Government—"it would have been dangerous to turn him out." The other "dangerous little Radical" was Lord John Russell.

The King (November 27, 1834) "had already declared his sentiments with regard to the Church and his resolution of supporting it to the Bishops and on other occasions." And here was Lord John, who "had signalized himself by his destructive opinions with regard to the Establishment." Hence (June 19, 1835) "the only interval of pleasure which he has lately had was during the Devonshire election, when he was delighted at John Russell's defeat."

Melbourne was "well aware of this antipathy," and he knew

that Lord John Russell's name must "have been peculiarly distasteful to the King." But, none the less, this was the name that he put forward.

Having dined with his Majesty as Prime Minister, Melbourne went to bed, there to sleep the sleep of the just. The King and Taylor spent that night composing one of their enjoyable epistles, which was "couched in terms personally complimentary to Melbourne," and which, in the morning, his Majesty handed to the Prime Minister.

November 16, 1834: . . . He [the King] said that, having lost the services of Lord Althorp as leader of the House of Commons, he could feel no confidence in the stability of his government when led by any other member of it; that they were already in a minority in the House of Peers, and he had every reason to believe the removal of Lord Althorp would speedily put them in the same situation in the other House; that under such circumstances he felt other arrangements to be necessary, and that it was his intention to send for the Duke of Wellington. Nothing could be more peremptory and decisive, and not a loophole was left for explanation or arrangements, or endeavour to patch the thing up.

The Government was thus "regularly kicked out in the simplest sense of that phrase."

Anxious to save the King's face, Melbourne persuaded his Majesty to tone down the terms of his dismissal. And the King's attacks on Brougham and Lord John Russell were blue pencilled. "The King," we read, "offered to make Melbourne an Earl and to give him the Garter, but he declined, and begged it might be given to the Duke of Grafton." A similar offer to Asquith, on his retirement in 1916, was similarly refused.

There arose at once the suspicion that here was a "preconceived scheme and intrigue" between the King and the Tories. Greville, however, finds "conclusive proof" that the Tories were not privy to the King's *coup d'état*. Sir Robert Peel, "travelling in Italy," was as astonished as was everybody else. And when, in November, the King's message reached the Duke, he was setting out on a hunt.

Of that summons, Melbourne, with quixotic generosity, said to the King, "No messenger will go so quick as I shall; you had

better give it to me." And we are left to imagine the fallen Minister in his coach, with two missives in his pocket—the first, his own discharge, and the second, a summons to his political opponent, the Duke of Wellington!

November 16, 1834: . . . Melbourne's colleagues expected his return without a shadow of apprehension or doubt. He got back late, and wrote to none of them. The Chancellor, who had dined at Holland House, called on him and heard the news; . . . Melbourne . . . made him promise not to say a word of it to anybody. He promised, and the moment he quitted the house sent to the *Times* office and told them what had occurred, with the well-known addition introducing the Queen's name.

The terms of the paragraph in the *Times* were:

"We have no authority for the important statement which follows, but we have every reason to believe that it is perfectly true. We give it without any comment or amplification, in the very words of the communication, which reached us at a late hour last night. 'The King has taken the opportunity of Lord Spencer's death to turn out the Ministry, and there is every reason to believe the Duke of Wellington has been sent for. The Queen has done it all.'"

The Government as a whole thus "read the account of their dismissal in the *Times* the next morning, and this was the first they heard of it."

At Holland House, the headquarters of the Whigs, John Allen "swore it must be a hoax, and it was only upon receiving a summons to the Cabinet at twelve instead of two that [Lord] Holland began to think there was *something in it.*" How he took the blow at the Council is here suggested:

November 17, 1834: . . . Lord Holland, who came out last of all his colleagues, upon his crutches, stopped in great good-humour and said to the Duke, "You can't get me out, I can tell you, without going into Lancashire, for my seal is there."

Of London as a whole, Greville says:

November 16, 1834: Yesterday morning the town was electrified by the news that Melbourne's government was at an end. Nobody had the slightest suspicion of such an impending catastrophe; the Ministers themselves reposed in perfect security,

I never saw astonishment so great on every side; nobody pretended to have prophesied or expected such an event.

November 17, 1834: . . . On *the* Friday night Melbourne, with a party of his colleagues—Mulgrave, Ben Stanley, Poulett Thomson, and one or two more—were at the play, just opposite to me; the piece was *The Regent*, and it was full of jokes about dismissing Ministers and other things very applicable, at which Melbourne at least (who does not care a button about *office*, whatever he may do about power) was heartily amused.

It was essential that the King, having discharged one government, should find another. His one fear was lest the Duke should refuse to accept office:

November 28, 1834: . . . When the King was reading the papers to him [the Duke], and telling him all that had passed, *he was in a great fright* lest the Duke should think he had acted imprudently, and should decline to accept the Government. Then the Duke said, "Sir, I see at once how it all is. Your Majesty has not been left by your Ministers, but something very like it"; and his Majesty was rejoiced when the Duke at once acquiesced in taking office.

On November 17th, the King "came to town to receive the resignations, for he is resolved to finish off the whole affair at once and make *maisonnette*":

November 17, 1834, five o'clock: Just returned from St. James's. In the outer room I found assembled the Duke of Wellington (&c.), . . . in the Throne Room the ex-Cabinet congregated, and it was amusing to watch them as they passed through the camp of their enemies, and to see their different greetings and bows; all interchanged some slight civility except Brougham, who stalked through looking as black as thunder and took no notice of anybody. . . . As I thought the company of those who were coming in would be more cheerful and agreeable than that of those who were going out, I passed my time in the outer room, and had a good deal of conversation with the Duke and Lyndhurst, from whom I gathered everything that I did not know before. After the Whigs had made their exit we went into the Throne Room, and the King sent for Lyndhurst, who only stayed with him a few minutes, and then the Duke and all the Privy Councillors were summoned. After greeting them all, and

desiring them to sit down, he began a speech nearly as follows: "Having thought proper to make a change in my Government, at the present moment I have directed a new commission to be issued for executing the office of Lord High Treasurer, at the head of which I have placed the Duke of Wellington, and his Grace has kissed hands accordingly upon that appointment. As by the Constitution of this country the King can do no wrong, but those persons are responsible for his acts in whom he places his confidence—as I do in the Lords now present—it is necessary to place the seals of the Secretary of State for the Home Department in those hands in which I can best confide, and I have therefore thought proper to confer that office likewise on his Grace, who will be sworn in accordingly." Here the Duke came round, and after much fumbling for his spectacles, "It is likewise necessary for me to dispose of the seals of the other two Secretaries of State, and I therefore place them likewise for the present in the same hands, as he is already First Lord of the Treasury and Secretary of State for the Home Office." Then, turning to me, he asked if there was any business, and being told there was none, desired me to retire. When I was gone he began another harangue, to the effect that he had endeavoured, since he had been upon the throne, to do for the best, and that he could not fill up any of the other offices at present. . . . Thus ended this eventful day; just four years ago I witnessed the reverse of the picture. I think the Whigs upon this occasion were much more angry and dejected than the Tories were upon that. . . . Great . . . is their indignation, mortification, and chagrin, and bitter will no doubt be their opposition.

November 19, 1834: . . . The Duke, I find, after the Council on Monday (losing no time), repaired to the Home Office and ordered the Irish papers to be brought to him, then to the Foreign Office, where he asked for the last dispatches from Spain and Portugal, and so on to the Colonial Office, where he required information as to the state of their department. I have no doubt he liked this, to play the part of Richelieu for a brief period, to exercise all the functions of administration. They complain, however, and not without reason, of the unceremonious and somewhat uncourteous mode in which without previous notice he entered into the vacant offices, taking actual

possession, without any of the usual preliminary civilities to the old occupants. Duncannon, who had been in the Home Office up to the time of the Council on Monday, and whose papers were unremoved, if he had returned after it, would have found the Duke seated in his still warm chair, issuing directions to Phillips, the under secretary, while Macdonald, Duncannon's private secretary, was still at his vocation in the adjoining room. Pretty much the same thing he did in the other three offices. He has fixed his headquarters at the Home Office, and occasionally roves over the rest. All this is unavoidable under existing circumstances, but it is enough to excite merriment, or censure, or suspicion, according to different tastes and tempers.

November 21, 1834. To-day there was a Council at St. James's, at which Lyndhurst was sworn in Chancellor. Brougham took leave of the Bar this morning, and I hear did it well. The King speechified as usual, and gave them a couple of harangues; he said it was just four years since he had very unwillingly taken the Seal from Lord Lyndhurst, and he now had great pleasure in restoring it to him. He was all King to-day—talked of having "commanded the ex-Ministers to retire"; "desired Lord Brougham to give up the Seal," which is true, for the Duke wrote to him for it, and instead of surrendering it in person Brougham sent it to Sir Henry Taylor. The King compared this crisis with that which befell his father in 1784, when he had placed the Government in the hands of the Marquis of Rockingham; he said that the present was only a provisional arrangement, but that there was this difference, that the country was now in a state of excitement and disquiet, which it was free from then, but that he had full reliance on the great firmness of the Duke (here the Duke bowed); that the Administration which was then formed and lasted seventeen years (of course, he meant that of Pitt, which succeeded the coalition), and he hoped that this which was about to be formed would last as long, although, at his time of life, if it did, he could not expect to see the end of it.

The question that faced Britain was thus, not whether she should be governed by Whigs or Tories, but whether she should be governed by an executive responsible to the King or the Parliament. The King believed that his Government would last seventeen years. In fact, it did not last seven months.

In the King's action, Europe saw nothing unusual:

February 17, 1835 . . . At the Travellers yesterday I fell in with Bulow, who is just come back from Berlin to resume his mission. . . . He then gave me an account of the reception of the news of the change of our government at Berlin, where the Emperor of Russia happened to be at the time. The Empress had come there on a visit to her father, and the Emperor (who is supposed to have preserved his conjugal fidelity immaculate) had rushed from Moscow without any notice to see her, and was still there when news of this great event arrived. There is something very characteristic in the first impression which the intelligence produced, at once revealing the secret wishes of the party and their ignorance and apparent incapacity of comprehending the nature of our Constitution, and the limited extent of the power of the King of England. The Emperor immediately conceived that the whole system of the late Government would be reversed at home and abroad, that Leopold would be driven from Belgium, the Dutch dominion restored, and the Quadruple Alliance dissolved. Bulow, who has been in England long enough to know better the real state of things, endeavoured to undeceive him, and succeeded, though not without great difficulty; but when he proceeded to explain to him that the new Government would very likely not be able to keep their places, and that at any rate they would be compelled to conduct the Government upon the principle of Reform which the late Government had established, the Emperor could not by any means comprehend it, nor why or how there could be any difficulty in keeping their places if the King was resolved to support them, and had approved them at his own pleasure. . . . The Duke of Cumberland, who was likewise there, began by talking the same nonsense, and was full of the destruction of the Reform Bill; but Billy Holmes, who, whatever else he may be, is a very sharp fellow, succeeded in muzzling him. . . . The war of opinions is in fact declared: it may languish, there may be truces, but there will be no peace in our time.

That the King might win was a possibility gravely discussed, even in England:

November 27, 1834 . . . The Duke told Wharncliffe that both he and the King were fully aware of the importance of the step

that his Majesty had taken—that this is, in fact, the Conservatives' last cast—and that he [the King] is resolved neither to flinch nor falter, but having embarked with them, to nail his flag to the mast and put forth all the constitutional authority of the Crown in support of the Government he is about to form. I am strongly inclined to think that this determination, when properly ascertained, will have considerable influence, and that, provided a respectable and presentable Cabinet be formed and Liberal measures adopted, they will succeed. Though the Crown is not so powerful as it was, there probably still remains a great deal of attachment and respect to it, and if the King can show a fair case to the country, there will be found both in Parliament and out of it a vast number of persons who will reflect deeply upon the consequences of coming to a serious collision with the Throne, and consider whether the exigency is such as to justify such extremities.

CHAPTER XLI

STROLLING BACK AGAIN

King William IV was thus determined, as a sailor, to select the man at the wheel. And he wanted Wellington.

But a more "flexible" Prime Minister than he was needed. And the Tories—"a reckless and desperate party"—thus "put themselves under the orders of Peel" and hoped for the best.

He was a product, not of aristocracy, but of commerce:

March 7, 1831: . . . Grant gave me a curious account of old Sir Robert Peel. He was the younger son of a merchant, his fortune (very small) left to him in the house and he was not to take it out. He gave up the fortune and started in business without a shilling, but as the active partner in a concern with two other men—Yates (whose daughter he afterwards married) and another—who between them made up £6,000; from this beginning he left £250,000 apiece to his five younger sons, £60,000 to his three daughters each, and £22,000 a year in land and £450,000 in the funds to Peel. In his lifetime he gave Peel £12,000 a year, the others £3,000, and spent £3,000 himself. He was always giving them money, and for objects which it might have been thought he would have undervalued. He paid for Peel's house when he built it, and for the Chapeau de Paille (2,700 guineas) when he bought it.

March 14, 1834: . . . I went yesterday morning to Peel's house, to see his pictures; since we met at Buckenham we have got rather intimate. The fact is that, though I have never been a great admirer of his character, and probably he is not improved in high-mindedness, I am so sensible of his capacity, and of the need in which we stand of him, that I wish to see him again in power, and he is a very agreeable man into the bargain. His collection is excellent, and does honour to his taste.

Against his private character, even Greville breathes not a syllable:

December 19, 1830: . . . He has more consideration out of office than any of the Ministers, and much more than he ever had when he was in. Men are looking more and more to him, and if there is not a revolution he will assuredly be Prime Minister.

February 22, 1834: . . . Peel's is an enviable position; in the prime of life, with an immense fortune, *facile princeps* in the House of Commons, unshackled by party connections and prejudices, universally regarded as the ablest man, and with (on the whole) a very high character, free from the cares of office, able to devote himself to literature, to politics, or idleness, as the fancy takes him. No matter how unruly the House, how impatient or fatigued, the moment he rises all is silence, and he is sure of being heard with profound attention and respect.

London, November 13, 1833: . . . I met Sir Robert Peel. He is very agreeable in society, it is a toss up whether he talks or not, but if he thaws, and is in good humour and spirits, he is lively, entertaining, and abounding in anecdotes, which he tells extremely well.

February 14, 1833: . . . He, in fact, means to open a house to all comers, and make himself necessary and indispensable. Under that placid exterior he conceals, I believe, a boundless ambition, and hatred and jealousy lurk under his professions of esteem and political attachment.

Peel was a Liberal among Tories:

Newmarket, Sunday, April, 1846: . . . Arbuthnot told the Duke of Bedford an anecdote, which I have great difficulty in believing. It is this: that when he was at the Treasury one day, old Sir Robert Peel called on him and said, "I am come to you about a matter of great importance to myself, and which I think is also of importance to your Government. If you do not speedily confer high office on my son he will go over to the Whigs, and be forever lost to the party." He told Lord Liverpool this, who immediately made young Peel Irish Secretary. If it is true, never did any father do a greater injury to a son, for if Peel had joined a more congenial party he might have followed the bent of his political inclination, and would have escaped all the false positions in which he has been placed.

February 14, 1833: . . . He came into life the child and champion of a political system which has been for a long time crum-

bling to pieces; and if the perils which are produced by its fall are great, they are mainly attributable to the manner in which it was upheld by Peel, and to his want of sagacity, in a wrong estimate of his means of defence and of the force of the antagonist power with which he had to contend.

May 24, 1835: . . . Peel's speech at the dinner the other day has made a great deal of noise, for he is supposed to have thrown over his High Tory friends very completely in it, and to have exhibited a determination to adapt his opinions and conduct to the spirit of the times. However, the Tories affect to be satisfied, laud it to the skies, and distribute it through the country.

One day we have Jonathan Peel saying (April 4, 1835) "he should not be at all surprised if his brother [Robert] were now to retire from public life," the reason being that he is "thoroughly, heartily disgusted with his own [Tory] associates."

"Though Peel is the acknowledged head of the Conservative party"—so runs Greville's verdict—"he doesn't in his heart care much for Conservative principles." As he said "with great bitterness" to Lord Sandon (February 20, 1836), "he would never be the tool of the Lords."

On the Whig side (April 9, 1835) we have Lord Grey's daughter admitting that "Peel had done wonders" and hinting at "a junction" with him which showed "a marvellous thaw in the rigidity of the Grey politics." There were thus all the elements necessary to a political flirtation:

Goodwood, July 29, 1835: . . . I was somewhat struck with the apparent intimacy which was evinced in what John Russell said about Peel, and asked his brother if they were on very good personal terms. He said, "Oh, excellent"—a sort of House of Commons intimacy.

Peel said to John, "If you *will* appropriate [Church funds] I will show you a much better plan than your own," and he accordingly did show him a plan by which there would be a considerably greater surplus, and John acknowledged that Peel's plan would be better than his own. I wonder what the High Tories and the King would think of all this. While he is quarrelling with Johnny and his friends for Peel's sake, and undergoing martyrdom in his social relations with them, there they are, hand and glove, and almost concerting together the

very measures which are the cause of all the animosities and all the political violence which agitate and divide the world. There is something extremely ludicrous in all this.

August 27, 1835: . . . One day in the House of Commons he [Lord John Russell] went over to Peel and said that he meant to recommit (or some such thing, no matter what the particular course was) the Bill that night, and he supposed that he would not object. Peel said, "Oh, no, I don't object," and as he was going away Peel called him back and said, "Remember, I speak only for myself; I can answer for no other individual in the House."

The idea that, at that date, Peel might coöperate with the Whigs was, of course, reduced to absurdity after King William's treatment of Melbourne.

Sir Robert Peel was abroad in Italy. And a messenger, afterward Sir James Hudson, a distinguished diplomatist, was sent to fetch him. Although, as Disraeli put it, "the hurried Hudson rushed into the chambers of his Vatican," Peel did not reach the scene for nearly a month. Great, then, was the relief when a letter came from him, "short and cautious but satisfactory," saying that he would accept office.

When he arrived (December 9th), he was "full of spirits and cordiality to the numerous greetings which hailed him." Great was the bustle among his clan:

December 11, 1834: A Council yesterday. The King insisted upon giving Peel the Seal of the Exchequer in Council, though it was not necessary. His object was to make a speech. The Chief Justice, who was trying a cause at Westminster, kept us waiting, and at last a carriage was sent to fetch him. . . . The Council was assembled, and the King, who had got his speech all ready, first asking the Duke of Wellington if he should go on, to which the Duke assented, delivered himself "in apt and gracious terms." It really was (however superfluous) not at all ill done, recapitulating what everybody knows, declaring that Sir Robert Peel was now Minister of this country, and thanking the Duke of Wellington in his own name and in that of the country for the part he had taken and for the manner in which he had conducted the public business during the interval; he

said that he should request him to hold the seals of the three offices for a few days longer. He was not ridiculous to-day.

It was the mission of good Tories to "protect the King from insult and peremptory dictation." Still, the formation of the Government afforded the usual comedies:

December 13, 1834: . . . Charles Grey at Holland House the other night threw them all into dismay by the language he held —"that if the Duke and Peel followed his father's steps, and adopted Liberal measures, he should support them." Lady Holland was almost in fits, and Allen in convulsions.

December 14, 1834: Lord Wharncliffe, to his great joy, was sent for by Peel yesterday, and very civilly invited to join the new Cabinet. He thought it necessary to inquire if he meant to be liberal, and on receiving an assurance to that affect he at once consented.

If Lord Wharncliffe kept his liberalism within due bounds, a certain Sir Edward Knatchbull was expected to restrain his Die-Hard Toryism:

January 27, 1835: . . . The other day I looked back at Knatchbull's speech at the Kentish meeting, a week after the dissolution of the late Government, in which he expressed an earnest hope that he might leave this country "without *any change* in *Church* or *State*." He has been Anti-everything during his whole life, and now he is come into office to carry into effect "safe and necessary reforms," which he never could perceive the slightest occasion for while he was out. All these things are disgusting; they disgust one with political life, they lower the characters of public men.

December 15, 1834: . . . Knatchbull, a High Tory, turns out the Duke and a Tory government and lets in the Whigs; he is offered office by the Whig Minister to whose triumph he has been instrumental, refuses it; and afterwards, on the exclusion of the same Whig Ministry, is offered office by the returning Tory Government, which he had four years ago destroyed, and takes it.

December 14, 1834: . . . The Cabinet is now pretty nearly completed; they all dined together at Peel's yesterday. I asked

Wharncliffe how Sir Edward Knatchbull was to be converted into a Liberal, and he said, "Oh, there will be no difficulty; he is very reasonable."

March 14, 1835: . . . A Sir George Strickland, attacking Knatchbull, said, "Talk of the Right Honourable Baronet as a Reformer, indeed, when I *remember* his coming down night after night during the Reform Bill, and opposing every part and particle of it, clause after clause," when Knatchbull took his hat off and said, "I was not a member of that Parliament."

Including Knatchbull, a Government was thus formed:

December 16, 1834: A great field day at Court yesterday; all the new Ministers sworn in, except the Colonial Secretary, who is not yet appointed, and some subordinate officers. The King addressed each of them on his kissing hands, and to Scarlett he made a very pretty speech about the administration of the law.

December 24, 1834: Dined yesterday at the Mansion House; never having before seen a civic feast, I thought this a good opportunity. The Egyptian Hall is fine enough; the other rooms miserable. A great company, and all Tories almost. The Lord Mayor boasted of his impartiality, and how he had invited all parties alike, but none of the Whigs would go. Peel spoke tolerably, but not so well as I expected; manly enough and in good tone.

Peel advised an immediate dissolution. And the Conservatives expected to be "420 strong in the new Parliament." But as the day of reckoning drew on:

January 3, 1835: . . . Notwithstanding the confidence of his [the Duke's] underlings, and of the crowd of fools and females who follow the camp, it is clear that the Duke and Peel are both sensible of the danger of their situation.

The City of London, like other cities, was solid for Reform. Loyal citizens might get up an address to the King, but "it is remarkable that many who signed the address . . . voted for the Radical candidates." Hence, "the City was a great defeat; the lowest Whig beat the highest Tory by about 1,400." In fact:

January 7, 1835: . . . Pattison, the Governor of the Bank, the Liberal candidate who came in second on the poll, having been proposed by Jones Loyd, the richest banker in the City, and perhaps the richest man in Europe.

December 24, 1835: . . . Those who express most loudly their alarm and abhorrence of ultra doctrines make little exertion, personal or pecuniary, to stem their torrent. There have been some great examples of liberality. I heard only the other day that the Duke of Buccleuch subscribed £20,000 for the election of 1831; Lord Harrowby (a poor man) has given £1,000 for this. The fact is, it is in politics to a certain degree as in religion. Men fear in the one case in the same manner as they believe in the other; they have some doubts in both cases, but no convictions.

November 19, 1834: . . . They [the Tory wire-pullers] have already put themselves in motion, despatched messengers to Lord Hertford and Lowther, and probably if ever these men could be induced to open their purse strings and make sacrifices and exertions, they will do it now.

January 1, 1835: . . . Yesterday I dined with Robarts, and after dinner he gave me an account of the state of his borough (Maidstone), and as it is a tolerably fair sample probably of the real condition of the generality of boroughs, and of the principles and disposition of their constituencies, I will put it down. There are 1,200 voters; the Dissenters are very numerous and of every imaginable sect and persuasion. He has been member seventeen years; the place very corrupt. Formerly [before the Reform Bill], when the constituency was less numerous, the matter was easily and simply conducted; the price of votes was as regularly fixed as the price of bread—so much for a single vote and so much for a plumper, and this he had to pay. After the Reform Bill he resolved to pay no more money, as corruption was to cease. The consequence was that during his canvass none of the people who had formerly voted for him would promise him their votes. They all sulked and hesitated, and, in short, waited to see what would be offered them. I asked him what were the new constituencies. "If possible worse than the old." The people are generally alive to public affairs—look into the votes and speeches of members, give their opinions—but are universally corrupt. They have a sour feeling against what are nicknamed abuses, rail against *sinnicures*, as they call them,

and descant upon the enormity of such things while they are forced to work all day long and their families have not enough to eat. But the one prevailing object among the whole community is to make money of their votes, and though he says there are some exceptions, they are very few indeed.

At the polls, Sir Robert Peel was beaten. The country sent 380 Whigs to Westminster and only 273 Conservatives:

January 9, 1835: Dined at Holland House; they are satisfied with the elections. . . . I asked, "Then is there anything you think worse than advancing the movement?" "Yes," cried out Lord Holland, "making the movement stand still."

Before the House met, there was "a wonderful lull." Over their nuts and port wine, great men speculated:

January 8, 1835: . . . At dinner yesterday at Lord Chesterfield's I met the Chancellor [Lyndhurst] whom I have not seen for some time. After dinner we talked about the state of affairs. "Well," he said, "will it do? What do you think?" I said, "I don't know what to think, but on the whole I am disposed to think it will *not* do. I don't see how you are to get on." "What do you think of Peel?" said he; "is he a fit man for the purpose?" "He is a very able man, and prudent." "Aye, but is he enough of a man of the world? Does he know enough of what is going on in the world?" To which I said, "You have just hit upon the point that I have been lamenting. He has not lived in the world, and he has not about him those who do."

February 21, 1835: . . . At dinner yesterday at Peel's (a great dinner to all the Ambassadors and twenty-six people) he [the Duke] said to me, "It is very bad, but I consider the country *on its legs again*." "Do you?" I said. "I am glad you think so." "Oh, yes, I think that, however this may end; I think the country is on its legs again."

The real question was whether any leader could be found who would carry the moderate Whigs into Peel's camp. Stanley, being unattached, was obviously the man.

Goodwood, July, 29, 1835: . . . John Russell also told him that he never saw Peel laugh so much as during Graham's speech the other night, and he meant (but forgot it) to ask him why he

laughed so. To Peel it is nuts to see Stanley and Graham drawing down unpopularity on themselves and every day widening the breach between them and their old friends.

Members of moderate views, inclined to follow Stanley, were "invited by an anonymous circular" to meet "at the King's Head, Palace Yard," where the chair was taken by "an ordinary person," Sir Oswald Mosley. "Thirty-three were present"; and there were "adhesions and half adhesions," raising the number to "about fifty."

But there was no room for a third party. The Whig argument was:

February 23, 1835: . . . The King exercised his prerogative in a most extraordinary and unjustifiable manner. We have the same right to reject his government, that he had to turn out ours; if there is embarrassment, it is none of our creating, the King and the Tories must be responsible for it. We care not what are the principles now avowed by them.

Hence, "five or six of Stanley's tail . . . whisked round again." And Connell, parodying a couplet by Canning, could jeer at "The Derby dilly carrying six inside." Dilly may be translated bandwagon!

The aim of the Whigs was "to destroy the King's Ministry, without any reference to the measures that Ministry may propose."

If anyone could save the Tories from their fate, it was Peel, with whose personal ascendancy Greville was greatly impressed:

February 25, 1835: It was expected the House would adjourn, if not divide, and the Speaker put the question, when Peel got up. It was curious to see the lulling of the uproar, and the shuffling and scrambling into seats, till all was quiet and the whole coast clear. He spoke very ably for nearly two hours and a half, his speech not containing much oratory, but in a tone at once lofty and firm, yet discreet, calculated to inspire confidence and to make an impression on all who are impressible.

March 26, 1835: . . . In old times the placemen and immediate hangers on of Government, who made it their business to attend in order to carry the public business through, afforded a regular certain majority for the Ministers of the day; but now this

household phalanx is outnumbered by these blackguards, the chief of whom are O'Connell's Tail and the lower Radicals. All this immensely increases Peel's embarrassment.

April 4, 1835: . . . I was told last night that the scene of noise and uproar which the House of Commons now exhibits is perfectly disgusting. This used not to be the case in better, or at least more gentlemanlike, times; no noises were permissible but the cheer and the cough, the former admitting every variety of intonation expressive of admiration, approbation, assent, denial, surprise, indignation, menace, sarcasm. Now all the musical skill of this instrument is lost and drowned in shouts, hootings, groans, noises the most discordant that the human throat can emit, sticks and feet beating against the floor. Sir Hedworth Williamson, a violent Whig, told me that there were a set of fellows on his side of the House whose regular practice it was to make this uproar, and with the settled design to bellow Peel down. This is the *reformed* House of Commons.

March 26, 1835: . . . The opposition contains a dense body of fellows who have no vocation out of the walls of the House of Commons; who put up in the vicinity; either do not dine at all, or get their meals at some adjoining chop house, throng the benches early, and never think of moving till everything is over; constituting a steady, never-failing foundation, the slightest addition to which will generally secure a majority in the present state of the House.

The Tories failed to reëlect Manners Sutton as Speaker, and betting on Abercromby, Greville won £55.

July 15, 1835: . . . The other day the Speaker [being a Whig] was treated by him [the King] with shocking rudeness at the drawing room. He not only took no notice of him, but studiously overlooked him while he was standing opposite, and called up Manners Sutton and somebody else to mark the difference by extreme graciousness to the latter. Seymour, who was with him as Serjeant at Arms, said he had never seen a Speaker so used in the five-and-twenty years he had been there, and that it was most painful.

On March 30, Peel was defeated over the Irish Church. "His supporters were furious at the idea of his resigning" and

"wanted him to persist at all hazards." Some Tories, indeed, were "desirous . . . of continuing the fight under the Duke of Wellington, if they could prevail on him to try it, and to dissolve Parliament and get up a 'No Popery' cry." And when, on April 8, Peel left office, they could not "forgive him for his Liberal principles and Liberal measures" and called him "very slippery."

The King was now in an unpleasant position. He heard mutterings of "impeachment":

April 11, 1835: . . . The Duchess of Gloucester, to whom he unbosoms himself more than to anybody, told Lady Georgiana Bathurst that with her he was in the most pitiable state of distress, constantly in tears, and saying that "he felt his crown tottering on his head."

February 25, 1835: The King went down to Parliament in the midst of a vast crowd, and was neither well nor ill received; nobody takes his hat off, but there was some slight cheering.

February 8, 1835: . . . He thinks his present Ministers [e.g., the Duke] do not treat him well, inasmuch as they do not tell him enough. The last, it seems, constantly fed him with scraps of information which he twaddled over, and probably talked nonsense about; but it is difficult to imagine anything more irksome for a government beset with difficulties like this than to have to discuss the various details of their measures with a silly bustling old fellow, who can by no possibility comprehend the scope and bearing of anything.

April 6, 1835: . . . Wharncliffe . . . says he was with the King the other evening, and asked him if he was going back to Windsor. His Majesty said "he could not go back, that he could not bear being there; there he had none of them [his Ministers] to talk to, and day and night his mind was absorbed in public affairs." Poor wretch! he suffers martyrdom, and has more to suffer yet, for I expect they will have no mercy on him.

Peel found him "in a miserable state of mind at the prospect before him, and all the more so from feeling how much there was in it which fell personally upon himself."

At the eleventh hour, Grey's daughter rode up Constitution Hill with Greville and "then talked, much to my surprise, of a junction between him and Peel." Earl Grey was sent for, but no

suggestion of office was made to him. It was to Melbourne that the King surrendered:

April 11, 1835: . . . His Majesty has been in a very composed state of mind, has received the Whig leaders in a way that has given them complete satisfaction, and as far as personal intercourse goes the embarrassment appears to be removed. He has given Melbourne *carte blanche* to form a government, and he is proceeding in the task. Notwithstanding the good face which the King contrives to put upon the matter in his communications with his hated new-old Ministers and masters, he is really very miserable.

The King was beaten: the People were at last in power. And Lord John Russell, the dangerous little Radical, celebrated the occasion by marrying Theresa, widow of Lord Ribblesdale. And owing to "the hymeneal occupation of the leader," politics "hobbled on very slowly":

April 14, 1835: . . . I certainly never remember a great victory for which Te Deum was chanted with so faint and joyless a voice. Peel looks gayer and easier than all Brookes' put together and Lady Holland said, "Now that we have gained our object I am not so glad as I thought I should be," and that I take to be the sentiment of them all.

April 29, 1835: . . . I was curious to hear how the Council went off at which the Ministers took their seats, and how the King comported himself. He seems to have got through it tolerably, though it must have been a bitter ceremony to him. He made no speeches.

CHAPTER XLII

RUFFLED ERMINE

It is interesting that, at so early a date after the Reform Bill, there should have been anticipated the quarrel between Lords and Commons which culminated eighty years later in the passage of the Parliament Act. The argument, as Lord Wharncliffe put it, was that with the Commons no longer nominated by the great families, "nothing can prevent a collision."

The Duke of Wellington (June 11, 1833) persuaded the House of Lords to defeat the Government on a question of foreign policy affecting Portugal. "Ministers did not resign," however, "no peers were made and everything goes on as before." It was thus decided at once that a government enjoying the confidence of the Commons could not be dismissed by the peers.

Progressive legislation was mutilated. And the Lords began "bowling down Bills like ninepins"

On the preposterous ground that "the Lord Mayor and Corporation of Dublin had not been consulted" (September 6, 1835), the peers threw out a police bill. And "not a word was said against its merits."

July 25–26, 1833, Half-past two in the morning: . . . The Tory lords are perfectly rabid, and reckless of consequences, regardless of the embarrassment they cause the King, and of the aggravation of a state of things they already think very bad; they care for nothing but the silly vain pleasure of beating the Government, every day affording fresh materials for the assaults that are made upon them by the press, and fresh cause for general odium and contempt.

August 13, 1836: . . . This certainly cannot go on; either the Tories must come into power again, or the Whigs must do something to control the House of Lords, or the Lords must

lower their tone and adopt more moderate counsels. The latter would be the best, as it is the least probable, of the three alternatives.

August 21, 1836: . . . The truth is, it is not (as has been represented) a contest between *the two Houses*, but between the two great *parties* very nearly balanced, of which the stronghold of one is in the Lords, and that of the other in the Commons.

Lyndhurst, meeting Greville in George Street, said "there was no chance of the House of Lords surviving ten years." And Earl Grey's son Lord Howick, the Secretary for War, happening to be at the levee, "expresses himself with astonishing acrimony," saying that "the Lords have played their last trump."

September 9, 1835: . . . Who can feel secure when a Minister of the Crown, in the palace of the King, within three yards of his person, while he is there present exercising the functions of royalty, holds language the most revolutionary, and such as might more naturally be uttered at some low meeting in St. Giles's or St. Pancras than in such a place?

July 15, 1833: . . . [Duncannon, as a strong Liberal,] rather hoped the Tories would throw out the Irish Church Bill, for it was impossible to go on as they were now doing; that if they did, two motions would infallibly be made in the House of Commons, an address to the Crown to make Peers, and a vote for the expulsion of the Bishops, and that both would be carried by great majorities.

June 3, 1838: . . . The mob of Tories would be rejoiced to see everything fall to the ground. "Thank God," said one the other night, after the renewal of hostilities, "there is an end of compromise."

But, as a Labour member was to say eighty years later, the House of Lords took a good deal of abolishing:

August 27, 1835: . . . There is something inconceivable, a sort of political absurdity, in the notion of a country like this being on the eve of a convulsion, when it is tranquil, prosperous, and without any grievance; universal liberty prevails, every man's property and person are safe, the laws are well administered

and duly obeyed; so far from there being any unredressed grievances, the imagination of man cannot devise the fiction or semblance of a grievance without there being a rush to correct it. The only real evil is that the rage for correction is too violent, and sweeps all before it.

There was talk about "the brink of the precipice" (August 19th) and of "the Lords being swept away like chaff."

Quoting Sir Lancelot Shadwell, the Vice Chancellor, Greville came to the conclusion that (August 6, 1835) "this hubbub" and "vehemence and solemnity" is "all damned nonsense" at which "that great bull calf the public . . . is content to roar when he is bid."

August 15, 1835: . . . I am not at all sure but that the Government is content to exhibit its paltry numbers in the House of Lords, in order that the world may see how essentially it is a Tory body, that it hardly fulfils the conditions of a great independent legislative assembly, but presents the appearance of a dominant party faction which is too numerous to be affected by any constitutional process.

The only thing for the Whigs to do was to haggle with the peers over each bill as it was mangled:

July 27, 1833: This affair in the House of Lords blew over. The Patriots at Brookes's were loud in their indignation, and full of a galimatias about dignity and resignation, and so forth, but Lord Grey took the better course, and came down to the House with a lecture, conceived in mild yet firm language, and announced his intention of going on with the [Irish Church] Bill.

Later, when Melbourne himself dropped the Bill, Greville accused him of "unspeakably wicked" folly. He should have compromised:

August 12, 1834: . . . One thing is clear to me, that those Tories who are always bellowing "revolution" and "spoliation," and who talk of the gradual subversion of every institution and the imminent peril in which all our establishments are placed, do not really believe one word of what they say, and,

instead of being oppressed with fear, they are buoyed up with delusive confidence and courage; for if they did indeed believe that the Church—the Church of Ireland especially—was in danger, and that its preservation was the one paramount desideratum, they would gladly avert, as far as they might, that danger by a compromise involving a very small (if any) sacrifice of principle. . . . What puzzles me most is the opposition of the clergy; they are the parties most immediately and most deeply interested in this Bill, and yet the great majority of them appear to be opposed *totis viribus* to it.

Over the Reform of the Municipalities, the fight had to be renewed. The peers, for instance Lord Harrowby, had "a great affection for the Alderman." At Apsley House, there was a great assemblage of their lordships who decided on the "rather hazardous" course of obstructing the "principle" of the Bill.

But Peel dissented from "every part and particle" of this reactionary attitude and retired to the country. "He probably expects the Lords to commit some follies," remarks Greville, "and fancies he may as well be out of the way."

June 14, 1835: . . . It is now said there is no longer such a thing as a Tory. Peel clearly does not intend that there shall be (as far as he is concerned as their leader) a *Tory* party, though of course there must be a *Conservative* party, the great force of which is the old Tory interest, and his object evidently is to establish himself in the good opinion of the country and render himself indispensable—to raise a party out of all other parties, and to convert the new elements of democratic power into an instrument of his own elevation, partly by yielding to and partly by guiding and restraining its desires and opinions.

When he "threw over the Lords" (September 1st) Peel "was not a bit cheered by those behind him but very heartily by those opposite."

September 1, 1835: . . . One silly, noisy fellow, whose principal vocation in the House of Commons is to bellow, came near me under the gallery, and I asked him why they did not cheer, when he sulkily answered, "he was so well cheered by the other side that it was not necessary."

"If we are to be ruined," said Strangford of Peel, his leader, "we had better be ruined by real Radicals than by sham Tories."

The Prime Minister, himself, regarded the Bill as "a great experiment," and said "we must see how it works."

August 29, 1835: . . . Melbourne does very well; his memory served him happily on this night. Brougham had lashed the Lords into fury by calling them a *mob*, and Melbourne quoted Lord Chesterfield, who said that *all* deliberative assemblies were *mobs*. The other day Lord Howick was inveighing passionately against the Lords for their mutilations of the Corporation Bill, when Melbourne said, with his characteristic *nonchalance*, "Why, what does it matter?" We have gone on tolerably well for 500 years with these corporations, and we may contrive to go on with them for another year or so."

August 21, 1835: . . . Are the Lords, then, to be content to yield everything, and must they pass every bill which the House of Commons thinks fit to send to them purely and simply? Certainly they are not; no such thing is expected of them by any man or any set of men, but common prudence and a sense of their own condition and their own relative strength under the new dispensation demand that they should exercise their undoubted rights with circumspection and calmness, desisting from all opposition for opposition's sake, standing out firmly on questions involving great and important principles, and yielding with a good grace, without ill-humour, and without subserviency on minor points.

September 1, 1835: . . . I sat next to Senior in the House of Lords, and he was talking of the necessity of a reform of the House of Peers, and he said, "I can see the steps of it very plainly." "What, by making Peers for life, as you suggest in your pamphlet?" "No, it is too late for that now, but by the election of representatives. When Scotland was united she sent representative Peers elected from the body; Ireland the same. Now fifty years of Tory rule have given such a preponderance to the Tory interest in the House of Lords that the balance cannot be redressed but by a creation which would make the House of Peers too numerous for a legislative assembly. I would therefore begin by creating, in order to equal-

ize the strength of the opposite parties, and then the Peers should elect representatives." I said, "All this will be unnecessary, for the Tory party will be broken up, and without a change so startling and extensive the balance will be quietly redressed, and in the natural order of things."

Peers were still made by a stroke of the pen:

July 13, 1847: . . . He [John Russell] is going to make old Strafford an Earl without any reason and against his own opinion, because George Byng has importuned him and his brother into it, and because he wants the former's place at the India Board, in which he is incompetent.

CHAPTER XLIII

CHECKMATE BY A QUEEN

"The Queen did it all"—these had been Brougham's words. And Queen Adelaide's deeds were not yet done.

Melbourne was back—that could not be denied—but so was Lord Howe! Again, he was Queen's Chamberlain. He agreed "not to be violent" in politics and only demanded "liberty to vote as he pleased."

To give Adelaide her due, she had a constitutional right to select her household. For "the Minister has nothing to do with a Queen Consort":

May 12, 1839: . . . It was a great stretch of authority when Lord Grey insisted on the dismissal of Lord Howe, Queen Adelaide's Chamberlain; but he did so upon an extraordinary occasion, and when circumstances rendered it, as he thought, absolutely necessary that he should make a public demonstration of his influence in a Court notoriously disaffected to the Reform Bill.

"The exact nature of this connection" between Lord Howe and the Queen had been "impossible to ascertain."

Brighton, December 14, 1832: . . . The Court very active, vulgar, and hospitable; King, Queen, Princes, Princesses, bastards, and attendants constantly trotting about in every direction. . . . So, with plenty of animation, and discussion, and curiosity, I like it very well. Lord Howe is devoted to the Queen, and never away from her. She receives his attentions, but demonstrates nothing in return; he is like a boy in love with this frightful spotted Majesty, while his delightful wife is laid up (with a sprained ankle and dislocated joint) on her couch.

Brighton, December 31, 1833: . . . Howe conducts himself towards her like a young ardent lover; he is never out of the Pavilion, dines there almost every day, or goes every evening,

rides with her, never quitting her side, and never takes his eyes off her. She does nothing, but she admits his attentions and acquiesces in his devotion; at the same time there is not the smallest evidence that she treats him as a lover. If she did it would soon be known, for she is surrounded by enemies. All the Fitzclarences dislike her, and treat her more or less disrespectfully. She is aware of it, but takes no notice. She is very civil and good-humoured to them all; and as long as they keep within the bounds of decency, and do not break out into actual impertinence, she probably will continue so.

December 27, 1834: . . . Then Erroll [the King's son-in-law] and the Queen, another scene of insolence and meanness. It is well known that he resigned his office with the Whigs, but not why. The Queen (very foolishly) when her treasurer died, commissioned Howe to inspect Erroll's accounts as Master of Horse. This he refused to submit to and threatened to resign. The Queen went down into his room to make it up with him and persuade him to stay, when he abused her so violently, and said such things to her *about Howe* that she threw herself on a couch in a flood of tears. Very soon after, the dissolution of the Government occurred, when Erroll made a great merit of going out with the party, but he took 800 a year out of the Privy Purse, and accepted from the Queen (without a reconciliation or at least a cordial one) four horses of which she made him a present. It appears he treated her pacific overtures with brutal rudeness, and one day at dinner she put a bonbon upon his plate, which he tossed back to hers; another day he *cut her* on the Terrace, and when she asked him why, he said, "because she had not spoken to him at dinner the day before." Who can wonder that a man [the King] who can so little make himself respected by his own children, and such children, who has so little firmness and decision, should be unable to play successfully the difficult game which he has in his hands. If it was not for the Crown he wears, it would signify little what happened to him, but it is desirable that he should not bequeath it to his successor bedaubed with mire.

Greville urged, therefore, that Lord Howe "should immediately prevail on the Queen to appoint somebody else."

January 3, 1833: . . . I could not tell him all that people said,

but I urged it as strongly as I could, hinting that there were very urgent reasons for so doing. He did not relish this advice at all, owned that he clung tenaciously to the office, liked everything about it, and longed to avail himself of some change of circumstances to return; and that though he was no longer her officer, he had ever since done all the business, and in fact was, without the name, as much her Chamberlain as ever. Lady Howe, who is vexed to death at the whole thing, was enchanted at my advice, and vehemently urged him to adopt it. After he went away she told me how glad she was at what I had said, and asked me if people did not say and believe everything of Howe's connection with the Queen, which I told her they did. I must say that what passed is enough to satisfy me that there is what is called "nothing in it" but the folly and vanity of being the confidential officer and councillor of this hideous Queen, for whom he has worked himself up into a sort of chivalrous devotion.

Howe "plucked up courage" and insisted that Denbigh should succeed him, "though not without resistance on the part of their Majesties." The sequel was not without charm:

June 26, 1833: . . . I was very well amused last week at the bazaar in Hanover Square, when a sale was held on four successive days by the fine ladies for the benefit of the foreigners in distress. It was like a masquerade without masks, for everybody—men, women, and children—roved about where they would, everybody talking to everybody, and vast familiarity established between perfect strangers under the guise of barter. The Queen's stall was held by Ladies Howe and Denbigh, with her three prettiest maids of honour, Miss Bagot dressed like a soubrette and looking like an angel. They sold all sorts of trash at enormous prices, and made, I believe, four or five thousand pounds.

But the King somewhat mixed the surnames:

London, January 11, 1833: . . . Lord Grey came down, and was very well received by both. At the commerce table the King sat by him, and was full of jokes; called him continually "Lord Howe," to the great amusement of the bystanders and of Lord Grey himself.

And there was a bitter taunt to come:

January 20, 1835: . . . Jonathan Peel told me yesterday morning that Lady Alice Kennedy had sent word to his wife that the Queen is with child; if it be true, and a queer thing if it is, it will hardly come to anything at her age, and with her health; but what a difference it would make!

January 25, 1835: . . . Munster told me the day before yesterday that he was told of the Queen's being with child on the day of the Lord Mayor's dinner; that she is now between two and three months gone. Of course there will be plenty of scandal. Alvanley proposes that the psalm "Lord, *how* wonderful are thy works" should be sung. It so happens, however, that Howe has not been with the Court for a considerable time.

February 2, 1835: . . . A great mystery is still made about the Queen's *grossesse;* the medical men believe it, though they think it no certainty.

Despite these ill-timed reports, King William left no legitimate children. But, none the less, at Victoria's accession, the possibility that there might be such an heir was one that had to be borne in mind:

June 16, 1837: . . . Yesterday Lord Lansdowne sent for me to beg in the first place that everything might be ready, and in the next to say that they were perplexed to know what steps, if any, they ought to take to ascertain whether the Queen [Adelaide] is with child, and to beg me to search in our books if any precedent could be found at the accession of James II. But they had forgotten that the case had been provided for in the Regency Bill, and that in the event of the King's death without children, the Queen is to be proclaimed, but the oath of allegiance taken with a saving of the rights of any posthumous child to King William. They ought to have known this, but it is odd enough that there is nobody in office who has any personal knowledge of the usual forms at the first Council, for not one of these Ministers was in office at the accession of William IV.

Lord John Russell had thus to be accepted by King William IV, and at his best, he made an excellent leader of the House:

August 18, 1840 (continued at the Grove): . . . At the end of

the Session, Sir Robert Inglis said to one of the Government people: "Well, you have managed to get through the Session very successfully." "Yes," said the other, "thanks to your dissensions among yourselves." "No," said Sir Robert, "it is not that, but it is the conduct of your leader, his honesty, courage, and ability, which has enabled you to do so." Ley, the Clerk of the House of Commons, and a man of great experience, said he had never seen the business so well conducted as by John Russell. Besides this, his reputation in his office is immense, where all his subordinates admit that Colonial affairs never were so well administered.

The Queen, who did it all, did for Lord Brougham also:

December 24, 1838: . . . Melbourne was talking of Brougham's indignation and mortification at being deprived of his pre-eminence in the House of Lords, and of a letter he wrote in great bitterness of spirit, in which he said, "Do you mean to deprive me of my lead in the House of Lords? Why don't you say as you did when you took the Great Seal from me, 'G—— d—— you, I tell you I can't give you the Great Seal, and there's an end of it'?"

December 14, 1837: There was a grand breeze in the House of Lords the night before last between Melbourne and Brougham. The latter is said to have been in a towering passion, and he vociferated and gesticulated with might and main. Jonathan Peel was in the Lobby, and being attracted by the noise, ran to the House, and found Brougham not only on his legs, but on tiptoes in the middle of his indignant rejoinder. . . . Probably Melbourne thought it as well to put an end at once to the half hostile, half amicable state of their mutual relations, to their "noble friendship."

The later career of this most brilliant of all Liberals—the "maniac" as Greville called him—(December, 1843) was a tragedy of genius.

"Aberdeen (August 8, 1849) never ought to have had anything to do with such a false trickster as Brougham." On the Privy Council (July 5, 1844), "Wellington, the Chancellor, and Wharncliffe knew that he was telling a lie but they think it worth while to humour him." And (March, 1847) "he has really made the House of Lords a bear garden."

August 15, 1835: . . . When somebody cried, "Question," he burst out, "Do you think to put me down? I have stood against 300 of the House of Commons, and do you think I will give way to *you?*" This was uttered with all imaginable rage and scorn.

November 17, 1834: . . . "He will be," Lyndhurst said, "the most troublesome fellow that ever existed, and do all the mischief he can." I said, "What can he do? he was emasculated when he left the House of Commons." "Yes," he said, "he knows that, but he will come down night after night and produce plans of Reform upon any subject; he will make speeches two or three hours long to very thin Houses, which will be printed in all the newspapers or published by himself and circulated—in fact, a series of pamphlets."

August 29, 1835: . . . There is no night that is not distinguished by some violent squabble between him and the Tories. Lord Winchelsea directly accused him of cowardice the night before last, to which he replied, "As to my being *afraid* to say elsewhere what I say here, oh, that is too absurd to require an answer." It was nevertheless true.

He could be seen (August 23, 1838) "hugging Lyndhurst, bowing down to the Duke, courting the Tory Lords, and figuring, flirting, and palavering at night at the routs of the Tory ladies." And at Greenwich:

August 9, 1839: . . . After dinner they drank, among other toasts, Lady Jersey's health, and when she said she could not return thanks, Brougham undertook to do it for her, speaking in her person. He said, that "She was very sorry to return thanks in such a dress, but unfortunately she had quarrelled in the morning with her maid, who was a very cross, crabbed person, and consequently had not been able to put on the attire she would have wished, and in the difficulty she had had recourse to her old friend Lord Brougham, who had kindly lent her his best wig and the coat which he wore upon state occasions." After more nonsense of this kind, that "she was very sorry she could not say more, but that in the peculiar situation she then was in, she could not venture to remain any longer on her legs."

May 24, 1835: . . . On Saturday the Court met but no

Brougham. They began, and in about two hours he made his appearance, read his letters, wrote notes, corrected some paper (for the press, as I could see), and now and then attended to the cause, making flippant observations.

February 18, 1838: . . . He sits every day at the Judicial Committee, but pays very little attention to the proceedings; he is incessantly in and out of the room, giving audience to one odd-looking man or another, and while in court more occupied with preparing articles for the *Edinburgh Review* or his Parliamentary tirades than with the cases he is by way of hearing. The day after the Lord Advocate's attack upon him in the matter of the Glasgow cotton spinners, he received Wakley, and as he returned (through my room) from the interview, he said, "Do you know who that was? It was Wakley. He would have felt your head if he had stopped, for he is a great phrenologist. He examined all the heads of the Glasgow men, and he said they had none of them the organ of destructiveness except one." "Oh," said I, "then that man would have committed murder." "No," said he, "for the organ of benevolence was also strongly developed."

June 27, 1835: . . . [In court] he is writing letters, reading newspapers, cutting jokes, attending only by fits and starts; then, when something smites his ear, out he breaks and with a mixture of sarcasm and ribaldry and insolence he argues and baffles the point, whatever it may be.

February 7, 1836: . . . Brougham wrote and rewrote, over and over again, whole speeches; he has been known to work fifteen hours a day for six weeks together.

December 14, 1837: . . . [LeMarchant, Brougham's secretary] had known him to work incessantly from nine in the morning till one at night, and at the end be as fresh apparently as when he began. He could turn from one subject to another with surprising facility and promptitude, in the same day travelling through the details of a Chancery cause, writing a philosophical or mathematical treatise, correcting articles for the "Library of Useful Knowledge," and preparing a great speech for the House of Lords.

February 20, 1838: . . . We have had Brougham every day at the Council Office, more busy writing a review of Lady Charlotte Bury's book than with the matter before the Judicial

Committee. He writes this with inconceivable rapidity, seldom corrects, and never reads over what he has written, but packs it up and despatches it rough from his pen to Macvey Napier.

Sometimes it was Brougham who had to keep the peace:

February 27, 1838: . . . when Lyndhurst rose again to call Melbourne to account for his expressions, Brougham held him down with friendly violence, and (as he asseverates) was entirely the cause of preventing a fight between them, first by not letting Lyndhurst proceed to extremities, and next by giving Melbourne time for reflection. Lyndhurst was going out of the House to write a hostile note, but Brougham forced him down and said, "I insist on my noble friend's sitting down," but though he boasts of having been the peacemaker, Lyndhurst told me he thought, but for Brougham, Melbourne would not have said what he did.

Yet Brougham could lose his temper. Over the Duke he—

July 14, 1838: . . . was furious, and many of the high Tories greatly provoked. Brougham said, "Westminster Abbey is yawning for him."

December 6, 1838: . . . He is all day long working sums in algebra, or extracting cube roots; and while he pretends to be poring over the great book (the cases of the parties) before him, he is in reality absorbed in his own calculations. Nevertheless, he from time to time starts up, and throws in a question, a dictum, or a lecture, just as if he had been profoundly attentive.

December 19, 1838: . . . I found the explanation of his calculations at the Council Board in the fact that he was working out some problems for the purpose of proving the form of the structure of honeycombs.

February 6, 1838: . . . Brougham and Lyndhurst came to a Patent case the day before, both in high spirits. After it was over Lyndhurst came into my room, when I said, "You look in high force." "Oh no," said he, "I am quite *passé*, entirely done up." Just then Brougham came in, when I said to him, pointing to Lyndhurst, "He says he is quite *passé* and done up." "Just like me," he said; "I am quite *passé* too." "Then," I said, "there can be no use in two such poor worn-out creatures as

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THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON
by Sir Thomas Lawrence

you two going to the House of Lords." "Do you hear him?" cried out Brougham: "A capital suggestion of the Clerk of the Council: we won't go to the House of Lords at all; let us go together to *Hamble*." And then he seized Lyndhurst's arm, and off they went together chuckling and laughing and brimful of mischief.

Brougham (March, 1839) is "always throwing off and whistling back his friends."

Most people would like to know precisely what will be said of them when they die. Brougham had his own way of obtaining this information. And Henry Reeve is our first witness:

"A letter from Brougham purporting to be from Mr. Shafto was received by Mr. Alfred Montgomery, which contained the particulars of Lord Brougham's death by a carriage accident. Mr. Montgomery brought the letter to Lady Blessington's at Gore House, where I happened to be, and I confess we were all taken in by the hoax. Montgomery went off in a post chaise to break the news to Lord Wellesley at Fernhill; and meeting Lord Alfred Paget in Windsor Park, he sent the news to the Castle. The trick was kept up for twenty-four hours, but the next day I received a note from Brougham himself, full of his usual spirits and vitality."

Greville continues:

London, November 8, 1839: . . . Nothing has excited so much interest as the hoax of Brougham's pretended death, which was generally believed for twenty-four hours, and the report elicited a host of criticisms and panegyrics on his life and character, for the most part flattering, except that in the *Times* which was very able but very severe, and not less severe than true. As soon as it was discovered that he was not dead, the liveliest indignation was testified at the joke that had been played off, and the utmost anxiety to discover its origin. General suspicion immediately fixed itself on Brougham himself, who, finding the bad impression produced, hastened to remove it by a vehement but indirect denial of having had any share in, or knowledge of, the hoax. But so little reliance is placed upon his word, that everybody laughs at his denials, and hardly anybody has a shadow of a doubt that he was himself at the bottom of it. He has taken the trouble to write to all sorts of people, old friends

and new, to exonerate himself from the charge; but never was trouble more thrown away. D'Orsay says that he carefully compared the (supposed) letter of Shafto with one of Brougham's to him, and that they were evidently written by the same hand. The paper, with all its marks, was the same, together with various other minute resemblances, leaving no doubt of the fact.

November 26, 1839: . . . The Duke of Cambridge hunted Brougham round the room, saying, "Oh, by G——, you wrote the letter; by G——, you did it yourself." Brougham is in a state of prodigious excitement.

Sometimes Brougham was on his good behaviour:

December 15, 1847: . . . Brougham is evidently not without hopes of clutching the Great Seal himself. He has been attending assiduously at the Judicial Committee and behaving marvellously well, so attentive, patient, and laborious, everybody is astonished; but the Duke of Bedford writes me word he has had letters from him expressing the utmost anxiety to see him and talk to him *on a matter of great importance which he can speak of to nobody else*, not even to Lord John or to Lord Lansdowne, and signing himself, "Yours most affectionately, H. B."! This is very amusing.

He was never again Lord Chancellor.

CHAPTER XLIV

SALONS FOR CYNICS

The headquarters of the Whigs among the clubs was Brookes's, and in society, Holland House:

November 20, 1832: Dined at Holland House the day before yesterday; Lady Holland is unwell, fancies she must dine at five o'clock, and exerts her power over society by making everybody go out there at that hour, though nothing can be more inconvenient than thus shortening the day, and nothing more tiresome than such lengthening of the evening. Rogers (the poet) and Luttrell were staying there. The tableau of the house is this: Before dinner, Lady Holland affecting illness and almost dissolution, but with a very respectable appetite, and after dinner in high force and vigour; Lord Holland, with his chalkstones and unable to walk, lying on his couch in very good spirits and talking away; Luttrell and Rogers walking about, ever and anon looking despairingly at the clock and making short excursions from the drawing room; Allen surly and disputatious, poring over the newspapers, and replying in monosyllables (generally negative) to whatever is said to him. The grand topic of interest, far exceeding the Belgian or Portuguese questions, was the illness of Lady Holland's page, who has got a tumour in his thigh. This "little creature," as Lady Holland calls a great hulking fellow of about twenty, is called "Edgar," his real name being Tom or Jack, which he changed on being elevated to his present dignity, as the Popes do when they are elected to the tiara. More rout is made about him than other people are permitted to make about their children, and the inmates of Holland House are invited and compelled to go and sit with and amuse him. Such is the social despotism of this strange house, which presents an odd mixture of luxury and constraint, of enjoyment physical and intellectual, with an alloy of small *désagréments*. Talleyrand generally comes at ten or eleven o'clock, and stays as long as they will let him.

Though everybody who goes there finds something to abuse or to ridicule in the mistress of the house, or its ways, all continue to go; all like it more or less; and whenever, by the death of either, it shall come to an end, a vacuum will be made in society which nothing will supply. It is the house of all Europe; the world will suffer by the loss; and it may with truth be said that it will "eclipse the gaiety of nations."

August 8, 1832: . . . We had a true Holland House dinner, two more people arriving (Melbourne and Tom Duncombe) than there was room for, so that Lady Holland had the pleasure of a couple of general squeezes, and of seeing our arms prettily pinioned. Lord Holland sits at table, but does not dine. He proposed to retire (not from the room), but was not allowed, for that would have given us all space and ease.

September 5, 1834: . . . Met Lord Holland at Court, who made me go. The last time I was with my Lady she was so mighty uncivil that I left off my visits, and then we met again as if there had been no interruption, and as if we had been living together constantly. . . . There was a great deal of very good talk, anecdotes, literary criticism, and what not, some of which would be worth remembering, though hardly sufficiently striking to be put down, unless as forming a portion of a whole course of conversations of this description. A vast depression came over my spirits, though I was amused, and I don't suppose I uttered a dozen words. It is certainly true that the atmosphere of Holland House is often oppressive, but that was not it; it was a painful consciousness of my own deficiencies and of my incapacity to take a fair share in conversation of this description. I felt as if a language was spoken before me which I understood, but not enough to talk in it myself. There was nothing discussed of which I was altogether ignorant, and when the merits of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Crabbe were brought into comparison, and Lord Holland cut jokes upon Allen for his enthusiastic admiration of the *De Moribus Germanorum*, it was not that I had not read the poets or the historian, but that I felt I had not read them with profit.

With the "good acting" of Lord Holland as a raconteur, Greville was delighted:

November 13, 1839: . . . Another of his sayings was in the House of Lords, when, on I forget what question, he was unsupported: "My Lords, I stand like our first parents—alone, naked, but not ashamed." This was fine.

Three months after Lord Holland's death, this was the scene:

January 21, 1841: I dined with Lady Holland yesterday. Everything there is exactly the same as it used to be, excepting only the person of Lord Holland, who seems to be pretty well forgotten. The same talk went merrily round, the laugh rang loudly and frequently, and, but for the black and the mob cap of the lady, one might have fancied he had never lived or had died half a century ago. Such are, however, affections and friendships, and such is the world.

March 15, 1845: . . . The day before yesterday Miss Fox died, a most amiable woman, with excellent abilities; but she really died six months ago, when she was attacked by paralysis at Bowood. Thus are dropping off the yellow leaves of that great tree which adorned Holland House.

September 5, 1834: . . . As a slight but imperfect sketch of the talk of Holland House I will put down this: They held Wordsworth cheap, except Spring Rice, who was enthusiastic about him. Holland thought Crabbe the greatest genius of modern poets. Melbourne said he degraded every subject. None of them had known Coleridge; his lectures were very tiresome, but he is a poet of great merit. . . . After dinner they discussed women's works: few *chefs-d'œuvre;* Madame de Sévigné the best; the only three of a high class are Madame de Sévigné, Madame de Staël, and (Bobus Smith said) Sappho, but of her not above forty lines are extant; these, however, are unrivalled; Mrs. Somerville is very great in the exact sciences. Lady Holland would not hear of Madame de Staël. They agreed as to Miss Austin that her novels are excellent . . . . Of the early English kings there is no reason to believe that any king before Edward III understood the English language (Saxon or Teutonic); the quarrel between Becket and King Henry II was attributed (by Palgrave or Turner probably) to the hostile feeling between Normans and Saxons, and this was the principal motive of the quarrel and the murder of the Archbishop. Klopstock had a *sect* of admirers in Germany; some young students

made a pilgrimage from Göttingen to Hamburg, where Klopstock lived in his old age, to ask him the meaning of a passage in one of his works which they could not understand. He looked at it, and then said that he could not then recollect what it was that he meant when he wrote it, but that he knew it was the finest thing he ever wrote, and they could not do better than devote their lives to the discovery of its meaning.

A salon, rival to Holland House, was Gore House. "Of course [August 9, 1852] no women ever went there," except the family, "and exotic personages, such as Madame Guiccioli."

The presiding genius was Count D'Orsay. "Few *amateurs* have excelled him as a painter and sculptor"—partly because "he constantly got helped and his works retouched by eminent artists." Perhaps (August 9, 1852) "there never was a foreigner who so completely took root in England as D'Orsay, except perhaps the Russian Matuscewitz."

August 9, 1852: . . . He was always ridiculing the crude and absurd notions which his own countrymen formed of England; they came here, and after passing a few weeks in scampering about seeing sights, they fancied they thoroughly understood the genius and the institutions of the country, and talked with a pretension and vain complacency which D'Orsay used to treat with excessive contempt, and lash with unsparing ridicule.

Being extravagant, he enjoyed "the pecuniary aid of friends on whom he levied frequent contributions" and "his necessities made him unscrupulous and indelicate about money matters," so much so that (August 9, 1852) "for some years he made himself a prisoner at Gore House and never stirred beyond its four walls, except on a Sunday, to avoid being incarcerated in a more irksome confinement."

Lady Blessington was his mistress, and she married her stepdaughter, aged fifteen years, to the Frenchman, also persuading him to resign his commission in the French guards, which, in France, was considered "disreputable."

Greville gives us a picture of Gore House over which Lady Blessington presided. The Count d'Orsay assisted her in the task of defying the conventions:

February 17, 1839: . . . Lady Blessington's existence is a curiosity and her house and society have at least the merit of being singular, though the latter is not so agreeable as from its composition it ought to be. There is no end to the men of consequence and distinction in the world who go there occasionally —Brougham, Lyndhurst, Abinger, Canterbury, Durham, and many others; all the *minor* poets, *literati*, and journalists, without exception, together with some of the highest pretensions. Moore is a sort of friend of hers; she *has been* very intimate with Byron, and *is* with Walter Savage Landor. Her house is furnished with a luxury and splendour not to be surpassed; her dinners are frequent and good; and D'Orsay does the honours with a frankness and cordiality which are very successful; but all this does not make society, in the real meaning of the term. There is a vast deal of coming and going, and eating and drinking, and a corresponding amount of noise, but little or no conversation, discussion, easy quiet interchange of ideas and opinions, no regular social foundation of men of intellectual or literary calibre ensuring a perennial flow of conversation. . . . The reason of this is that the woman herself, who must give the tone to her own society, and influence its character, is ignorant, vulgar, and commonplace. Nothing can be more dull and uninteresting than her conversation w,hich is never enriched by a particle of knowledge, or enlivened by a ray of genius or imagination. . . . Her "Works" have been published in America, in one huge folio, where it seems they meet with peculiar success; and this trash goes down, because it is written by a Countess, in a country where rank is eschewed, and equality is the universal passion. . . . Her name is eternally before the public; she produces those gorgeous inanities, called *Books of Beauty*, and other trashy things of the same description, to get up which all the fashion and beauty, the taste and talent, of London are laid under contribution. The most distinguished artists and the best engravers supply the portraits of the prettiest women in London and these are illustrated with poetical effusions of the smallest possible merit, but exciting interest and curiosity from the notoriety of their authors; and so, by all this puffing and stuffing, and untiring industry, and practising on the vanity of some, and the good-nature of others, the end is attained; and though I never met with any individual

who had read any of her books, except the *Conversations with Byron* which are too good to be hers, they are unquestionably a source of considerable profit, and she takes her place confidently and complacently as one of the literary celebrities of her day.

CHAPTER XLV

CHERCHEZ LA FEMME

It was the Napoleonic Wars that brought Russia into intimate touch with the rest of Europe. Russia was included in the European system.

The throne of Russia was deeply stained with blood. The Czars Peter III and Paul had been murdered. And it was Talleyrand who told how when Alexander I was crowned at Moscow in 1801, someone wrote a letter saying, "The Emperor marches, preceded by the assassins of his grandfather, accompanied by those of his father and followed by his own."

The Emperor Alexander was succeeded by Nicholas. And at his accession, the Guards revolted—a scene that—

December 27, 1829: . . . took place under the window of the Palace. The whole Imperial Family was assembled there and saw it all, the Emperor being in the middle of men by whom they expected him to be assassinated every moment. During all that time—many hours—the young Empress never spoke, but stood "*pâle comme une statue*," and when at length it was all over, and the Emperor returned, she threw herself on her knees and began to pray.

At Rome, Greville met M. de la Ferronays, French Ambassador, from whom he had the following:

May 24, 1830: . . . Last night La Ferronays gave us an account of the revolt of the Guards on the Emperor Nicholas's accession, of which he had been a witness—of the Emperor's firmness and his subsequent conversations with him, all which was very interesting, and he recounted it with great energy. He said that the day after the affair of the Guards all the *corps diplomatique* had gone to him, that he had addressed them in an admirable discourse and with a firm and placid countenance. He told them that they had witnessed what had passed, and he had no doubt would give a faithful relation of it to their

several Courts; that on dismissing them, he had taken him (La Ferronays) into his closet, when he burst into tears and said, "You have just seen me act the part of Emperor; you must now witness the feelings of the man. I speak to you as to my best friend, from whom I conceal nothing." He went on to say that he was the most miserable of men, forced upon a throne which he had no desire to mount, having been no party to the abdication of his brother, and placed in the beginning of his reign in a position the most painful, irksome, and difficult; but that though he had never sought this elevation, now that he had taken it on himself he would maintain and defend it. When La Ferronays had done, "*L'entendez-vous?*" said Dalberg. "*Comme il parle avec goût; cela lui est personnel. L'Empereur ne lui a pas dit la moitié de tout cela.*"

The experience left the Empress "the most nervous woman in the world."

Even the Duke of Wellington, when carrying the King's compliments to Czar Nicholas, had an attack of cold feet:

February 12, 1826: . . . The Duke, upon taking leave of his friends and family to set out on this journey, was deeply affected, as if he had some presentiment that he should never return. [General] Alava [of Spain] told me that he had frequently taken leave of him, when both expected that they should never meet again, yet neither upon that occasion nor upon any other in the course of the seventeen years that he has known him did he ever see him so moved. Lady Burghersh (his daughter) said that when he took leave of her the tears ran down his cheeks; he was also deeply affected when he parted from his mother.

The Duke, his "iron" thus dissolved in tears, returned safely from his trip and then uttered a truly amazing prophecy on the future of Russia:

January 21, 1829: . . . They were talking of St. Petersburg and its palaces. The Duke said that the fortunes of the great Russian nobles—the Tolstoys, &c.—were so diminished that they lived in corners of their great palaces; that this was owing to the division of property and the great military colonies, by which the Crown lands were absorbed, and the Emperors had

no longer the means of enriching the nobles by enormous donations as formerly. When to these circumstances are added the amelioration of the condition of the serfs, and the spirit of general improvement, and the growth of Liberal ideas, generated by intercommunication with the rest of Europe, it is impossible to doubt that a revolution must overtake Russia within a short period, and probably the Emperor [Nicholas] has undertaken this war [with Turkey] in order to give vent to the restless humours which are beginning to work. I said so to Lord Bathurst, and he replied that "he thought so too, but that the present Emperor was a man of great firmness," as if any individual authority or character could stem the torrent of determined action impelled by universal revolution of feeling and opinion. He said the late Emperor [Alexander] was so well aware of this that he died of the vexation it had caused him, which was aggravated by the reflection that he was in great measure himself the cause of it. He was so bit by Liberal opinions, and so delighted with the effects he saw in other countries flowing from the diffusion of intelligence and freedom, that he wished to engraft these dangerous exotics upon the rude and unprepared soil of his own slavish community. When he went to Oxford he was so captivated with the venerable grandeur of that University that he declared he would build one when he got home, and it is equally true that he said he "would have an Opposition." These follies were engendered in the brain of a very intelligent man, by the mixture of such crudities with an unbounded volition, and the whole fermented by a lively imagination and a sincere desire to confer great benefits on his country.

Prince Paul Esterhazy, Austrian Ambassador in London, discussed the Emperor Nicholas, who, said he,

November 8, 1836: . . . was a very remarkable man—absolute master, his own Minister, and under no other influence whatever—that his perceptions were just and his ideas remarkably clear, although his views were not very extensive, and the circle within which these ideas ranged was limited, . . . his Ministers and Ambassadors were clerks; and while his ease and affability to foreigners (to him—Esterhazy—in particular) were excessively striking, he treated his Russians with a loftiness that

could not be conceived, and one and all trembled in his presence with the crouching humility of slaves. When he was at Prague he on a sudden set off and travelled with amazing rapidity to Vienna, without giving any notice to anybody. His object was to visit the Dowager Empress and the tomb of the late Emperor. He alighted at Tatischef's (his Ambassador's), where, as soon as his arrival was known, the Russian ladies who were at Vienna full dressed themselves and hurried off to pay their *devoirs*. They were met in all their diamonds and feathers on the staircase by Benkendorf, who said, "*Allez-vous en bien vite; l'Empereur ne veut pas voir une seule de vous*," and they were obliged to bustle back with as much alacrity as they had come.

After the revolt of the Poles, Nicholas gave notice that next time Warsaw would be laid in ruins:

November 17, 1835: . . . all other sensations are absorbed in that which the Emperor of Russia's speech at Warsaw has produced, and which indicates an excitement, or ferocity, very like insanity. Melbourne mentioned at dinner on Sunday that it was not only quite correctly reported—rather *under*stated—but that after he had so delivered himself, he met the English Consul in the street, took him by the arm, walked about with him for an hour, and begged him not to be too hard upon him in his report to his government. I was not present, but Henry de Ros was, who told it me. I am thus particular from, as it seems to me, the exceeding curiosity of the anecdote, evincing on the part of the autocrat, in the midst of the insolence of unbridled power, a sort of consciousness of responsibility to European opinion, and a deferential dread of that of England in particular.

In 1812, the Czar sent Prince Lieven to London as his Ambassador. His wife was the famous Princess Lieven whose name appears in all the social memoirs of that period. She was "a, *très grande dame*, with abilities of a very fine order, great tact and *finesse*, and taking a boundless pleasure in the society of the great world and in political affairs of every sort."

At a first impression, Greville records of her (February 3, 1819) that "she is not liked, and has made hardly any friends," being "beyond all people fastidious," and "equally conscious of her

own superiority and the inferiority of other people." True, "she sometimes endeavours to assume popular and gracious manners, but she does this languidly and awkwardly, because it is unnatural and done with an effort. She carries *ennui* to such a pitch that, even in the society of her most intimate friends, she frequently owns that she is bored to death."

Here, then, was "a very striking and attractive person," who "without any pretensions to beauty, and indeed with some personal defects," had "so fine an air and manner, and a countenance so pretty and full of intelligence," as "to have lovers, several of whom she engaged in succession, without seriously attaching herself to any." We are given a list of "those who were most notoriously her slaves at different times," a Duke of Sutherland among them. As a general rule of conduct (September 5, 1849) Mme. de Lieven "feels the greatest interest where she gets the most information."

Princess Lieven, like Mme. Novikoff at a later date, was thus one of those charming agents whom Russia often employed as a cosmopolitician. "Young," or "at least in the prime of life," she arrived in England; and, we read, "people here were not slow to acknowledge her merits and social excellence." Indeed, "she almost immediately took her place in the cream of the cream of English society, forming close intimacies with the most conspicuous women in it, and assiduously cultivating relations with the most remarkable men of all parties":

January 28, 1857: . . . The Regent, afterwards George IV, delighted much in her company, and she was a frequent guest at the Pavilion, and on very intimate terms with Lady Conyngham, for although Madame de Lieven was not very tolerant of mediocrity, and social and colloquial superiority was necessary to her existence, she always made great allowances for Royalty and those immediately connected with it. She used to be a great deal at Oatlands, and was one of the few intimate friends of the Duchess of York, herself very intelligent, and who therefore had in the eyes of Madame de Lieven the double charm of her position and her agreeableness. It was her duty as well as her inclination to cultivate the members of all the successive Cabinets which passed before her, and she became the friend of Lord Castlereagh, of Canning, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Grey, Lord Palmerston, John Russell, Aberdeen,

and many others of inferior note, and she was likewise one of the *habitués* of Holland House, which was always more or less neutral ground, even when Lord Holland was himself a member of the Government.

January 28, 1857: . . . She knew a vast deal of the world and its history during the half century she had lived and played a part in it, but she was not a woman of much reading, and probably at no time had been very highly or extremely educated, but her excessive cleverness and her *finesse d'esprit* supplied the want of education, and there was one book with which her mind was perpetually nourished by reading it over and over again. This was the *Letters of Madame de Sévigné*, and to the constant study of those unrivalled letters she was no doubt considerably indebted for her own epistolary eminence, and for her admirable style of writing, not, however, that her style and Madame de Sévigné's were at all alike. She had not (in her letters at least) the variety, the abundance, or the *abandon* of the great Frenchwoman, but she was more terse and epigrammatic.

Greville, in reviewing Mme. de Lieven's career, admits that her "personal liaisons sometimes led her into political partisanships not always prudent and rather inconsistent with her position, character, and functions" as an Ambassador's wife. "It has been the fashion here," so he tells us, "and the habit of the vulgar and ignorant press to stigmatize Mme. de Lieven as a mischievous intriguer, who was constantly occupied in schemes and designs hostile to the interests of our country."

On all this he says:

January 28, 1857: . . . I do not believe she was ever mixed up in any intrigues, nor even, at a later period, that she was justly obnoxious to the charge of caballing and mischief making which has been so lavishly cast upon her. She had an insatiable curiosity for political information, and not unnatural desire to make herself useful and agreeable to her own Court by imparting to her Imperial masters and mistresses all the information she acquired and the anecdotes that she had picked up.

December 27, 1829: At Panshanger since the 24th; Lievens, J. Russell, Montrond, M. de la Rochefoucauld, F. Lamb [Melbourne]. On Christmas Day the Princess [Lieven] got up a little

fête such as is customary all over Germany. Three trees in great pots were put upon a long table covered with pink linen; each tree was illuminated with three circular tiers of coloured wax candles—blue, green, red, and white. Before each tree was displayed a quantity of toys, gloves, pocket handkerchiefs, workboxes, books, and various articles—presents made to the owner of the tree. It was very pretty. Here it was only for the children; in Germany the custom extends to persons of all ages. The Princess told us to-day about the Emperor of Russia's relapse and the cause of it. He had had a cold which he had neglected, but at length the physicians had given him some medicine to produce perspiration, and he was in bed in that state, the Empress sitting by him reading to him, when on a sudden a dreadful noise was heard in the next (the children's) room, followed by loud shrieks. The Empress rushed into the room, and the Emperor jumped out of bed in his shirt and followed her. There the children, the governess, and the nurses were screaming out that Constantine (the second boy, of two years old) was destroyed; a huge vase of porphyry had been thrown down and had fallen over the child, who was not to be seen. So great was the weight and size of the vase that it was several minutes before it could be raised, though assistance was immediately fetched, and all that time the Emperor and Empress stood there in ignorance of the fate of the child, and expecting to see the removal of the vase discover its mangled body, when to their delight it was found that the vase had fallen exactly over him, without doing him the least injury, but the agitation and the cold brought on a violent fever, which for some time put the Emperor in great danger.

August 22, 1833: Called on Madame de Lieven yesterday, who is just come back from Petersburg, *rayonnante* at her reception and treatment. The Emperor went out to sea to meet her, took her into his own boat, when they landed he drove her to the palace, and carried her into the Empress's room, who was *en chemise*. She told me a comical anecdote illustrative of the good humour of the Emperor (who, she says, is an angel), and of the free and frank reception he gives to strangers. In the midst of some splendid military fêtes, which terminated with a sham siege by 50,000 of his guards the last day, word was brought him that two strange-looking men had presented

themselves at the lines, and requested to be allowed to see what was going on. They said they were English, had come from Scotland on purpose to see the Russian manœuvres, and had started from Petersburg under the direction of a *laquais de place*, who had conducted them to where they heard the firing of the cannon. The Emperor ordered them to be admitted, received them with the greatest civility, and desired apartments to be prepared for them in the palace (Peterhof), at the same time inviting them to dine with him, and be present at a ball he gave at night. She said that one was a Don Quixote sort of figure; they called themselves Johnstone. The Emperor asked her if she knew them. She said no, but that there were many of that name in England. There they remained, enchanted, astonished, behaving, however, perfectly well. After seeing all the sights, they were one evening led into a great hall, where all sorts of pastimes were going on, and among others a *Montagne Russe* (of which the Emperor is passionately fond). He is a very powerful man, and his way is to be placed at the top of the machine, when a man mounts astride on his shoulders, and another on his, and so on until there are fourteen; when a signal is given, with the rapidity of lightning, down they go. On this occasion the Emperor took the Johnstones on his back, and she says their astonishment at the position they occupied, and at the rapidity of the descent, was beyond everything amusing. They were asked how they liked it, and they said they thought it "very good fun," and should like to begin again. So they were allowed to divert themselves in this way for an hour. Bligh told her afterwards that these men returned to Petersburg their heads turned, and utterly bewildered with such an unexpected reception. . . . They must, however, be very innocent of society and its way, particularly of Courts, for when they were invited to dinner in "undress" they were puzzled to find out what costume was intended, and they ended by going without their coats, in their waistcoats only. (This can't be true.)

"For some time," writes Greville, there was "a sort of antagonism" between the French Embassy under Talleyrand and the Russian Embassy under the Lievens, "and particularly between the ladies of each, but Madame de Dino (now Duchesse de

Sagan) was so clever, and old Talleyrand himself so remarkable and agreeable, that Madame de Lieven was irresistibly drawn towards them, and for the last year or two of their being in England, they became extrmely intimate."

Between Mme. de Lieven and Lady Cowper, the future Lady Palmerston, there was a constant correspondence:

October 12, 1832: . . . Her letters are incessant, and of course it is a fine thing for her to be the intimate friend of the Mistress of the Foreign Secretary, and *elle s'en fait valoir* at home.

Mme. de Lieven was "astonished how Lady C. with her *finesse* can be so taken with him." Said she:

February 13, 1834: . . . It was impossible to describe the contempt as well as dislike which the whole *corps diplomatique* had for Palmerston, and pointing to Talleyrand, who was sitting close by, "*surtout lui.*" They have the meanest opinion of his capacity, and his manners are the reverse of conciliatory. She cannot imagine how his colleagues bear with him, and Lord Grey supports him vehemently. The only *friend* he has in the Cabinet is Graham, who has no weight.

Yet even Mme. de Lieven had to reckon with her husband's rivals:

January 25, 1829: . . . The Duke when he dined with us the other day said that a Russian Extraordinary Ambassador was coming here to overhaul Lieven, a M. Matuscewitz. He is the principal writer in their Foreign Office, a clever man.

Events were to bring the duel between Palmerston and the Princess to a sharp decision. The British Embassy at St. Petersburg fell vacant. And there was available a distinguished but combative diplomat, well acquainted already with the Near East, and the cousin of a great Prime Minister. But at the mere mention of Stratford Canning's name, Nesselrode, then Russian Chancellor, wrote to Mme. de Lieven:

February 16, 1833: . . . "Don't let it be Canning; he is a most impracticable, disagreeable man, *soupçonneux, pointilleux, défiant*"; that he had been personally uncivil to the Emperor when he was Grand Duke; had been detested by everybody; in short, the plain truth was they would not receive him, and it was

therefore desirable somebody, anybody, else should be sent. She told this to Palmerston, and he engaged that Stratford Canning should not be named.

An "anecdote," which "highly delighted" Mme. de Lieven, illustrates the diplomatic charm of the proposed ambassador:

November 30, 1833: . . . The other day Dedel called on Palmerston. When shown into the waiting room, he said, "Tell Lord Palmerston that the Dutch Minister will be glad to see him," when a man who was there, and whom he did not know, jumped up and said, "And I desire you will tell Lord Palmerston that I have been waiting here these two hours, and that I expect to see him before anybody else"; and then, turning to Dedel, "Sir, this is too bad; two persons have been already shown in to Lord Palmerston, both of whom came after me, and I expect that you will not go in to his Lordship till after me." Dedel, who is the mildest and civillest of men, replied, "Sir, far be it from me to dispute your right, and I assure you I have no desire to go in before you, but I only beg that if Lord Palmerston should send for me first you will understand that I cannot help going"; and then the other, "Sir, I am Stratford Canning." "And I am Mr. Dedel."

The blow fell:

February 16, 1833: . . . Nothing more was done till some time ago, when, to her astonishment, Palmerston told her that he was going to send Canning to St. Petersburg. She remonstrated, urged all the objections of her Court, his own engagement, but in vain; the discussions between them grew bitter; Palmerston would not give way, and Canning was one day to her great horror gazetted. As might have been expected, Nesselrode positively refused to receive him. . . . It appears a most curious piece of diplomacy to insist upon thrusting upon a Court a man personally obnoxious to the Sovereign and his Minister, and not the best way of preserving harmonious relations or obtaining political advantages. She says, however (and with all her anger she is no bad judge), that Palmerston "*est un très-petit esprit—lourd, obstiné.*"

At a critical time of many misunderstandings, the British Embassy in Russia was left vacant.

February 16, 1833: . . . Lady Cowper has since told me that Madame de Lieven has been to blame in all this business, that Palmerston was provoked with her interference, that her temper had got the better of her, and she had thought to carry it with a high hand, having been used to have her own way, and that he had thought both *she* and her *Court* wanted to be taken down a peg; that she had told Nesselrode she could prevent this appointment, and, what had done more harm than anything, she had appealed to Grey against Palmerston, and employed Durham to make a great clamour about it. All this made Palmerston angry, and determined him to punish her, who he thought had meddled more than she ought, and had made the matter personally embarrassing and disagreeable to him.

It was an unequal contest:

February 4, 1833: . . . I dined with Madame de Lieven yesterday, who is in the agonies of doubt about her remaining here. It turns upon this: Stratford Canning has been appointed Ambassador at St. Petersburg, and the Emperor will not receive him. Palmerston is indignant, and will not send anybody else. If the Emperor persists, we shall have only a chargé d'affaires at his Court, and in that case he will not leave an ambassador at ours.

May 27, 1834: . . . The Lievens are recalled, which is a great misfortune to society. She is inconsolable. The pill is gilded well, for he is made governor to the Imperial Prince, the Emperor's eldest son; but the old story of Stratford Canning, and Palmerston's obstinate refusal to appoint anybody else, has probably contributed to this change.

"No reason," adds Greville, "has been assigned for Lieven's recall but a peremptory order to return directly."

Palmerston was thus already a problem:

September 23, 1834: . . . As soon as we got into the carriage he [Melbourne] asked me if I thought it was true that Talleyrand had taken such offence at Palmerston that he would not return here on that account, and if I knew what it was that had affronted him, whether any deficiency in diplomatic punctilio or general offensiveness of manner. I told him I had no doubt it was true, and that the complaints against Palmerston were so

general that there must be some cause for them, and though Madame de Lieven might be prejudiced against him, *all* the foreign Ambassadors could not be so. He said it was very extraordinary if it was so, tried to argue that it might not be the case, and put it in all sorts of different ways; he said that Palmerston exhibited no signs of temper or arrogance with his colleagues, but quite the reverse; he owned, however, he was very obstinate. We then talked over the Stratford Canning business; he admitted that it was unfortunate and might lead to serious consequences, both as to our relations with the Emperor and to the question of diplomatic expenses here. I expressed my astonishment that Palmerston's obstinacy should have been permitted to have its own way in the matter, and I should guess, from his own strong opinion on the subject, that an Ambassador would be sent before long. He told me—what I did not know before—that the King of Prussia had desired to have Lord Clanwilliam recalled from Berlin.

CHAPTER XLVI

SAPPHO UNAPPRECIATED

THERE was a reason, more important to her than Poland, why Great Britain was interested in Russia. If she was to hold India and develop a trade also with the Far East, she must be secure of the route to India. It is true that the Suez Canal had yet to be cut. But, as Governor General, Lord William Bentinck had developed the route overland. And during the Mutiny, there was to be a question of using it:

Hitchinbrook, November 28, 1857: . . . The Directors wanted to send 10,000 men across the [Egyptian]Desert, and the Government would not do it. They proposed it formally to the Board of Control, who referred it to the Foreign Office, and Clarendon said it could not be done on account of certain political considerations which rendered it inexpedient, so that if the Directors could have had their own way the thing would have been done. There may have been good grounds for the refusal of the Government, but in this instance the double Government was productive only of a sacrifice of Indian to Imperial interests.

In name, at any rate, the Near East belonged to Turkey:

Brighton, December 31, 1832: . . . Two nights ago there was a great assembly after a dinner for the reception of the Turkish Ambassador, Namik Pacha. He was brought down by Palmerston and introduced before dinner to the King and Queen. He is twenty-eight years old, speaks French well, and has good manners; his dress very simple—a red cap, black vest, trousers and boots, a gold chain and medal round his neck. He did not take out any lady to dinner, but was placed next the Queen. After dinner the King made him a ridiculous speech, with abundant flourishes about the Sultan and his friendship for him, which is the more droll from his having been High Admiral at the time of the battle of Navarino, to which the Pacha replied in a sonorous voice. He admired everything, and conversed with

great ease. All the stupid, vulgar Englishwomen followed him about as a lion with offensive curiosity.

December 18, 1829: . . . Despatches were received from Gordon yesterday giving an account of a ball he had given to the Divan; the Turks came, and the Reis-Effendi waltzed with a Mrs. Moore. After supper they drank King George IV's health in bumpers of champagne. This story was told to Lord Sidmouth as a good joke, but he said with a face of dismay, "Good God, is it possible? To what extent will these innovations be carried?"

Despite her oriental diplomacy, Turkey was breaking up. "The accounts from Greece," wrote Greville on March 2, 1826, "are quite dreadful of their affairs, and the destitute state and despair of the Greeks." And in October, 1827, it was the British Navy that destroyed the Turco-Egyptian fleet at Navarino and so liberated Greece. The King expressed "precipitate approbation" and, with the Duke of Clarence, then Lord High Admiral, "made promotions and dispensed the honours without consulting the Ministers."

July 10, 1829: . . . "I," added the Duke of Wellington, "remember calling upon him [King George IV] the day he received the news of the battle of the Navarino. I was not a Minister, but Commander in Chief, and after having told me the news he asked me what I thought of it. I said that I knew nothing about it, was ignorant of the instructions that had been given to the admiral, and could not give any opinion; but 'one thing is clear to me, that your Majesty's ships have suffered very much, and that you ought to reinforce your fleet directly, for whenever you have a maritime force yours ought to be superior to all others.' This advice he did not like; I saw this, and he said, 'Oh, the Emperor of Russia is a man of honour,' and then he began talking, and went on to Venice, Toulon, St. Petersburg, all over the Continent, and from one place and one subject to another, till he brought me to Windsor Castle."

The Duke (June 7, 1834) was thus none too "indulgent to the projects of Russia." And one question was whether Russia was efficient. In ten months of war against Turkey, with an army averaging 100,000 men, she had sent 210,000 men to

hospital, either to be healed or to die—each soldier on the average being invalided twice:

January 21, 1829: . . . He [the Duke] talked of Russia and her losses in the war, adding that the notion of her power was at an end. He believed that the Russians were numerically as strong as the Turks in the last campaign, and that they were much more numerous than they said: first, *because* they said they were not so; and secondly, that he had other reasons for believing it; he thought they had begun the campaign with 160,000 men and had lost 120,000.

The fear was that Russia would absorb the Ottoman Empire. At Belvoir, the Duke told Greville—

Belvoir, January 8, 1834: . . . that the Russians were in no hurry to do any overt act in Turkey, and that their policy was as it had always been—to work very gradually. I asked him if he thought they really intended a permanent occupation of Turkey. He said certainly not; that they could not bear the expense of a war, which in that case would ensue; that the difference of the expense between their own and a foreign country was as between 10d. and 4s. a man.

According to the Duke of Wellington (January 25, 1829), "the Turkish offices are better conducted than any, and the Turkish Ministers extremely able."

The vital question was thus whether Britain was to assist the peoples oppressed by Turkey or support Turkey against Russia. And it was out of sympathy with Turkey that the Government "would willingly have censured [the victorious Admiral] Codrington and have thrown the responsibility of the battle from their own shoulders upon his, if they dared."

Appointed, therefore, to play the part of scapegoat:

March 1, 1829: . . . Codrington was at Brookes' yesterday, telling everybody who would listen to him what had passed at an interview, that I have mentioned before, with the Duke of Wellington, and how ill the Duke had treated him. He said the Duke assured him that neither he nor any of his colleagues, nor the Government collectively, had any sort of hostility to him, but, on the contrary, regarded him as a very meritorious officer, &c. He then said, "May I, then, ask why I was re-

called?" The Duke said, "Because you did not understand your instructions in the sense in which they were intended by us." He replied that he had understood them in their plain obvious sense, and that everybody else who had seen them understood them in the same way—Adam, Ponsonby, Guilleminot, &c.—and then he asked the Duke to point out the passages in which they differed, to which he said, "You must excuse me." All this he was telling, and it may be very true, and that he is very ill used; but if he means to bring his case before Parliament, he is unwise to chatter about it at Brookes'.

Codrington is "mightily incensed, thinks he has been scandalously used" and is "ready to tell his story and show his documents to anybody"—especially the House of Commons. He was, says Greville on September 23, 1829, "a very silly man, one of the weakest I ever saw, and whatever happens he will probably get into fresh scrapes, for he does not know how to conduct himself with common discretion." He will [April 13, 1839] "thrust his case into everybody's face" and while "he might have been a hero," he is "only a vulgar discontented officer."

January 25, 1829: . . . God knows how his case will turn out, but I never saw a man so well satisfied with himself. He says that the action at Navarino was, as an achievement, nothing to the affair at Patras, when with one line-of-battle ship, one frigate, and a corvette he drove before him Ibrahim and four Turkish admirals and a numerous fleet.

A curious controversy arose. It was alleged by Codrington that Captain Dickinson, commanding the *Genoa*, did not make proper use of the springs ordered by the Admiral to be placed on the anchors. Hence, it was argued, the broadside was fired, not at the enemy but at the *Albion*. A court martial dismissed Codrington's charges as "groundless, frivolous, and vexatious" —an acquittal of Dickinson which suggested "a spirit of hostility and rancour" against Codrington on the part of the Admiralty which (September 23, 1829) was "very disgusting."

After Navarino, there were negotiations:

January 25, 1829: . . . Lord Bathurst told me he had lately read the minutes of a conversation between the Reis-Effendi

and the Allied Ministers after the battle of Navarino, when they were ignorant whether the Turk had received intelligence of the event, and that his superiority over them was exceedingly striking. This was the conference in which, when they asked him, "supposing such an event had happened, what he should say to it," he replied that "in his country they never named a child till its sex was ascertained."

As a result of it all, the Sultan was so angry that he "announced his intention of sending any Minister to the Seven Towers who should communicate the treaty to him."

We have already seen that Leopold, uncle to Victoria, preferred the throne of Belgium to the throne of Greece:

November 9, 1829: . . . I am told Greece is to be erected into a Kingdom, with a boundary line drawn from Volo to Arta, and that the sovereignty is to be offered to Prince Frederick of Orange, and, if he refuses it, to Leopold.

CHAPTER XLVII

SAILOR WILLIAM REACHES PORT

KING WILLIAM could not expect to be again the friend of the Whigs. Melbourne and his colleagues (July 15, 1835) did not "look upon themselves as *his* [the King's] Ministers." The King was thus regarded as "a cypher and something less than a cypher—as an unsuccessful competitor to a political squabble." On their Majesties' birthdays [August 30, 1836] "not one of the Ministers was invited to the castle—though he can't help seeing them at St. James's, the gates of Windsor are shut against them."

September 21, 1836: . . . To-day we had a Council, the first since Parliament was prorogued, when his most gracious Majesty behaved most ungraciously to his confidential servants, whom he certainly does not delight to honour. The last article on the list was a petition of Admiral Sartorius praying to be restored to his rank, and when this was read the King, after repeating the usual form of words, added, "And must be granted. As Captain Napier was restored, so must this gentleman be, for there was this difference between their cases: Admiral Napier knew he was doing wrong, which Admiral Sartorius was not aware of." Lord Minto said, "I believe, sir, there was not so much difference between the two cases as your Majesty imagines, for Admiral Sartorius——" Then followed something which I could not catch, but the King did, for he said with considerable asperity, "Unless your Lordship is quite sure of that, I must beg leave to say that I differ from you and do not believe it to be so, but since you have expressed your belief that it is so, I desire you will furnish me with proofs of it immediately. The next time I see you, you will be prepared with the proofs of what you say, for unless I see them I shall not believe one word of it." Minto made no reply to this extraordinary sortie, and the rest looked at each other in silence.

August 13, 1836: . . . His Majesty was pleased to be very

facetious at the Council the other day, though not very refined. A new seal for the Cape of Good Hope was approved, and the impression represented a Caffre, with some ornaments on his head which resembled *horns*. The King asked Lord Glenelg what these *horns* meant, but Glenelg referred his Majesty to Poulett Thomson, to whom he said, "Well, Mr. Thomson, what do you say to this? I know you are a man of gallantry, but if you choose to be represented with a pair of horns I am sure I have no objections"; at which sally their Lordships laughed, as in duty bound.

June 19, 1835: . . . He abhors all his Ministers, even those whom he used rather to like formerly, but hates Lord John the most of all. When Adolphus told him that a dinner ought to be given for the Ascot races he said, "You know I cannot give a dinner; I cannot give any dinners without inviting the Ministers, and I would rather see the Devil than any one of them in my house." I asked him how he was with them in his inevitable official relations. He said that he had as little to do with them as he could, and bowed them out when he gave any of them audiences as fast as possible. He is peculiarly disgusted with Erroll (his son-in-law), for whom he has done so much, and who has behaved so ungratefully to him; but it is a good trait of him that he said "he hoped the world would not accuse Erroll of ingratitude."

August 9, 1835: On Wednesday last at the levee the King made a scene with Lord Torrington, one of his Lords of the Bedchamber, and a very disgraceful scene. A card was put into Torrington's hands of somebody who was presented, which he read, "So and so, *Deputy Governor.*" "Deputy Governor?" said the King, "Deputy Governor of what?" "I cannot tell your Majesty," replied Torrington, "as it is not upon the card." "Hold your tongue, sir," said the King; "you had better go home and learn to read"; and shortly after, when some bishop presented an address against (I believe) the Irish Tithe Bill, and the King was going as usual to hand over the papers to the Lord in waiting, he stopped and said to Lord Torrington, who advanced to take them, "No, Lord Torrington; these are not fit documents to be entrusted to your keeping." His habitual state of excitement will probably bring on sooner or later the malady of his family.

March 31, 1837: . . . The King, who is a thorough party man, will be overjoyed at any change; he never loses an opportunity of showing his antipathy to his confidential servants. The other day at the reception of the Bath, when Lord Aylmer was introduced, he made him a speech to which he gave that sort of dramatic effect which he is so fond of doing. Aylmer had been recalled from Canada by this government, but when he approached the throne, he called out to Lord Minto and Lord Palmerston (the only two Ministers who are Knights of the Bath), and made them come up, and stand one on each side of Aylmer, that they might not lose a word of his oration, and then he began. He told him that he wished to take that, the most public opportunity he could find, of telling him that he approved most entirely of his conduct in Canada, that he had acted like a true and loyal subject towards a set of traitors and conspirators, and behaved as it became a British officer to do under such circumstances. I forget the exact expressions, but it was to this effect, to the unspeakable satisfaction of Aylmer, and to inflict all the mortification he could upon the Ministers whom he had lugged up to witness this ebullition.

June 2, 1837: The King has been desperately ill, his pulse down at thirty; they think he will now get over it for this time. His recovery will not have been accelerated by the Duchess of Kent's answer to the City of London's address, in which she went into the history of her life, and talked of her "friendless state" on arriving in this country, the gist of it being that, having been abandoned or neglected by the Royal Family, she had thrown herself on the country.

June 11, 1837: At Buckhurst last week for Ascot; went on Monday and returned on Friday. On Tuesday the Queen [Adelaide] came to the course, but only stayed an hour. They had an immense party at the Castle notwithstanding the King's illness. . . .

On Wednesday it was announced for the first time that the King was alarmingly ill, on Thursday the account was no better, and in the course of Wednesday and Thursday his immediate dissolution appeared so probable that I concerted with Erroll that I should send to the Castle at nine o'clock on Thursday evening for the last report, that I might know whether to go to London directly or not. On Wednesday the physicians

wanted to issue a bulletin, but the King would not hear of it. He said as long as he was able to transact public business he would not have the public alarmed on his account, but on Friday, nevertheless, the first bulletin was issued.

It is in this state of things, with the prospect of a new reign and a dissolution, and in complete uncertainty of the direction which affairs would take under a new influence, when it is peculiarly desirable that moderate and healing counsels should prevail, that Lyndhurst comes down to the House of Lords and fires off one of his violent speeches, and at his bidding the Irish Municipal Corporation Bill has been again postponed. . . .

I met Melbourne in the Park, who told me he thought the King would not recover.

June 13, 1837: Bad accounts of the King yesterday. Melbourne desired I would get everything ready *quietly* for a Council. He has been busily occupied in examining the precedents in order to conduct the first ceremonies properly, and the first questions have been whether the Duchess of Kent could come into Council with her daughter, and whether the Duke of Cumberland (King of Hanover as he will be) should be summoned to it.

June 16, 1837: On Wednesday the King was desperately bad, yesterday he was better, but not so as to afford any hope, though Chambers says his recovery is not impossible. Although the bulletins tell so little, everybody is now aware of his Majesty's state. He dictates these reports himself, and will not allow more to be said; he continues to do business, and his orders are taken as usual, so he is resolved to die with harness on his back.

How to pray for him puzzled the pundits:

June 17, 1837: Yesterday the King was better, so as to promise a prolongation of his existence, though not his recovery. An intimation came from Windsor that it was desired prayers should be offered up in the churches for him; so the Privy Council assembled to order this, but on assembling the Bishop of London objected to the form which had been used upon the last and other occasions (an order made by the Lords to the Archbishop of Canterbury to prepare a form of prayer), asserting that *the Lords* had no power to make such an order,

and it was even doubted by lawyers whether the King himself had power to order alterations in the Liturgy, or the use of the particular prayers; and admitting that he had, it was in virtue of his prerogative, and as Head of the Church, but that *the Lords of the Council* had no power whatever of the kind. They admitted that he was correct in this view of the case, and consequently, instead of an order to the Archbishops, his Majesty's pleasure that prayers should be offered up was conveyed to the Council, and a communication to that effect was directed to be made to the Archbishop. The King's pleasure being thus conveyed, it is his duty to obey, and the Bishops have power to direct their clergy to pray for the King. The Bishop of London would have preferred that a prayer for his recovery as for a sick person, but mentioning him by name, should have been adopted, but the Archbishop was prepared with his form of prayer, and it was directed to be used.

June 18, 1837: The King lingers on; yesterday he sent for the Archbishop of Canterbury to administer the Sacrament to him.

June 19, 1837: Yesterday the King was sinking fast; the Sacrament was administered to him by the Archbishop of Canterbury. He said, "This is the 18th of June; I should like to live to see the sun of Waterloo set."

On the morning of June 20th, the end came. And in due course, "animated panegyrics were pronounced" upon his late Majesty "in both Houses of Parliament by those who had served him":

June 25, 1837: . . . Melbourne's funeral oration over William IV was very effective because it was natural and hearty, and as warm as it could be without being exaggerated. He made the most of the virtues the King undoubtedly possessed, and passed lightly over his defects.

July 9, 1837: Yesterday I went to the late King's funeral, who was buried with just the same ceremonial as his predecessor this time seven years. It is a wretched mockery after all, and if I were King, the first thing I would do should be to provide for being committed to the earth with more decency and less pomp. A host of persons of all ranks and stations were congregated, who "loitered through the lofty halls," chattering and laughing, and with nothing of woe about them but the

garb. I saw two men in an animated conversation, and one laughing heartily at the very foot of the coffin as it was lying in state. The chamber of death in which the body lay, all hung with black and adorned with scutcheons and every sort of funereal finery, was like a scene in a play, and as we passed through it and looked at the scaffolding and rough work behind, it was just like going behind the scenes of a theatre. A soldier's funeral, which I met in the morning—the plain coffin slowly borne along by his comrades, with the cap and helmet and sword of the dead placed upon it—was more impressive, more decent, more affecting than all this pomp with pasteboard crowns, and heralds scampering about, while idleness and indifference were gazing or gossiping round about the royal remains. I would rather be quietly consigned to the grave by a few who cared for me (if any such there might be) than be the object of all this parade and extravagance. The procession moving slowly through close ranks of Horse and Foot Guards holding tapers and torches in their hands, whilst at intervals the bands played a dead march, had, however, a very imposing effect. The service was intolerably long and tedious, and miserably read by the Dean of Windsor. The Queen Dowager, with the King's daughters and her ladies, were in the Royal Closet, and the Fitzclarences in the one adjoining. At twelve o'clock she was to depart for Bushey, and a bitter moment it must have been when she quitted forever the Castle where she had spent seven years of prosperous and happy splendour.

CHAPTER XLVIII

VAUDEVILLE

February 5, 1830: . . . There is a charlatan of the name of Chobert, who calls himself the Fire King, who has been imposing upon the world for a year or more, exhibiting all sorts of juggleries in hot ovens, swallowing poisons, hot lead, &c., but yesterday he was detected signally, and after a dreadful uproar was obliged to run away to avoid the ill-usage of his exasperated audience. He pretended to take prussic acid, and challenged anybody to produce the poison, which he engaged to swallow. At last Mr. Walkley, the proprietor of the *Lancet*, went there with prussic acid, which Chobert refused to take, and then the whole deception came out, and there is an end of it; but it has made a great deal of noise, taken everybody in, and the fellow has made a great deal of money. It was to have been his last performance, but "*tant va la cruche à l'eau qu'enfin.*"

December 24, 1839: . . . As a specimen of [John Philpot] Curran's wit, one day when Lord Moira had been making a speech in his usual style full of sounding phrases and long words, Curran said, "Upon my word, his lordship has been airing his vocabulary in a very pretty style to-day."

March 17, 1838: Went to the Royal Institution last night in hopes of hearing Faraday lecture, but the lecture was given by Mr. Pereira upon crystals, a subject of which he appeared to be master, to judge by his facility and fluency; but the whole of it was unintelligible to me. Met Dr. Buckland and talked to him for an hour, and he introduced me to Mr. Wheatstone, the inventor of the electric telegraph, of the progress in which he gave us an account. . . . There is a cheerfulness, an activity, an appearance of satisfaction in the conversation and demeanour of scientific men that conveys a lively notion of the *pleasure* they derive from their pursuits.

June 27, 1836: . . . The greatest interest I have had has been in the dramatic representation at Bridgewater House, to the

rehearsals of which I ventured to go. They were very brilliant and successful. As the space was limited, the invitations necessarily were so, and everybody was wild to be there. . . . The pieces were *Glenfinlas*, taken from Walter Scott's ballad, and *Lalla Rookh* from Moore's poem. . . . Grieve painted beautiful scenery, and the dresses were magnificent; all the ladies were covered with diamonds, which the great jewellers lent to them for the occasion. Mrs. Bradshaw's acting was perfection itself, and altogether it was singular, striking, and eminently successful, especially *Glenfinlas*, which was very ingeniously managed, and went off to the amazement of those who were concerned in it, who did not expect such success.

July 17, 1835: The night before last there was a great concert on the staircase at Stafford House, the most magnificent assembly I ever saw, and such as I think no crowned head in Europe could display, so grand and picturesque. The appearance of the hall was exactly like one of Paul Veronese's pictures, and only wanted some tapestry to be hung over the balustrades. Such prodigious space, so cool, so blazing with light; everybody was *comfortable even*, and the concert combined the greatest talents in Europe all together—Grisi, Malibran, Tamburini, Lablache, Rubini, and Ivanhoff. The splendour, the profusion, and the perfect ease of it all were really admirable.

July 23, 1838: I went the other night [Friday] to Burghersh's opera at Braham's theatre. A vast deal of fine company, and prodigious applause; tolerable music, moderately sung, but a favourable audience. When it was over they insisted upon his appearing, and, after some delay, he thrust his head out from an obscure pit box in which he had been sitting and bowed and smiled; but this was not enough, and they would have him on the stage; so a great clapping and shouting went on, among the most vociferous being the Duke of Wellington, who enjoyed the fun like a boy, laughing and beckoning to Burghersh, and bawling "*Maestro! Maestro!*" till at last, vanquished by the enthusiasm of the audience and the encouragement of his friends, he appeared at a corner of the stage; then came a shower of bouquets, which were picked up by Mrs. Bishop and the other women and presented to him, and so ended the triumphant night.

December 9, 1842: Francis Baring told me yesterday a curious

anecdote relating to a Spanish MS. which would be interesting to bibliomaniacs. Sampayo, a half Portuguese, half Englishman, at Paris, was a great book-collector, particularly of Spanish and Portuguese, both books and MSS. He was aware of a MS. of Antonio Perez, relating to the wars of Granada, in the public library at Seville, and he desired Cuthbert, who has been living at Seville for some time, to ask leave to have it copied, and if he could get leave, to find somebody to copy it. He got leave, and it was copied in a fair round hand for some sixteen dollars. After the copy was made, the librarian said to Cuthbert, "You may take away which you please, the copy or the original." He jumped at the offer, and sent the original MS. to Sampayo. His library was sold the other day, and Francis Baring said he believed this MS. was bought by the Royal Library of France, and it probably fetched a great deal of money.

November 25, 1842: I went last night to a place called "The Judge and Jury Court." . . . It is difficult to imagine anything more low and blackguard than this imitation of and parody on a court of justice, and if the proceedings of last night are to be taken as a fair example of the whole it is not very amusing. There is a long low room opposite Covent Garden Theatre, in Bow Street, lit with tallow candles and furnished along its length with benches; opposite these benches is a railed-off space for the Bar and the Jury, and an elevated desk for the Judge. You pay one shilling entrance, which entitles you to a cigar and a glass of rum or gin and water or beer, a privilege of which almost every man availed himself. The room was pretty well filled and in a cloud of smoke, and there was a constant circulation of these large glasses of liquid; smoking and drinking were, indeed, the order of the day. The judge, the counsel, and the jury, all had their cigars and gin-and-water, and the latter, as a recompense for their public services, were entitled to call for what they pleased gratis. Here they try such notorious cases as have been brought in any shape, complete or uncomplete, under public notice, and last night we had "Chesterfield v. Batthyany," the names being slightly changed, but rendered sufficiently significant to leave no doubt of who and what is meant. *Maidstone*, for example, was examined as a witness under the title of Lord *Virgin Rock*, and twenty of the others which, however, I don't remember. The Chief Baron is a big burly fellow,

editor of a paper which I never heard of before, called the *Town*, and the jury are sworn upon the *Town*. I don't know who the counsel were, but there was one fellow who was a caricature of Brougham, certainly like him, and he attempted an imitation of him in manner, gesture, and voice, which was not very bad, and therefore rather amusing. But though the man had some humour, there was not enough or of sufficiently good quality to support the length of his speech. He opened the case for the plaintiff; the counsel for the defendant seemed very dull, and we would stay no longer. They say the charge of the judge is generally the best part of it. They deal in very gross indecencies, and this seems to amuse the audience, which is one of the most blackguard-looking I ever saw congregated, and they just restrain their ribaldry within such limits as exclude *les gros mots*. Everything short of that is allowed, and evidently the more the better. On the whole, it was a poor performance. It bore, in point of character and decency, about the same relation to a court of justice that Musard's balls do to Almack's.

March 8, 1839: I went last night to the first representation of Bulwer's play *Richelieu:* a fine play, admirably got up, and very well acted by Macready, except the last scene, the conception of which was altogether bad. He turned Richelieu into an exaggerated Sixtus V, who completely lost sight of his dignity, and swaggered about the stage, taunting his foes, and hugging his friends with an exultation quite unbecoming and out of character. With this exception, it was a fine performance; the success was unbounded, and the audience transported. After Macready had been called on, they found out Bulwer, who was in a small private box next the one I was in with Lady Blessington and D'Orsay, and were vociferous for his appearance to receive their applause. After a long delay, he [Bulwer] bowed two or three times, and instantly retreated. Directly after, he came into our box, looking very serious and rather agitated; while Lady Blessington burst into floods of tears at his success, which was certainly very brilliant.

June 14, 1839: . . . The old Lord Foley (father of the last) was much discontented with his father's will, who, knowing that he was in debt and a spendthrift, had strictly tied up the property: he tried to set aside the will by Act of Parliament, and had a bill brought into the House of Lords for the purpose. George

Selwyn said, "Our old friend Foley has worked a miracle, for he has converted the Jews from the Old to the New Testament."

May 1, 1858: . . . I went to hear Professor Owen lecture yesterday. His style of lecturing is very good, but the subject (vertebrated animals) was too scientific for my ignorance.

May 11, 1841: . . . I went to see Mdlle. Rachel make her *début* last night, which she did in *Hermione*. As far as I could form an opinion, with my little habitude of French tragedy, and difficulty of hearing and following, I thought her very good—a clear and beautiful voice, graceful, with dignity, feeling, and passion, and as much nature as French tragedy admits of. I wish we had anything as good. The creatures who acted with her were the veriest sticks; and the concluding scene of the madness of Orestes excited the hilarity of the audience far more than Laporte's *Mascarille*, which came after it, though that was very good. Rachel was received with great applause, and when called on at the end of the piece, was so overcome that she nearly fainted, and would have fallen had not somebody rushed on the stage to support her.

December 20, 1843: On Monday night I went to the Westminster play, *Phormio*, admirably acted by three of the boys. It was very amusing, much more than I thought possible on reading the play. It is the work of an accomplished playwright, full of good situations and replete with stage effect. They ought to leave off the vile custom of encoring the prologue and epilogue. We had to listen to ninety-six lines of the latter repeated twice over, when the audience was tired and, however well entertained, impatient to disperse.

London, November 16, 1845: . . . All the world went last night to the St. James's Theatre to see the second representation of *Every Man in his Humour*, by Dickens and the *Punch* people. The house was crammed full. I was in a bad place, heard very ill, and was so bored that at the end of the third act I went away. Dickens acted Bobadil very well indeed, and Douglas Jerrold (the author of the Caudle Lectures in *Punch*) Master Stephen well also; the rest were very moderate and the play intolerably heavy. A play 200 years old, a comedy of character only, without plot or story, or interest of any sort or kind, can hardly go down. The audience were cold as ice, because, it was

said, they were too fine; but I believe because they were not at all amused.

Henry Reeve adds:

"I went to see this performance with Lord Melbourne, Mrs. Norton, and my cousin Lady Duff Gordon, who gave me a place in their box. Lord Melbourne said before the curtain rose that it was a dull play, "with no μῦθος in it," that was his expression. Between the acts he exclaimed in a stentorian voice, heard across the pit, "I knew this play would be dull, but that it would be so damnably dull as this I did not suppose!"

Those were the great days when England could live up to her proverbial lack of humour.

August 11, 1831: . . . I went to the play last night at a very shabby little house called the City Theatre—a long way beyond the Post Office—to see Ellen Tree act in a translation of *Une Faute*, one of the best pieces of acting I ever saw. This girl will turn out very good if she remains on the stage. She has never been brought forward at Covent Garden, and I heard last night the reason why. Charles Kemble took a great fancy for her (she is excessively pretty), and made her splendid offers of putting her into the best parts, and advancing her in all ways, if she would be propitious to his flame, but which she indignantly refused; so he revenged himself (to his own detriment) by keeping her back and promoting inferior actresses instead. If ever she acquires fame, which is very probable, for she has as much nature, and feeling, and passion as I ever saw, this will be a curious anecdote. [She married Charles Kean, lost her good looks, and became a tiresome, second-rate actress.]

London, July 25, 1851: I have had nothing to say for some weeks past. I went to Liverpool for the races; stayed there to assist at a great fête given by Mr. Brown, M.P., for Lancashire, on board the *Atlantic*, to the Exhibition Commissioners and foreigners. The *Atlantic* is magnificent, fitted up like a luxurious house, all painting, gilding, silk and velvet, and with every sort of comfort. I went all about the river and the docks. Foreigners are much struck with all they saw, there and elsewhere.

December 16, 1835: . . . Yesterday Lyndhurst and Brougham both came to the Council Office to hear the first application

for the renewal of a patent, and though there was no opposition, they scrutinized the petition and evidence with the utmost jealousy, which they did in order to intimate that the granting a prolongation of the patent, even when unopposed, was not to be a matter of course. It was a pianoforte invention, and the instrument was introduced into the Council Chamber, and played upon by Madame Dülcken for the edification of their lordships.

February 3, 1836: A meeting at the Council Office yesterday on another patent case, a gun—Baron Heurteloup, the famous lithotritic doctor and inventor—which was clicked off for the information of their lordships. Since this Patent Bill, we have got very noisy between percussion guns and pianofortes.

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